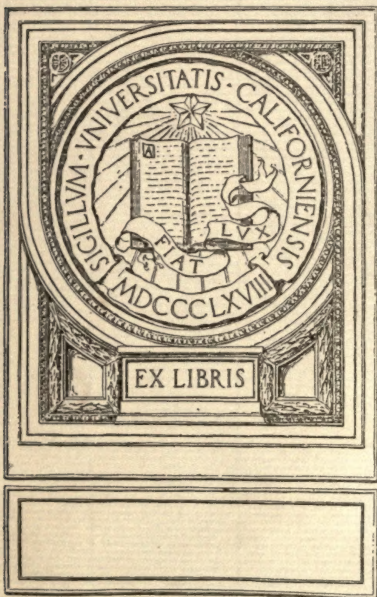




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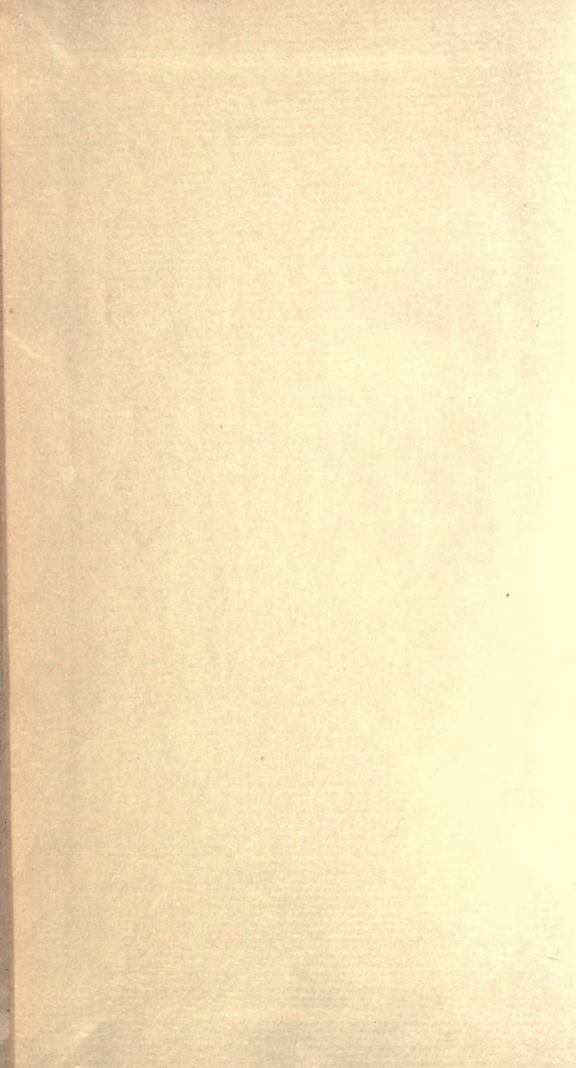


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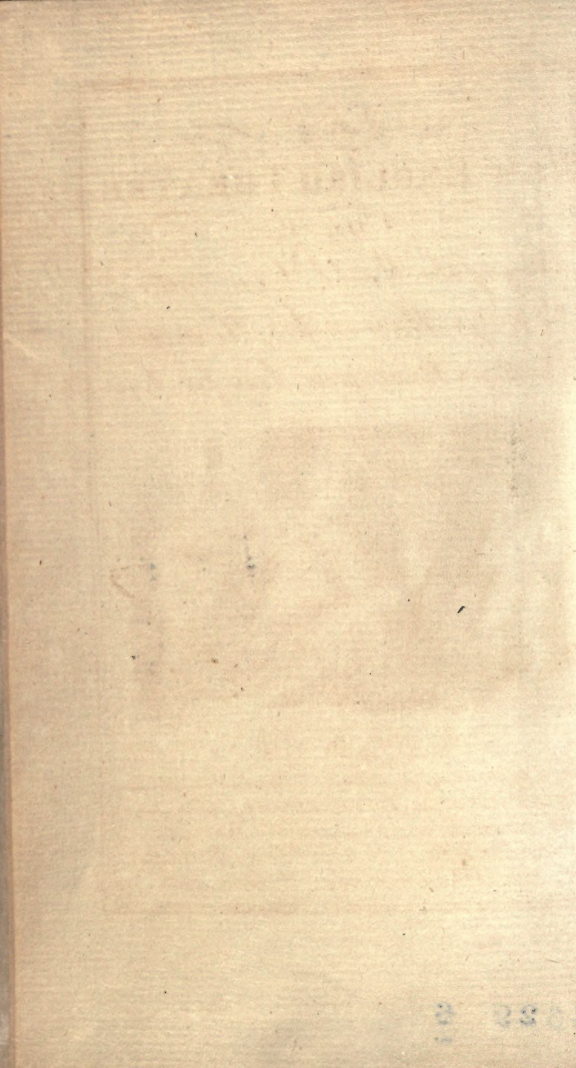














*E. S. &*  
**NEW ENGLISH THEATRE**

*VOL. V.*

*Way of the World, Committee,  
Every Man in his Humour,  
Beaux Stratagem, Love for Love.*



*Edwards del.*

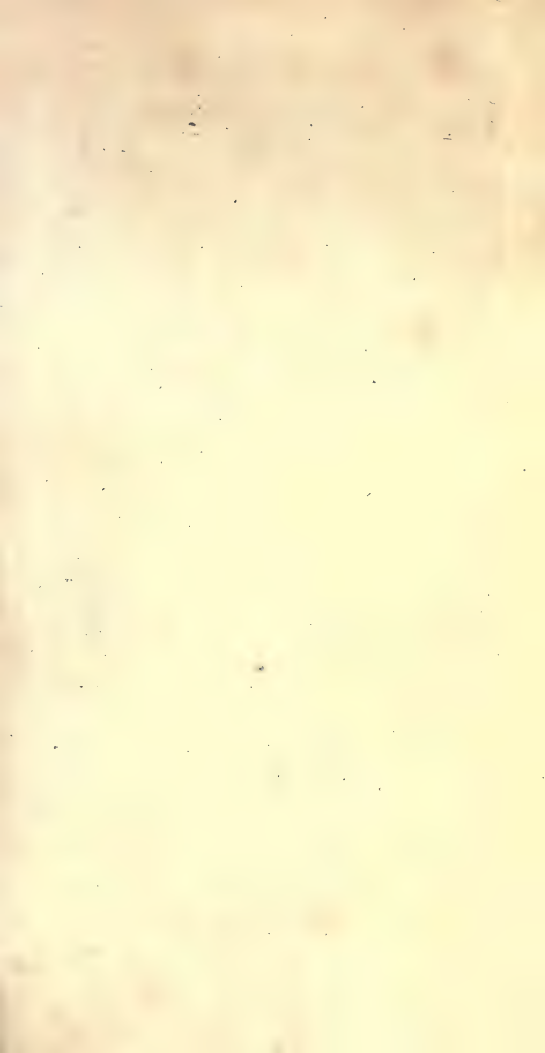
*Byrne sculp.*

*L O N D O N.*

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*Dodd ad viv del.*

*Published Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1776. by T. Lowndes & Partners.*

*Walker*

**M<sup>r</sup> PITT as LADY WISHFORT.**

L. With: *Come fill fill —*



THE  
WAY OF THE WORLD.

A  
COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY  
MR. CONGREVE.

Marked with the Variations in the  
MANAGER'S BOOK,  
AT THE  
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè*

*Qui mæchis non vultis——*

HOR. Sat. 2. l. 1.

*——Metuat doti deprensa.——*

IBID.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES; T. LOWNDES; T. CASSON;  
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M.DCC.LXXVI.

P R O F O U N D

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as from Line 13 to 17, in Page 7. Also the Additions made at the Theatres, are distinguished by Italics, between inverted Commas, as in Line 23, Page 8.

ADDITIONAL TO THE  
HONORABLE SOCIETY

## P R O L O G U E.

*For Reading Room Only*

**O**F those few fools who with ill stars are curst,  
Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :

For they're a set of fools which Fortune makes,  
And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.  
With Nature's oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent case,  
For Fortune favours all her idiot-race :  
In her own nest the cuckow-eggs we find,  
O'er which she broods to hatch the changling-kind.  
No portion for her own she has to spare,  
So much she dotes on her adopted care.

Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,  
Suffer'd at first some trifling stakes to win :  
But what unequal hazards do they run !  
Each time they write, they venture all they've won :  
The 'squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.  
This author, heretofore, has found your favour ;  
But pleads no merit from his past behaviour.  
To build on that might prove a vain presumption,  
Shou'd grants, to poets made, admit resumption :  
And in Parnassus he must lose his seat,  
If that be sound a forfeited estate.

He owns with toil he wrought the following scenes ;  
But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains :  
Damn him the more ; have no commiseration  
For dulness on mature deliberation.

He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off scene,  
Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,  
Who, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.  
Some p'ot we think he has, and some new thought :  
Some humour too, no farce ; but that's a fault.

Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect ;  
For so reform'd a town, who dares correct ?  
To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,  
He'll not instruct, lest it shou'd give offence.  
Shou'd he by chance a knave or fool expose,  
That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.  
In short, our play shall (with your leave to shew it)  
Give you one instance of a passive poet,  
Who to your judgments yields all resignation ;  
To save or damn, after your own discretion.

# Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Fainall, *in love with Mrs. Marwood,*

Mirabell, *in love with Mrs. Millamant,*

Witwou'd, } *Followers of Mrs. Millamant,*  
 Petulant, }

Sir Wilful Witwou'd, *Half-Brother to Witwou'd, and*

*Nephew to Lady Wishfort,*

Waitwell, *Servant to Mirabell,*

W O M E N.

Lady Wishfort, *Enemy to Mirabell, for having falsely*  
*pretended love to her,*

Mrs. Millamant, *a fine Lady, Niece to Lady Wish-*  
*fort, and loves Mirabell,*

Mrs. Marwood, *Friend to Mr. Fainall, and likes Mirabell,*

Mrs. Fainall, *Daughter to Lady Wishfort, and Wife*  
*to Fainall, formerly Friend to Mirabell,*

Foible, *Woman to Lady Wishfort,*

Mincing, *Woman to Mrs. Millamant,*

Footmen, *and Attendants.*

*The Time equal to that of the Representation.*

AT DRURY-LANE,

Mr. REDDISH.

Mr. SMITH.

Mr. KING.

Mr. BADDELEY.

Mr. YATES.

Mr. PARSONS.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Mr. LEWIS.

Mr. LEE LEWIS.

Mr. WOODWARD.

Mr. DUNSTALL.

Mr. WILSON.

Mrs. PITT.

Mrs. BARRY.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Mrs. LESSINGHAM.

Mrs. GREEN.

Mrs. PEARSON.

L O N D O N.



T H E  
*WAY OF THE WORLD.*

---

A C T I.

S C E N E, *a Chocolate-House.*

Mirabell and Fainall. [*Rising from Cards.*] Betty  
*waiting.*

Mira. **Y**OU are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.  
Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent, you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester, lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalu'd the loss of her reputation.

Mira. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why so reserv'd? something has put you out of humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a Stoick. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. *Witwou'd* and *Petulant*! and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to

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sum up all in her own name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in——

*Fain.* O there it is then——She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason——What, then my wife was there?

*Mira.* Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

*Fain.* They had a mind to be rid of you.

*Mira.* For which reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrain'd smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

*Fain.* You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

*Mira.* She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such resignation.

*Fain.* What! tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

*Mira.* I was then in such a humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet.

*Fain.* Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murder'd reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the male sex shou'd be excepted; but somebody mov'd, that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community; upon which motion *Witwou'd* and *Petulant* were enrolled members.

*Mira.* And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her detestation

detestation of mankind; and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and *Ratafia*; and let posterity shift for itself, 'she'll breed no more.'

*Fain.* The discovery of your sham addressee to her to conceal your love to her niece, has provok'd this separation: had you dissembl'd better, things might have continu'd in the state of nature.

*Mira.* I did as much as man cou'd, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the addressee of 'an affair with' a young fellow, 'which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labour.' The devil's in't if an old woman is to be flatter'd farther, 'unless a man shou'd endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbad me.' But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, *Mrs. Marwood*.

*Fain.* What shou'd provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

*Mira.* She was always civil to me, till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em ev'ry thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

*Fain.* You are a gallant man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to answer a lady's advances, you have too much generosity, not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

*Mira.* You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

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*Fain.* Fy, fy, friend, if you grow censorious, I must leave you;—I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

*Mira.* Who are they?

*Fain.* *Petulant* and *Witwou'd*—Bring me some chocolate. [Exit.]

*Mira.* *Betty*, what says your clock?

*Bet.* Turn'd of the last canonical hour, sir,

*Mira.* How pertinently the jade answers me! ha? almost one a clock! [*Looking on his watch.*] O, y'are come——

*Enter Footman.*

Well; is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

*Foot.* Sir, there's such coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our turn; so we drove round to *Duke's Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

*Mira.* So, so, you are sure they are married.

*Foot.* "Incontestibly, sir:" I am witness.

*Mira.* Have you the certificate?

*Foot.* Here it is, sir.

*Mira.* Has the taylor brought *Waitwell's* cloaths home, and the new liveries?

*Foot.* Yes, sir.

*Mira.* That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, 'and adjourn the consummation 'till farther order;' bid *Waitwell* shake his ears, and dame *Partlet* ruffle up her feathers, and meet me at one o'clock by *Resamond's* pond; that I may see her before she returns to her lady: and as you tender your ears be secret. [Exit. Footman.]

*Enter Fainall.*

*Fain.* Joy of your success, *Mirabell*; you look pleas'd.

*Mira.* Ay; I have been engag'd in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that

that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

*Fain.* Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engag'd, are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

*Mira.* I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

*Fain.* Are you jealous as often as you see *Wit-wou'd* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

*Mira.* Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

*Fain.* You do her wrong; for to give her her due, she has wit.

*Mira.* She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

*Fain.* For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

*Mira.* And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once us'd me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; list'd her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so us'd myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me ev'ry hour less disturbance; 'till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

*Fain.* Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted

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quainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't you are your own man again.

*Mira.* Say you so?

*Fain.* I, I, I, have experience: I have a wife and so forth.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Is one Squire *Witwou'd* here?

*Bet.* Yes; what's your business?

*Mess.* I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir *Wilful*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own hands.

*Bet.* He's in the next room, friend——That way.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

*Mira.* What is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir *Wilful Witwou'd*?

*Fain.* He is expected to day. Do you know him?

*Mira.* I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary person; I think you have the honour to be related to him.

*Fain.* Yes; he is half brother to this *Witwou'd* by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady *Wisefort*, my Wife's mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call cousins too.

*Mira.* I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

*Fain.* He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

*Mira.* For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

*Fain.* No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know we have blockheads of all ages.

*Mira.* I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

*Fain.* By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstock'd

*Mira.* Pray are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire his brother, any thing related?

*Fain.* Not at all; *Witwou'd* grows by the knight,  
like



## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

*Mira.* So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

*Fain.* Sir *Wilful* is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the *Tempest*; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good-nature, and does not always want wit.

*Mira.* Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

*Fain.* If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

*Enter Witwou'd.*

*Wit.* Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

*Mira.* I do from my soul.

*Fain.* Why, what's the matter?

*Wit.* No letters for me, *Betty*?

*Bet.* Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

*Wit.* Ay, but no other?

*Bet.* No, sir,

*Wit.* That's hard, that's very hard;—a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyrick in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

*Mira.* A fool, and your brother, *Witwou'd*!

*Wit.*

*Wit.* Ay, ay, my half brother. My half brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

*Mira.* Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

*Wit.* Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him:—*Fainall*, how does your lady? gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestick. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage; I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

*Fain.* 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

*Wit.* No man in town lives well with a wife but *Fainall*. Your judgment, *Mirabell*?

*Mira.* You had better step and ask his wife, if you wou'd be credibly inform'd,

*Wit.* *Mirabell*.

*Mira.* Ay.

*Wit.* My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons;—gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

*Mira.* I thank you heartily, heartily.

*Wit.* No, but prythee excuse me,—my memory is such a memory.

*Mira.* Have a care of such apologies, *Wit* wou'd;—for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

*Fain.* What have you done with *Petulant*?

*Wit.* He's reckoning his money,—my money it was—I have no luck to day.

*Fain.* You may allow him to win of you at play;—for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: Since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

*Mira.* I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, *Wit* wou'd.

*Wit.* Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates—*Petulant's* my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering—faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I do him justice, I'm his friend,

friend, I won't wrong him.—And if he had any judgment in the world,—he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

*Fain.* You don't take you friend to be over-nicely bred.

*Wit.* No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own—No more breeding than a bum-bailly, that I grant you—"Tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

*Mira.* What, courage?

*Wit.* Hum, faith I don't know as to that,—I can't say as to that.—Yes, faith, in controversy, he'll contradict any body.

*Mira.* Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a woman whom he lov'd.

*Wit.* Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him,—I can defend most of his faults, except one or two: one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were my brother, I could not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

*Mira.* Ay marry, what's that, *Wit* would?

*Wit.* O pardon me—expose the infirmities of my friend.—No, my dear, excuse me there.

*Fain.* What I warrant he's insincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

*Wit.* No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

*Mira.* May be you think him too positive?

*Wit.* No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

*Fain.* Too illiterate.

*Wit.* That! that's his happiness—his want of learning gives him the more opportunity to shew his natural parts.

*Mira.* He wants words.

*Wit.* Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want

want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

*Fain.* He's impudent.

*Wit.* No, that's not it.

*Mira.* Vain.

*Wit.* No.

*Mira.* What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion.

*Wit.* Truth! ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it—I mean, he never speaks truth at all,—that's all. He will lye like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

*Enter Coachman.*

*Coach.* Is master *Petulant* here, mistress?

*Bet.* Yes.

*Coach.* Three gentlewomen in a coach wou'd speak with him.

*Fain.* O brave *Petulant*! three!

*Bet.* I'll tell him.

*Coach.* You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

*[Exeunt Coachman and Betty.]*

*Wit.* That shou'd be for two fasting *bona robas*, and a procurefs troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

*Mira.* You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

*Wit.* Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more, by the week, to call on him once a day at publick places.

*Mira.* How!

*Wit.* You shall see he won't go to 'em, because there's no more company here to take notice of him.—Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do:—before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself—

*Fain.* Call for himself! what dost thou mean?

*Wit.* Mean, why he would slip you out of this chocolate—

colate-house, just when you had been talking to him—As soon as your back was turn'd—whip he was gone;—then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself, that is, I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

*Mira.* I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming: O I ask his pardon.

*Enter Petulant and Betty.*

*Bet.* Sir the coach stays.

*Pet.* Well, well; I come;—'Sbud a man had as good be a profess'd midwife, as a profess'd gallant, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all hours, and in all places. Duce on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come—Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out. [Exit Betty.]

*Fain.* You are very cruel, *Petulant*.

*Pet.* All's one, let it pass—I have a humour to be cruel.

*Mira.* I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

*Pet.* Condition, condition's a dry'd fig, if I am not in humour—By this hand, if they were your—a—a—your what-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I am not in the vein.

*Mira.* What-d'ye-call-'ems! what are they, *Witwou'd*?

*Wit.* Empresses, my dear—By your what d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana queens.

*Pet.* Ay, *Roxolana's*.

*Mira.* Cry you mercy.

*Fain.* *Witwou'd* says they are——

*Pet.* What does he say th'are?

*Wit.* I? fine ladies I say.

*Pet.* Pass on, *Witwou'd*——Harkee, by this light his relations—Two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old

old aunt, who loves intriguing better than a convention.

*Wit.* Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off—Ha, ha, ha! gad I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

*Mira.* No.

*Wit.* No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear *Petulant*.

*Enter Betty.*

*Bet.* They are gone, sir, in great anger.

*Pet.* Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

*Fain.* This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandon'd the whole sex for her sake.

*Mira.* Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, *Petulant*, about that business.

*Pet.* Ay, ay, let that pass—There are other throats to be cut—

*Mira.* Meaning mine, sir?

*Pet.* Not I—I mean no body—I know nothing—But there are uncles and nephews in the world—And they may be rivals—What then all's one for that—

*Mira.* Now harkee, *Petulant*, come hither—Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

*Pet.* Explain; I know nothing—Why you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's*?

*Mira.* True.

*Pet.* Why that's enough—You and he are not friends; and if he shou'd marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha!

*Mira.* Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

*Pet.* All's one for that; why then say I know something.

*Mira.* Come, thou art an honest fellow, *Petulant*, and shalt make love to thy mistress, thou sha't faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?



*Pet.* I, nothing I. If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent.

*Mira.* O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the womens secrets——What, you're a cabalist; I know you staid at *Millamant's* last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle, or me? tell me. If thou hadst but good-nature equal to thy wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwou'd*, who is now thy competitor in fame, wou'd shew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

*Pet.* If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

*Mira.* Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that it may be granted thee in the mean time.

*Pet.* Well, harkee. [they talk apart.]

*Fain.* *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a rival as a lover.

*Wit.* 'Pshaw, 'psaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part——But that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I shou'd——Harkee——To tell you a secret, but let it go no farther——Between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

*Fain.* How!

*Wit.* She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

*Fain.* I thought you had dy'd for her.

*Wit.* Umph——No——

*Fain.* She has wit.

*Wit.* 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else——Now, I shou'd hate that, if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

*Fain.* Why do you think so?

*Wit.* We staid pretty late there last night; and heard something of an uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to town,—and is between him and the best part of his estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some distance, as my lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell* worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fish-monger

monger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say ; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo ; and if it should come to life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i'faith.

*Fain.* 'Tis impossible *Millamant* shou'd hearken to it.

*Wit.* Faith, my dear, I can't tell ; she's a woman, and a kind of a humourist.

*Mira.* And this is the sum of what you cou'd collect last night.

*Pet.* The quintessence. May be *Wit* wou'd knows more, he stay'd longer—— Besides, they never mind him ; they say any thing before him.

*Mira.* I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

*Pet.* Ay, *tête à tête* ; but not in publick, because I make remarks.

*Mira.* You do ?

*Pet.* Ay, ay ; I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know ; they are not in awe of him—— The fellow's well bred ; he's what you call a—— What-dy'e-call'em, a fine gentleman : but he's silly withal.

*Mira.* I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall* ?

*Fain.* Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

*Wit.* Ay, we'll all walk in the Park ; the ladies talk of being there.

*Mira.* I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother sir *Wilfull*'s arrival.

*Wit.* No, no ; he comes to his aunt's my lady *Wishfort* : plague on him, I shall be troubled with him too ; what shall I do with the fool ?

*Pet.* Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards ; and so have but one trouble with you both.

*Wit.* O rare *Petulant* ; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning ; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us, and we'll be very severe.

*Pet.* Enough, I'm in a humour to be severe.

*Mira.* Are you ? Pray then walk by yourselves—— Let not us be accessary to you putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you ; and when you have

have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

*Pet.* What, what? Then let'em either shew their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew their discretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

*Mira.* But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

*Pet.* Not I, by this hand—I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

*Mira.* I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice,

*Where modesty's ill-manners, 'tis but fit  
That impudence and malice pass for wit.* [Exeunt.

## A C T II.

S C E N E, *St. James's Park.*

*Enter Mrs. Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.*

*Mrs. Fain.* **A**Y, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating, or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe; they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

*Mrs. Mar.* True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love shou'd ever die before us; and that the man so often shou'd outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been lov'd. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

*Mrs. Fain.* Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to man-

mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free ; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to doat like lovers ; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and re-admit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. Fain. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd ? Why you profess a libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Fain. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate mankind ?

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your husband ?

Mrs. Fain. Most transcendently ; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me you hand upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you ; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible ? dost thou hate those vipers men ?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em ; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em,

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion farther.

Mrs. Fain. How ?

Mrs. Mar. By marrying ; if I could but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. Fain. You would not dishonour him,

Mrs. Mar. No : but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. Fain.

*Mrs. Fain.* Why had you not as good do it?

*Mrs. Mar.* O if he should ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

*Mrs. Fain.* Ingenious mischief! wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell*.

*Mrs. Mar.* Wou'd I were.

*Mrs. Fain.* You change colour.

*Mrs. Mar.* Because I hate him.

*Mrs. Fain.* So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

*Mrs. Mar.* I never lov'd him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

*Mrs. Fain.* By the reason you give for your aversion one wou'd think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

*Mrs. Mar.* O then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

*Mrs. Fain.* Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the the sudden.

*Mrs. Mar.* What ails you?

*Mrs. Fain.* My husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

*Enter Fainall and Mirabell.*

*Mrs. Mar.* Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

*Mrs. Fain.* For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

*Fain.* My dear.

*Mrs. Fain.* My soul.

*Fain.* You don't look well to day, child.

*Mrs. Fain.* D'ye think so?

*Mira.* He's the only man that does, madam.

*Mrs. Fain.* The only man that would tell me so at least; and the only man from whom I cou'd hear it without mortification.

*Fain.* O my dear, I am satisfy'd of your tenderness;  
I know

I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

*Mrs. Fain.* Mr. *Mirabell*, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night, I would fain hear it out.

*Mira.* The persons concern'd in that affair, have yet a tolerable reputation.——I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious

*Mrs. Fain.* He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another, by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Mirabell.*]

*Fain.* Excellent creature! well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

*Mrs. Mar.* Ay?

*Fain.* For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! nothing remains when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

*Mrs. Mar.* Will you not follow 'em?

*Fain.* No! I think not.

*Mrs. Mar.* Pray let us; I have a reason.

*Fain.* You are not jealous?

*Mrs. Mar.* Of whom?

*Fain.* Of *Mirabell*.

*Mrs. Mar.* If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honour?

*Fain.* You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a particular understanding between my wife and him?

*Mrs. Mar.* I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

*Fain.* But he, I fear, is too insensible.

*Mrs. Mar.* It may be you are deceived.

*Fain.* It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

*Mrs. Mar.* What?

[*Enter Fain.*]



*Fain.* That I have been deceiv'd, madam, and you are false.

*Mrs. Mar.* That I am false! What mean you?

*Fain.* To let you know, I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another, have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession red'ning on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

*Mrs. Mar.* You do me wrong.

*Fain.* I do not——'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftner to my arms in full security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

*Mrs. Mar.* And wherewithall can you reproach me?

*Fain.* With infidelity, with loving another, with love of *Mirabell*.

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

*Fain.* And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? to undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with *Millamant*?

*Mrs. Mar.* My obligations to my lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a friendship to her; and cou'd not see her easy nature so abus'd by that dissembler.

*Fain.* What, was it conscience then? Profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

*Mrs. Mar.* More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

*Mrs. Mar.* Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her thro'

thro' strict fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my friendship to keep my love inviolate? and have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt; unmindful of the merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which shou'd lie buried in your bosom?

*Fain.* You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once cou'd make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate malice—'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

*Fain.* Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discover'd.

*Mrs. Mar.* It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

*Fain.* Why, what will you do?

*Mrs. Mar.* Disclose it to your wife; own what has pass'd between us.

*Fain.* Frenzy!

*Mrs. Mar.* By all my wrongs I'll do't—I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

*Fain.* Your fame I have preserv'd. Your fortune has been bestow'd as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had not you been false, I had e're this repaid it—'Tis true—had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stoll'n their marriage, my lady had been incens'd beyond all means of reconciliation: *Millamant* had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife;—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

*Mrs. Mar.* Deceit and frivolous pretence.

*Fain.* Death, am I not married? what's pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? have I not a wife?

no,

may, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and wou'd be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to baffle thro' the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you be reconcil'd to truth and me?

*Mrs. Mar.* Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent——I hate you, and shall for ever.

*Fain.* For loving you?

*Mrs. Mar.* I loathe the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

*Fain.* Nay, we must not part thus.

*Mrs. Mar.* Let me go.

*Fain.* Come, I'm sorry.

*Mrs. Mar.* I care not——Let me go——Break my hands, do——I'd leave 'em to get loose.

*Fain.* I wou'd not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

*Mrs. Mar.* Well, I have deserv'd it all.

*Fain.* You know I love you.

*Mrs. Mar.* Poor dissembling! O that——Well, it is not yet——

*Fain.* What? what is it not? what is it not yet? it is not yet too late——

*Mrs. Mar.* No, it is not yet too late——I have that comfort.

*Fain.* It is, to love another.

*Mrs. Mar.* But not to loathe, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

*Fain.* Nay, this is extravagance——Come, I ask your pardon——No tears——I was too blame, I cou'd not love you and be easy in my doubts——Pray forbear——I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends;——I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, any where, to another world, I'll marry thee——Be pacify'd——Sdeath! they come, hide your face, your tears——You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.*

*Mrs. Fain.* They are here yet.

*Mira.* They are turning into the other walk.

*Mrs. Fain.* While I only hated my husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

*Mira.* O you shou'd hate with prudence.

*Mrs. Fain.* Yes, for I have lov'd with indiscretion.

*Mira.* You shou'd have just so much disgust for your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

*Mrs. Fain.* You have been the cause that I have lov'd without bounds; and wou'd you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

*Mira.* Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produc'd that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false friend and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the purpose. When you are weary of him, who know your remedy.

*Mrs. Fain.* I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, *Mirabell*.

*Mira.* In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

*Mrs. Fain.* Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

*Mira.* *Waitwell*, my servant.

*Mrs. Fain.* He is an humble servant to *Faible* my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

*Mira.* Care is taken for that—'she is won and worn by this time.' They were married this morning.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira. *Waitwell* and *Foible*. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like *Mysca* in the *Fox*, stand upon terms; so I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talk'd last night of endeavouring at a match between *Millamant* and your uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible's* direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old woman's appetite is deprav'd like that of a girl—'tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your mistress.

*Enter Mrs. Millamant, Witwou'd, Mincing.*

Mira. Here she comes i'faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—ha, no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

*Mira.* You seem to be unattended, madam.—You us'd to have the *beau-monde* throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

*Witw.* Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

*Mill.* O I have deny'd myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the croud—

*Witw.* As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

*Mill.* Dear Mr. *Witwou'd*, truce with your similitudes: for I am as sick of 'em—

*Witw.* As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself. [his wit.

*Mill.* Yet again! *Mincing*, stand between me and

*Witw.* Do Mrs. *Mincing*, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

*Mrs. Fain.* But dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

*Mill.* Long! lud! have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new fashion.

*Witw.* Madam, truce with your similitudes—no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

*Mira.* By your leave, *Witwou'd*, they were like enquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

*Witw.* Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

*Mine.* You were dress'd before I came abroad.

*Mill.* Ay, that's true—O but then I had—*Mincing*, what had I? why was I so long?

*Minc.* O mem, your laship staid to peruse a pæquet of letters.

*Mill.* O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up ones hair.

*Witw.* Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

*Mill.* Only with those in verse, Mr. *Witwou'd*—I never



never pin up my hair with prose. I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

*Minc.* O mem, I shall never forget it.

*Mill.* Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the morning.

*Minc.* 'Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow mem, and all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crips.

*Witw.* Indeed, so crips?

*Minc.* You're such a critic, Mr. *Witwou'd*.

*Mill.* *Mirabell*, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't I'm angry?——No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——For I believe I gave you some pain.

*Mira.* Does that please you?

*Mill.* Infinitely; I love to give pain.

*Mira.* You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

*Mill.* O, I ask your pardon for that—One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

*Mira.* Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—And then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms——Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it: for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

*Mill.* O the vanity of these men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome, Beauty the lover's gift!——Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as

soon as one pleases: and then if one pleases, one makes more.

*Witw.* Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card matches.

*Mill.* One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

*Mira.* Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

*Mill.* How so?

*Mira.* To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves prais'd; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

*Witw.* But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

*Mill.* O fiction; *Fainall*, let us leave these men.

*Mira.* Draw off *Witwou'd*. [*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*]

*Mrs. Fain.* Immediately; I have a word or two for Mr. *Witwou'd*. [*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Witwou'd.*]

*Mira.* I wou'd beg a little private audience too — You had the tyranny to deny me last night; tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concern'd my love.

*Mill.* You saw I was engag'd.

*Mira.* Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools: things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time; which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you, they are not capable; or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

*Mill.* I please myself — Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

*Mira.* Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

*Mill.*

*Mill.* Yes, the vapours; fools are phyfic for it, next to *Affa-fetida*.

*Mira.* You are not in a course of fools?

*Mill.* *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive freedom—you'll displease me—I think I must resolve after all, not to have you——We shan't agree.

*Mira.* Not in our phyfic it may be.

*Mill.* And yet our distemper in all likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*——I'm resolv'd——I think——You may go——Ha, ha, ha! What wou'd you give that you cou'd help loving me?

*Mira.* I wou'd give something that you did not know I cou'd not help it.

*Mill.* Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

*Mira.* I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

*Mill.* Sententious *Mirabell*! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

*Mira.* You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

*Mill.* What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish——Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy as a watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now——Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well? I see they are walking away.

*Mira.* Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment——

*Mill.* To hear you tell me *Foible's* married, and your plot like to speed——No.

*Mira.* But how you come to know it——

*Mill.* Without the help of conjuration, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. [*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*]

*Mira.* I have something more—Gone——Think of you! to think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquility of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion not method is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct—O here come my pair of turtles—What, billing so sweetly! is not *Valentine's* day over with you yet? [*Enter Waitwell and Foible.*] Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were my marry'd for your own recreation, and not for conveniency.

*Wait.* Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been billing; but still with an eye to business, sir, I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

*Mira.* Give you joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

*Foi.* O-las, sir, I'm so asham'd——I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

*Wait.* That she did indeed, sir. 'It was my fault' that she did not make more.

'*Mira.* That I believe.'

*Foi.* I told my lady as you instructed me, sir: that I had a prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your uncle; and that I wou'd put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd with her beauty, that he burns with

with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original.

*Mira.* Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

*Wait.* I think she has profited, sir, I think so.

*Foi.* You have seen madam *Millamant*, sir?

*Mira.* Yes.

*Foi.* I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

*Mira.* Your diligence will merit more—in the mean time—— [Gives money.]

*Foi.* O dear sir, your humble servant.

*Wait.* Spouse.

*Mira.* Stand off, sir, not a penny——Go on and prosper, *Foible*——The lease shall be made good, and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

*Foi.* I don't question your generosity, sir: and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress 'till I come.——O dear, I'm sure that [looking out] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'y *Waitwell*. [Exit.]

*Wait.* Sir *Rowland*, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment she forgets herself.

*Mira.* Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir *Rowland*.

*Wait.* Why, sir, it will be impossible I shou'd remember myself.—[Exit *Mirabell*] Marry'd, knighted and attended all in one day! 'tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember me, I'm married, and can't be my own again.

*As, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life;  
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.*

## A C T III.

S C E N E, *A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.**Lady Wishfort at her Toilet, Peg waiting.*L. *Wish.* M E R C I F U L, no news of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

L. *Wish.* I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself 'till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweetheart? an errant ash-colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! why dost thou not fetch me a little red? did'st thou not hear me, mopus?

Peg. The red *ratafia*, does your lady mean, or the cherry-brandy?

L. *Wish.* *Ratafia*, fool, no, fool, not the *ratafia*, fool—Grant me patience! I mean the *Spanish* paper, ideot; complexion. Darling paint, paint, paint; dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient—I cannot come at the paint, madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the key with her.

L. *Wish.* Plague take you both——Fetch me the cherry-brandy then: [*Exit Peg.*] I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick* the curate's wife, that's always breeding——Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

*Enter Peg with a Bottle and China Cup.*

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

L. *Wish.* A cup, save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *acorn*? why didst thou not bring thy thimble? hast thou ne'er a brass-thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill——Se—again. See who that is—[*One knocks.*] Set down the bottle first.—Here, here, under the table—What, woul'dst thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster. As I'm a person, this wench has liv'd in an inn upon the road, before she came to me,



me, 'like *Maritornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*.' No *Foible* yet?

*Peg*. No madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

*L. Wisp*. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood*.

*Enter Mrs. Marwood.*

*Mrs. Mar*. I'm surpriz'd to find your ladyship in *dishabillé* at this time of day.

*L. Wisp*. *Foible's* a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

*Mrs. Mar*. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd thro' the park, in conference with *Mirabell*.

*L. Wisp*. With *Mirabell*! you call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

*Mrs. Mar*. O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. *Foible's* integrity.

*L. Wisp*. O, he carries poison in his tongue that wou'd corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear friend retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—There are books over the chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's* works, to entertain you—

[*Exit Mrs. Marwood.*

Go, you thing, and send her in. [Exit *Peg*.

*Enter Foible.*

*L. Wisp*. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

*Foi*. Madam, I have seen the party.

*L. Wisp*. But what hast thou done?

*Foi*. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, 'and are to do;' I have only promis'd. But a man so enamour'd—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say.

*L. Wisp.*

*L. Wisp.* The miniature has been counted like— But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabel*?—What hadst thou to do with him in the park? answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

*Foi.* So, mischief has been before-hand with me; what shall I say?—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I cou'd have borne: but he had a sting at your ladyship too; and then I could not hold: but i' faith I gave him his own.

*L. Wisp.* Me! what did the filthy fellow say?

*Foi.* O madam; 'tis a shame to say what he said—With his taunts and his fleers, tossing up his nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—Half-pay is but thin subsistence, (says he)—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see; (says he) what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) and—

*L. Wisp.* Odds my life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a dravver to have him poison'd in his wine. 'I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket's* immediately!

*Foi.* Poison him! poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you wou'd bless yourself, to hear what he said.

*L. Wisp.* A villain! superannuated!

*Foi.* Humh (says he) I hear you are laying designs against me too (says he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my uncle; (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that. I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old frippery too (says he) I'll handle you—

*L. Wisp.* Audacious villain! handle me; wou'd he durst—Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-

a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be marry'd to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

*Fai.* The sooner the better, madam.

*L. Wisp.* Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Foible*?

*Fai.* Incontinently, madam. No new Sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood, with that impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

*L. Wisp.* Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: A tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a *Long-Lane* pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouth'd railler: I warrant the spend-thrift prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his taylor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

*Fai.* He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black Fryars* for brass farthings, with an old mitten.

*L. Wisp.* Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any oeconomy of face. This wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

*Fai.* Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white varnish.

*L. Wisp.* Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? why I am arrantly stay'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

*Fai.* I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

*L. Wisp.* But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? or will he not fail when he does come? will he be importunate, *Foible*, 'and push?' for if he  
shou'd

shou'd not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he shou'd expect advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither.—I won't give him despair—But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

*Foi.* A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

*L. Wifb.* Yes, but tendernefs becomes me best—  
 'A sort of a-dyingnefs'—You see that picture has a—sort of a—Ha *Foible*? a swimmingnefs in the eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir *Rowland* handsome? let my toilet be remov'd—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handsome? don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd; I'll be taken by surprize.

*Foi.* By storm, madam, Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk man.

*L. Wifb.* Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. 'I shall save decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. O I'm glad 'he is a brisk man.' Let my things be remov'd, good *Foible*. [Exit.

*Enter Mrs. Fainall.*

*Mrs. Fain.* O *Foible*, I have been in a fright, lest I shou'd come too late. That devil, *Marwood*, saw you in the park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

*Foi.* Discover what, madam?

*Mrs. Fain.* Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this morning marry'd, is to personate *Mirabell*'s uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

*Foi.* O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient;

cient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. *Mirabell* might have hinder'd his communicating this secret.

*Mrs. Fain.* Dear *Foible*, forget that.

*Fai.* O dear madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning gentleman—But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity.—Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now madam, I can safely tell you ladyship our success. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my lady; but I warrant I manag'd myself. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to-night, she says;—I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking, for, as they say of a *Wale* maidenhead.

*Mrs. Fain.* O rare *Foible*!

*Fai.* Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him—besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me—She has a penchant; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.—[*Calls*] *John*—remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

*Mrs. Fain.* I'll go with you up the back-stairs, lest I shou'd meet her. [Exeunt.

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Indeed, Mrs. *Engine*, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the *pass-partout* a very master-key to every body's strong box. My friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit: else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant; to procure for him! a pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your match.—O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot,

ideot, a driveler with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! madam *Marwood* has a penchant, but he can't abide her—"Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair; without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity—he has not oblig'd me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chymist upon the day of projection.

*Enter Lady Wishfort.*

*L. Wish.* O dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness—But my dear friend is all goodness.

*Mrs. Mar.* No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

*L. Wish.* As I'm a person I am in a very chaos to think I shou'd so forget myself—But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do—[*Calls*].—*Foible*—I expect my nephew *Sir Wilfull* ev'ry moment too:—Why *Foible*—He means to travel for improvement.

*Mrs. Mar.* Methinks *Sir Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

*L. Wish.* O he's in less danger of being spoil'd by his travels—I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd discretion to chuse for himself.

*Mrs. Mar.* Methinks *Mrs. Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

*L. Wish.* I promise you I have thought on't—And since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propose it. [*Enter Foible.*] Come, come, *Foible*—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

*Foible* (to *Mrs. Mar.*) I have just now receiv'd a letter from *Sir Wilfull* that he is arriv'd at the place he is to travel to. I have just now receiv'd a letter from *Sir Wilfull* that he is arriv'd at the place he is to travel to.



*Fai.* Mr. *Witwou'd* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your ladyship.

*L. Wiß.* O dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood* shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

[*Exeunt Lady Wißfort and Foible.*]

*Enter Mrs. Millamant and Mincing.*

*Mill.* Sure never any thing was so unbred as that odious man.—*Marwood*, your servant.

*Mrs. Mar.* You have a colour, what's the matter?

*Mill.* That horrid fellow, *Petulant*, has provok'd me into a flame—I have broke my fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours.—Is not all the powder out of my hair?

*Mrs. Mar.* No. What has he done?

*Mill.* Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwou'd* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

*Minc.* I vow mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

*Mill.* Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of chusing one's acquaintance as one does one's cloaths.

*Mrs. Mar.* If we had that liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one set of acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A fool and a *Doily* stuff wou'd now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

*Mill.* I could consent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but fools never wear out—They are such *drap-de-berry* things! without one cou'd give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking-habit after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her-  
affair

affair with a lover of sense. If you wou'd but appear barefac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwou'd*, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it: the secret is grown too big for the pretence: 'tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal, than my lady *Strammel* can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

*Mill.* I'll take my death, *Marwood*, you are more censorious than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast. *Mincing*, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice. [*Exit Mincing.*] The town has found it! What has it found that *Mirabell* loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret that you discover'd to my aunt, or than the reason why you discover'd it is a secret.

*Mrs. Mar.* You are nettled.

*Mill.* You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

*Mrs. Mar.* Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

*Mill.* O silly! Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! His constancy to me has quite destroy'd his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy—If I had the vanity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to shew more gallantry—'Tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha! tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Mar.* What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and deliver'd with so significant gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

*Mill.* Hæ? Dear creature, I ask your pardon—I swear I did not mind you.

*Mrs. Mar.* Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think a thing

thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

*Mill.* O dear, what? for 'tis the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Mar.* That I detest him, hate him, madam.

*Mill.* O madam, why so do I—And yet the creature loves me; ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a Sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer—and within a year or two as young—If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you—But that cannot be—Well, that thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be sad.

*Mrs. Mar.* Your merry note may be chang'd sooner than your think.

*Mill.* D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

*Enter Mincing.*

*Minc.* The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you,

*Mill.* Desire Mrs. —, that is in the next room to sing the song I wou'd have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam—Not that there's any great matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my humour.

## ' S O N G.

### I.

*' LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,  
' When' tis not with ambition join'd;  
' A sickly flame, which if not fed expires;  
' And feeding, waste in self-consuming fires.*

### II.

*' 'Tis not to wound a wanton boy  
' Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;  
' But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,  
' For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.*

### III.

*' Then I alone the conquest prize,  
' When I insult a rival's eyes:*

*' If*

44 THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

*“If there’s delight in love, ’tis when I see  
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.”*

*Enter Petulant and Witwou’d.*

*Mill.* Is your animosity compos’d, gentlemen?

*Witw.* Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity—We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity—The falling-out of wits is like the falling-out of lovers—We agree in the main, like treble and base. Ha, *Petulant!*

*Pet.* Ay in the main—But when I have a humour to contradict—

*Witw.* Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

*Pet.* If he says black’s black—If I have a humour to say ’tis blue—Let that pass—All’s one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

*Witw.* Not positively must—But it may—it may.

*Pet.* Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

*Witw.* Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That’s a logical distinction now, madam.

*Mrs. Mar.* I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

*Pet.* Importance is one thing, and learning’s another; but a debate’s a debate, that I assert.

*Witw.* *Petulant*’s an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

*Pet.* No, I’m no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

*Mrs. Mar.* That’s a sign indeed it’s no enemy to you.

*Pet.* No, no, it’s no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

*Mill.* Well, an illiterate man’s my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

*Witw.* That I confess I wonder at too.

*Mill.*

*Mill.* Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

*Pet.* Why should a man be any further from being marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book—So all's one for that.

*Mill.* D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone. [*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*]

*Enter Sir Wilfull Witwou'd in a riding dress and Footman.*

*Witw.* In the name of *Bartholomew* and his fair, what have we here?

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

*Witw.* Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

*Foot.* Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

*Sir Wil.* Dressing! What, its but morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we shou'd count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in *Shropshire*—Why then belike my aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, friend?

*Foot.* Your aunt, sir?

*Sir Wil.* My aunt, sir? yes my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir—Why, what, dost thou not know me, friend? Why then send some body hither that does. How long hast thou liv'd with thy lady; fellow, ha?

*Foot.* A week, sir; longer than any in the house, except my lady's woman.

*Sir Wil.* Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou see'st her; ha, friend!

*Foot.* Why truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

*Sir Wil.* Well, pr'ythee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out; do'st hear, fellow?

fellow? and tell her, her nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwou'd*, is in the house.

*Foot*. I shall, sir.

*Sir Wil*. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: Pr'ythee who are these gallants?

*Foot*. Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. [Exit.

*Sir Wil*. Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a'knows his own name.

*Mrs. Mar*. Mr. *Witwou'd*, your brother is not behind-hand in forgetfulness—I fancy he has forgot you too.

*Witw*. I hope so—The duce take him that remembers first, I say.

*Sir Wil*. Save you gentleman and lady.

*Mrs. Mar*. For shame, Mr. *Witwou'd*; 'why won't you speak to him?—And you, sir.

*Witw*. *Petulant*, speak.

*Pet*. And you, sir.

*Sir Wil*. No offence, I hope. [Salutes *Marwood*.

*Mrs. Mar*. No sure, sir.

*Witw*. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

*Pet*. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. No offence! I hope, sir.

[Surveying him round.

*Sir Wil*. May be not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir,

*Witw*. Smoke the boots, the boots; *Petulant*, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Wil*. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

*Pet*. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

*Sir Wil*. Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfy'd with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire farther of my horse, sir.

*Pet*. Your horse, sir! your horse is an ass, sir!

*Sir Wil*. Do you speak by way of offence, sir!

*Mrs. Mar*. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir—S'life, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and  
ass,



afs, before they find one another out.—You must not take any thing amifs from your friends, fir. You are among your friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not miftaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwou'd*.

Sir *Wil*. Right, lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwou'd*, fo I write myfelf; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the Lady *Wifbfort* of this manfion.

Mrs. *Mar*. Don't you know this gentleman, fir?

Sir *Wil*. Hum? What, fure 'tis not—Yea by'r lady but 'tis,—'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no—Yet but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother *Anthony*! what *Tony*, i'faith! what do'ft thou not know me? By'r lady nor I thee, thou art fo belac'd, and fo beperiwig'd——'Sheart why do'ft not fpeak? art thou o'erjoy'd?

*Witw*. 'Odfo brother, is it you? your fervant, brother.

Sir *Wil*. Your fervant! why your's, fir. Your fervant again—'Sheart, and your friend and fervant to that—And a —(puff) and a flap dragon for your fervice, fir: 'and a hare's foot, and a hate's fcut for 'your fervice, fir;' an you be fo cold and fo courtly!

*Witw*. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir *Wil*. 'Sheart, fir, but there is, and much offence.—A plague is this your Inns o'Court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

*Witw*. Why, brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as fhort as a *Shrewfbury* cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modifh to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers flabber and kifs one another when they meet, like a call of ferjeants—'Tis not the fafhion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir *Wil*. The fafhion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've fufpected this—By'r lady I conjectur'd you were a fop, fince you began to change the ftile of your letters, and write in a fcrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a fub-penna. I might expect this when you left off honour'd brother; and hoping you are in good health, and fo forth—To begin with a *Rat me, knight, I'm fo fick of*  
a laft

a last night's debauch—O'ds heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a wench and a bottle, and so conclude—You cou'd write news before you were out of your time, when you liv'd with honest *Pimple-Nose* the attorney of *Furnival's Inn*—You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your friends round the *Wrekin*. 'We could have gazettes then, and *Dawks's* letter, and the weekly bill, 'till of late days.'

*Pet.* 'Slife, *Witwou'd*, were you ever an attorney's clerk? of the family of the *Furnivals*, Ha, ha, ha!

*Witw.* Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to *London*. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'prentice to a felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

*Sir Wil.* 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

*Mrs. Mar.* You intend to travel, sir, as I'm inform'd.

*Sir Wil.* Belike I may, madam. I may chance to fail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

*Pet.* And the wind serve.

*Sir Wil.* Serve or not serve, I shan't ask license of you, sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir; 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam—Yes, I have settl'd my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace holds, whereby that is taxes abate.

*Mrs. Mar.* I thought you had designed for *France* at all adventures.

*Sir Wil.* I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution,—because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas.

feas. I'd gladly have a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an academy in town for that "*and dancing, and curious accomplishments, calculated purely for the use of grown gentlemen.*"

Sir Wil. Is there? 'tis like they may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Witw. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* skipper from a whale-fishing.

*Enter Lady Wishfort and Fainall.*

L. Wish. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your servant.

Fain. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

L. Wish. Cousin Witwou'd, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? dinner's almost ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well I thank you, aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony; belike, I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

L. Wish. O he's a rallier, nephew—My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to chuse. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better.

*[Fainall and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.]*

Sir Wil. Why then let him hold his tongue in the mean time; and rail when that day comes.

*Enter Mincing.*

Minc. Mem, I am come to acquaint your laship that dinner is impatient.

Sir Wil. Impatient? why then belike it won't stay 'till I pull off my boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of slippers?—My man's with his horses, I warrant.

L. Wish. Fy, fy, nephew, you wou'd not pull off your boots here—Go down into the hall—Dinner shall stay for you—

*[Exeunt Mincing and Sir Wilfull.]*

My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam.—Gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwood?*

*Mrs. Mar.* I'll follow you, madam,—before Sir *Willfull* is ready. [*Exeunt Lady Withf. Petul. and Witwou'd.*]

*Fain.* Why then *Foible's* a procurefs; an errant, 'rank,' match-making procurefs. And I it seems am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath! to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was 'born with budding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child,' 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, out-jilted—out-matrimony'd—' If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat—but to crawl after, with my horns 'like a snail, and be outstripp'd by my wife'—'tis scurvy wedlock.

*Mrs. Mar.* Then shake it off; you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their plot,—the half of *Millamant's* fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to *Mirabell*.

*Fain.* Ay, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my dishonour by that increase of fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with gold, tho' my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

*Mrs. Mar.* They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game before she was marry'd.

*Fain.* Hum! That may be—

*Mrs. Mar.* You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

*Fain.* The means, the means.

*Mrs. Mar.* Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her—My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enrag'd beyond bounds,

bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune, and all at that conjecture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she shou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

*Fain.* This has an appearance.

*Mrs. Mar.* I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull*, that may be an obstacle.

*Fain.* O for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*; after dinner, I'll set his hand in.

*Mrs. Mar.* Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

*Fain.* Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—I am marry'd already; so that's over—My wife has play'd the jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be—No, there's no end of that; no, no, that were much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation,—As to my own, I marry'd not for it; so that's out of the question.—And as to my part in my wife's—Why she had parted with her's before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

*Mrs. Mar.* Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

*Fain.* Hum! faith and that's well thought on; marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a root?

*Mrs. Mar.* Nay, I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

*Fain.* So, so, why this point's clear—Well, how do we proceed?

*Mrs. Mar.* I will contrive a letter which shall be deliver'd to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it,—be-

cause you know she knows some passages—Nay, I expect all will come out—But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

*Fain.* If the worst come to the worst—I'll turn my wife to grass—I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

*Mrs. Mar.* I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: you'll be no more jealous.

*Fain.* Jealous, no,—by this kiss—let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest. [*Exeunt.*]

*All husbands must, or pain, or shame endure;  
The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE continues.

*Lady Wishfort and Foible.*

*L. Wish.* **I**S Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, *Foible*? and are things in order?

*Foi.* Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and plac'd the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

*L. Wish.* Have you pullvill'd the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when Sir Rowland comes by?

*Foi.* Yes, madam.

*L. Wish.* And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence to his passion?

*Foi.*



*Foi.* All is ready, madam.

*L. Wifh.* And—well—and how do I look, *Foible*?

*Foi.* Most killing well, madam.

*L. Wifh.* Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I fit?—No, I won't fit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him---No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie---ay, I'll lie down---I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch---Yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch---I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way---Yes---and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surpriz'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder --Yes---O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion---It shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

*Foi.* 'Tis he, madam.

*L. Wifh.* O dear, has my nephew made his addresses to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

*Foi.* Sir *Wilfull* is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

*L. Wifh.* Odds my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go---When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long along with Sir *Rowland*. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.*

*Foi.* Madam, I stay'd here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

*Mill.* No---What wou'd the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse myself.---Bid him come another time.

*There never yet was woman made,  
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

[*Repeating and walking about.*]

That's hard!

Mrs. Fain. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

Mill. He? ay, and filthy verses---So I am.

Foi. Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

Mill. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away,---or send him hither,---just as you will, dear Foible.---I think I'll see him---Shall I? ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train.

[Repeating.

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull---Thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art marry'd and hast patience---I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. Fain. I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

Enter Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. Fain. O Sir Wilfull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir Wil. Yes; my aunt will have it so,---I would gladly have been encourag'd with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted; but I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind---that is, upon further acquaintance---[This while Milla. walks about repeating to herself,] So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave---If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company---

Mrs. Fain. O fy, Sir Wilfull! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir Wil. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that---for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient 'till further acquaintance, that's all---your servant.

Mrs. Fain. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

[Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Foible.

Sir Wil. Nay, nay, cousin,---I have forgot my gloves. What

What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the door indeed, I think---Nay, cousin *Fainall*, open the door---Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this?---Nay, now a'has seen me too---Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were---I think this door's enchanted---

*Mill.* [*Repeating.*]

*I pry'thee spare me, gentle boy,  
Press me no more for that slight toy.*

*Sir Wil.* Anan? Cousin, your servant.

*Mill.* ---*That foolish trifle of a heart*

---*Sir Wilfull!*

*Sir Wil.* Yes---your servant. No offence I hope, cousin.

*Mill.* [*Repeating.*]

*I swear it will not do its part,  
Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.*

Natural, easy *Suckling!*

*Sir Wil.* Anan: *Suckling?* No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank Heav'n, I'm no minor.

*Mill.* Ah rustick, ruder than *Gothick.*

*Sir Wil.* Well, well, I shall understand your *lingo* one of these days, cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain *English*.

*Mill.* Have you any business with me, *Sir Wilfull?*

*Sir Wil.* Not at present, cousin.---Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

*Mill.* A walk? what then?

*Sir Wil.* Nay nothing---Only for the walk's sake, that's all---

*Mill.* I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country, and every thing that relates to it.

*Sir Wil.* Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may---Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confess'd indeed.---

*Mill.* *Ab l'étourdie!* I hate the town too.

*Sir Wil.* Dear heart, that's much---'Hah!' that you should hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away

with the country,---'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

*Mill.* Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may.---You have nothing further to say to me?

*Sir Wil.* Not at present, cousin.---'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private---I may break my mind in some measure---I conjecture you partly guess---However that's as time shall try,---but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

*Mill.* If it is of no great importance, *Sir Wifull*, you will oblige me by leaving me. I have just now a little business---

*Sir Wil.* Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case---When you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that,---Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say---Cousin, your servant.---I think this door's lock'd.

*Mill.* You may go this way, sir.

*Sir Wil.* Your servant, then with your leave I'll return to my company. [Exit.

*Mill.* Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

*Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.*

*Enter Mirabell.*

*Mir.* *Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.*

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contriv'd, to signify that here the chace must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?---

*Mill.* Vanity! No---I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment, tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards,

*Mir.* What, after the last?

*Mill.* O, I should think I was poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

*Mir.* But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish

minish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

*Mill.* It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can dare to think he draw's a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantick arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatistical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

*Mir.* Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with only the first now, 'and stay 'for the other 'till after grace?'

*Mill.* Ah don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively *Mirabell*, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

*Mir.* Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

*Mill.* Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm marry'd; positively I won't be call'd names.

*Mir.* Names!

*Mill.* Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go *in public* together the first *Sunday* in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

*Mir.* Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

C 5

*Mill.*

*Mill.* Trifles,—as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

*Mir.* Your bill of fare is something advanc'd in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—That when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a husband.

*Mill.* You have free leave, propose your utmost; speak and spare not.

*Mir.* I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex: No she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a *Fop-scambling* to the play in a mask—Then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—And rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

*Mill.* Detestable *Imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

*Mir. Item.* I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oil'd-skins, and I know not what—'Hog's bones, hare's-gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat.' In short, I forbid  
all



all commerce with the gentlewoman in *What-d'ye-call-it* court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all procuresses with baskets, and pennyworths of *Muslin, China, Fans, &c.*—*Item*, when you shall be breeding—

*Mill.* Ah ! name it not.

‘ *Mir.* Which may be presum’d, with a blessing on our endeavours—

‘ *Mill.* Odious endeavours !’

*Mir.* I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, ’till you mould my boy’s head like a sugar-loaf ? and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the *Tea-table* I submit.—But with *Proviso*, that you exceed not in your province ; but restrain yourself to native and simple *Tea-table* drinks, as *Tea, Chocolate, and Coffee*. As likewise to genuine and authoriz’d *Tea-table* talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach upon the mens prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows ; for prevention of which I banish all *foreign forces*, all auxiliaries to the *Tea-table*, as *Orange-brandy, all Anniseed, Cinnamon, Citron and Barbadoes-waters, together with Ratafia, and the most noble spirit of Clary.*—But for *Cowslip-wine, Poppy-water* and all *Dormitives*, those I allow.—These *Provisos* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

*Mill.* O horrid *Provisos* ! filthy strong waters ! I toast fellows, odious men ! I hate your odious *Provisos*.

*Mir.* Then we’re agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract ? and here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

*Enter Mrs. Fainall.*

*Mill.* *Fainall*, what shall I do ? shall I have him ? I think I must have him.

*Mrs. Fain.* Ay, ay, take him, take him ; what shou’d you do ?

*Mill.* Well then—I’ll take my death I’m in a horrid fright—*Fainall*, I shall never say it—well—I think—I’ll endure you.

*Mrs. Fain.*

Mrs. *Fain*. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms : for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mill. Are you ? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—here kiss my hand tho'—so hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. *Fain*. *Mirabell*, there's a necessity for your obedience ;—you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming ; and in my conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*, who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your extasies for another occasion, and slip down the back-stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Mill. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I'll suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all obedience.

[Exit.

Mrs. *Fain*. Yonder's Sir *Wilfull* drunk ; and so noisy, that my mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland* to appease him ; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—what they may have done by this time I know not ; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mill. Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing ; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. *Fain*. So it seems ; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had better take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Mill. How can you name that superannuated lubber ?  
foh !

*Enter Witwou'd from drinking.*

Mrs. *Fain*. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em ?

Witw. Left 'em ? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christ'nings—I am tipsy of laughing—if I had staid any longer I should have burst,—I must have been let out and pierc'd in the sides like an unsiz'd camlet—yes, yes, the fray is compos'd ; my lady came in like a *noli prosequi*, and stopt the proceedings.

Mill.

*Mill.* What was the dispute?

*Witw.* That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputtering at one another like two roasting apples.

*Enter Petulant drunk.*

Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? gad my head begins to whim it about—why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

*Pet.* Look you, *Mrs. Millamant*—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off,—that's all.

*Witw.* Thou hast utter'd *volumes, folios*, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an epitomizer of words.

*Pet.* *Witwou'd*—You are an annihilator of sense.

*Witw.* Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

*Pet.* Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest—a *gemini* of asses split, would make just four of you.

*Witw.* Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

*Pet.* Stand off—I'll kiss no more males,—I have kiss'd your twin yonder in a humour of reconciliation, 'till he (*biccup*) rises upon my stomach like a radish.

*Mill.* Eh! filthy creature—what was the quarrel?

*Pet.* There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

*Witw.* If there had been words enow between 'em to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

*Pet.* You were the quarrel.

*Mill.* Me!

*Pet.* If I have the humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises,—if you are not handsome, what then; if I have a humour to prove it?—if I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

*Witw.* Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge—and hear me, if thou canst learn to  
write

write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

*Pet.* Carry your mistress's *monkey* a *spider*,—go flea dogs, and read romances—I'll go to bed 'to my maid.' [Exit.

*Mrs. Fain.* He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

*Witw.* A plot, 'a plot, to get rid of the knight.—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

*Enter Sir Wilfull drunk, and Lady Wishfort.*

*L. Wish.* Out upon't, out upon't! at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

*Sir Wil.* No offence, aunt.

*L. Wish.* Offence? as I'm a person, I'm asham'd of you—fogh! how you stink of wine! d'ye think my niece will ever endure such a *borachio*! you're an absolute *borachio*.

*Sir Wil.* *Borachio*!

*L. Wish.* At a time when you shou'd commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

*Sir Wil.* 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill—give me more drink, and take my purse.

*Sings.* *Pry'thee fill me the glass*

*'Till it laugh in my face,*

*With ale that is potent and mellow;*

*He that whines for a lass*

*Is an ignorant ass,*

*For a bumper has not its fellow.*

But if you wou'd have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the word, —*Wilfull* will do't, that's my crest—my motto, I have forgot.

*L. Wish.* My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word, you are oblig'd to him—

*Sir Wil.* *In vino veritas*, aunt: if I drunk your health to day, cousin,—I am a *borachio*. But if you have a mind to be marry'd, say the word, and send for the piper; *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round—*Tony*, ods-heart where's *Tony*—*Tony's*

ny's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings *We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, boys:*

*Put the glass then around with the fun, boys.*

*Let Apollo's example invite us;*

*For he's drunk ev'ry night,*

*And that makes him so bright,*

*That he's able next morning to light us.*

The fun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*—your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort of topsyturvy-fellows—if I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em—a match or no match, cousin with the hard name—aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. 'If she has her maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the nine months end.'

*Mill.* Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer—Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.*]

*L. Wish.* Smells! he wou'd poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a; ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*—for thou art not fit to live in a christian common-wealth, thou beastly pagan.

Sir *Wil.* *Turks!* no; no *Turks*, aunt: your *Turks* are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Musselman* is a dry stinkard—No offence, aunt. My map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a man as your christian—I cannot find by the map that your *Musfri* is orthodox—whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and (*biccup*) Greek for claret.

Sings. *To drink is a christian diversion,*

*Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:*

*Let Mahometan fools*

*Live by Heathenish rules,*

*And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee:*

*But*

*But let British lads sing,  
Crown a health to the king,  
And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi.*

*Enter Foible, and whispers Lady Wishfort.*

Eh, *Tony*!

*L. Wish.* Sir Rowland impatient? good-lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbrill?—go lie down and sleep, you sot—or as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinado'd with broom-sticks. Call up the wenches with broom-sticks.

*Sir Wil.* Ahcy? wenches, where are the wenches?

*L. Wish.* Dear cousin *Witwou'd* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation—you will oblige me to all futurity.

*Witw.* Come, knight—plague on him, I do'nt know what to say to him—will you go to a cock-match?

*Sir Wil.* With a wench, *Tony*? 'Is she a shakebag, 'firrah?' let me bite your cheek for that.

*Witw.* Horrible! he has a breath like a bagpipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian*?

*Sir Wil.* Lead on, little *Tony*—I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tanthony*; firrah thou shalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy pig.

*—And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi*

*[Exeunt Sir Wilful, Mr. Witwou'd, and Foible.]*

*L. Wish.* This will never do. It will never make a match—At least before he has been abroad.

*Enter Waitwell disguised as for Sir Rowland.*

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness,—I have more pardons to ask than the Pope distributes in the year of Jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance,—we may unbend the severity of decorum—and dispense with a little ceremony.

*Wait.* My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and 'till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantaliz'd on the rack; and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

*L. Wish.* You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing



vehemence—But a day or two for decency of marriage.

*Wait.* For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.—That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural viper.

*L. Wifb.* Is he so unnatural, say you ; truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge—Not that I respect myself ; tho' he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

*Wait.* Perfidious to you !

*L. Wifb.* O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has dy'd away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and tremblings, the ardors and the exalties, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetick regards of his protesting eyes ! Oh no memory can register.

*Wait.* What, my rival ! is the rebel my rival ? a'dies.

*L. Wifb.* No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland, starve him gradually, inch by inch.

*Wait.* I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot ; in a month out at knees with begging an alms—he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a save-all.

*L. Wifb.* Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way — You are no novice in the labyrinth of love—You have the clue—But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood ; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence—I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.—

*Wait.* Far be it from me—

*L. Wifb.* If you do, I protest I must recede—or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums ; but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

*Wait.*

*Wait.* I esteem it so—

*L. Wish.* Or else you wrong my condescension—

*Wait.* I do not, I do not—

*L. Wish.* Indeed you do.

*Wait.* I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

*L. Wish.* If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

*Wait.* Dear madam, no. You are all *camphire* and *frankincense*, all *chastity* and *odour*.

*L. Wish.* Or that—

*Enter Foible.*

*Foi.* Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

*L. Wish.* Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave to think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you incessantly. [*Exit.*

*Wait.* Fy, fy!—What a slavery have I undergone! spouse, hast thou any *cordial*? I want *spirits*.

*Foi.* What a wally rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady?

*Wait.* O, she is the antidote to desire. 'Spouse, 'thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials—this eight and forty hours.' By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days—than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this time to-morrow.

*Enter Lady Wishfort with a letter.*

*L. Wish.* Call in the dancers;—Sir *Rowland*, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. [*Dance.* Now with your permission, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

*Foi.* By heaven! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it.—My heart akes—get it from her— [*To him.*

*Wait.* A woman's hand? No madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

*L. Wish.* Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you  
I'll

I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here.

*Reads—Madam, tho' unknown to you* [Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.] *I have that honour for your character, that I think myself oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal—*

O heavens! what's this?

*Foi.* Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

*Wait.* How, how; let me see, let me see—reading. *A rascal and disguis'd, and suborn'd for that imposture—*  
O villainy! O villainy!—*By the contrivance of—*

*L. Wish.* I shall faint, I shall die, ho!

*Foi.* Say 'tis your nephew's hand.—Quickly, his plot, swear it, swear it.—

*Wait.* Here's a villain! madam; don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

*L. Wish.* Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

*Wait.* I told you at first I knew the hand—A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand; your *Roman* hand—I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him—

*Foi.* O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

*Wait.* Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of *India*? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

*L. Wish.* How!

*Foi.* O what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! this was the business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguis'd to madam *Millamant* this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face.

*L. Wish.* How, how!—I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his addresses.

*Foi.* Then, then, madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship, to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

*Wait.* Enough; his date is short.

*Foi.*

*Foi.* No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the law.

*Wait.* Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause—My lady shall be satisfy'd of my truth and innocence, tho' it cost me my life.

*L. Wish.* No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight; if you shou'd be kill'd I must never shew my face; or hang'd, —O consider my reputation, Sir *Rowland*—No, you shan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confes. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your love, not to fight.

*Wait.* I am charm'd, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

*L. Wish.* Ay, dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be some comfort, bring the black box.

*Wait.* And may I presume to bring a contract to be sign'd this night? May I hope so far?

*L. Wish.* Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery.

*Wait.* Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spite of treachery; 'ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my 'abandon'd nephew.' Come, my buxom widow:

*Ere long you shall substantial proof receive  
That I'm an arrant knight——*

*Foi.*—Or arrant knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE continues.

*Lady Wishfort and Foible.*

*L. Wish.* **O**UT of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou bosom traitress, that I rais'd from nothing---Begone, begone, begone, go, go---That I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chaffing-dish of starv'd

starv'd embers, and dining behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a birdcage,—go, go, starve again, do, do.

*Foi.* Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

*L. Wifb.* Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again—do, drive a trade, do, with your three-penny-worth of small ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandyseller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a balladmonger. Go, hang out an old *frifoneer-gorget*, with a yard of yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glafs necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear, Go, go, drive a trade,—These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, plac'd you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your nest?

*Foi.* No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confefs all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your ladyship should come to no damage—Or else the wealth of the *Indies* should not have brib'd me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

*L. Wifb.* No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast serving-man; 'to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decay'd pimp?' No damage! O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-belly'd actress.

*Foi.* Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam—No, indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your ladyship. 'He could not have bedded your ladyship; for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risque of the law, and been put upon his clergy'—Yes, indeed, I enquir'd of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

*L. Wifb.*

*L. Wifb.* What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,—while you were catering for *Mirabell*, I have been broker for you? ‘What, have you made a passive bawd of me?’—This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews*! I’ll couple you. Yes, I’ll baste you together, you and your *Philander*. I’ll *Duke’s-Place* you, as I’m a person. Your turtle is in custody already: you shall coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or warrant in the parish. [Exit.]

*Foi.* O that ever I was born! O that I was ever marry’d!—a bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell* bride, oh!

*Enter Mrs. Fainall.*

*Mrs. Fain.* Poor *Foible*, what’s the matter?

*Foi.* O madam, my lady’s gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat hemp; poor *Waitwell*’s gone to prison already.

*Mrs. Fain.* Have a good heart, *Foible*; *Mirabell*’s gone to give security for him.. This is all *Marwood*’s and my husband’s doing.

*Foi.* Yes, yes, I know it, madam; she was in my lady’s closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and that missing effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declared all to my lady.

*Mrs. Fain.* Was there no mention made of me in the letter—My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy; I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho’ she has told my husband.

*Foi.* Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part: we stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your ladyship then?

*Mrs. Fain.* Ay, all’s out; ‘my affair with *Mirabell*,’ every thing discover’d. This is the last day of our living together, that’s my comfort.

*Foi.* Indeed! madam; and so ’tis a comfort if you knew all,—he has been even with your ladyship; which  
I cou’d



I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than set them at distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. *Fain*. Say'tt thou so, *Foible*? Canst thou prove this?

*Foi*. I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair word from madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when we were at *Hyde Park*; —and we were thought to have gone a walking: but we went up unawares, —tho' we were sworn to secrecy too; madam *Marwood* took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems.—So long as it was not a Bible-oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. *Fain*. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish—Now, *Mincing*!

*Enter Mincing.*

*Minc*. My lady wou'd speak with Mrs. *Foible*, mem. Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, 'till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something Mr. *Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow, He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *Fain*. Does your lady or *Mirabell* know that?

*Minc*. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if Sir *Wilfull* be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolv'd to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pounds. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. *Fain*. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

*Foi*. Yes, yes, madam.

*Minc*. O, yes, mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

[*Exeunt Foible and Mincing.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Wishfort and Mrs. Marwood.*

*L. Wish.* O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have receiv'd from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the detection of the impostor *Sir Rowland*. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes; and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

*Mrs. Mar.* Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the treaty.

*L. Wish.* O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? 'I have not only been a mould, but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.'

*Mrs. Fain.* I don't understand your ladyship.

*L. Wish.* Not understand! why, have you not been naught? have you not been sophisticated? not understand? here I am ruin'd to compound for your caprices 'and your cuckoldoms.' I must part with my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough—

*Mrs. Fain.* I am wrong'd and abus'd, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, 'as false as hell,' as false as your friend there, ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

*Mrs. Mar.* My friend, *Mrs. Fainall*? your husband my friend! what do you mean?

*Mrs. Fain.* I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

*Mrs. Mar.* I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship  
and

and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

*L. Wisp.* O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns;—you ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish—O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity;—no, stick to me, my good genius.

*Mrs. Fain.* I tell you, madam, you're abus'd—Stick to you? ay, like a leach, to suck your best blood—she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial. [Exit.]

*L. Wisp.* Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,—and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable—I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men,—ay friend, she wou'd ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a man, 'till she was in her teens. As I'm a person 'tis true—She was never suffer'd to play with a male-child, tho' but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the *feminine gender*.—O, she never look'd a man in the face, but her own father, or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face; 'till she was going in her fifteen.

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

*L. Wisp.* I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays, and profane musick-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the basses roar blasphemy. O, she would

D

have.

have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—-and can I think after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, madam? what, and have your name prostituted in a publick court; yours and your daughter's reputation worry'd at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers? to be usher'd in with an O yes of scandal; and have your case open'd by an old fumbling letcher in a coif like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters, and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record; not even in Doomsday-book; to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickl'd with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and fidgets off and on his cushion, as if he had swallow'd cantharides, or sate upon cow-itch.

L. Wilsb. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

L. Wilsb. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the short-hand writers to the publick press; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's: and this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

L. Wilsb. O, 'tis insupportable! No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all—any thing, every thing for composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, madam, I advise nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall;  
if

if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

*Enter Fainall.*

*L. Wifb.* Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood*: no, no, I do not doubt it.

*Fain.* Well, madam; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

*L. Wifb.* Never to marry!

*Fain.* No more *Sir Rowlands*—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

*Mrs. Mar.* That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

*L. Wifb.* Ay, that's true; 'but in case of necessity; 'as of health, or some such emergency.—

*Fain.* 'O, if you are prescrib'd marriage, you shall 'be consider'd; I will only reserve to myself the power 'to choose for you. If your physick be wholesome, it 'matters not who is your apothecary.' Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

*L. Wifb.* This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a *Muscovite* husband.

*Fain.* I learn'd it from his *Czarish* majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practis'd in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of *Mrs. Millamant's* fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, *Sir Jonathan Wiffofort*) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent

er knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd match with Sir *Wilful Witwou'd*, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

*L. Wifh.* My nephew was *non compos*; and could not make his addressees.

*Fain.* I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

*L. Wifh.* You will grant me time to consider?

*Fain.* Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand 'till more sufficient deeds can be perfected, which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said instrument, and 'till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion. [Exit.

*L. Wifh.* This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you shou'd smart for your daughter's failings.

*L. Wifh.* 'Twas against my consent that she marry'd this barbarian; but she wou'd have him, tho' her year was not out—Ah! her first husband, my son *Languish*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate?—Here comes two more of my *Ægyptian* plagues too.

*Enter Millamant and Sir Wilful.*

*Sir Wil.* Aunt, your servant.

*L. Wifh.* Out *caterpillar*, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

*Sir Wil.* I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say,—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

*L. Wifh.*



*L. Wish.* How's this, dear neice? have I any comfort? can this be true?

*Mill.* I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on *Mirabell* to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of *Knighthood*; and for the contract that pass'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence;—he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

*L. Wish.* Well, I'll swear I am something reviv'd at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor,——I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I see him I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

*Mill.* If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

*L. Wish.* Are you sure it will be the last time?——if I were sure of that——shall I never see him again?

*Mill.* Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

*Sir Wil.* 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be *Pylades* and *Orestes*, he and I—He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over-seas once already; and with *proviso* that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the door and hems.*]

*Mrs. Mar.* This is precious fooling, if it wou'd pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

*L. Wish.* O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

*Mrs. Mar.* Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Mirabell.*

*Sir Wil.* Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you;—besides—harkee,

she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own ; 'sheart, and she shou'd, her forehead wou'd wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese ; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

*Mira.* If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offer'd to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy,—ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sitting at your feet ; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain—I come not to plead for favour ;—nay, not for pardon ; I am a suppliant only for pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more.—

*Sir Wil.* How, fellow-traveller !—you shall go by yourself then.

*Mir.* Let me be pitied first ; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

*Sir Wil.* By'r lady a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt.—Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt ; why you must, an you are a Christian.

*Mir.* Consider, madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much prejudice ; it was an innocent device ; tho' I confess it had a face of guiltiness,—it was at most an artifice which love contriv'd—and errors which love produces have ever been accounted *venial*. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear ; that to your cruel indignation I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet ; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

*Sir Wil.* An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be o'the *Quorum*.—An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I wou'd I might never take shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry ;—One doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolv'd.

*L. Wisp.* Well nephew, upon your account—Ah, he has a false insinuating tongue—Well, fir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request—I will endeavour

deavour what I can to forget,—but on *Proviso* that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

*Mir.* It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

*L. Wifh.* Oh, he has withcraft in his eyes and tongue;—When I did not see him, I cou'd have brib'd a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smother'd in my breast.— [Aside.

*Enter Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.*

*Fain.* Your debate of deliberation, madam, is expir'd. Here is the instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

*L. Wifh.* If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim having match'd herself by my direction to Sir *Wilfull*.

*Fain.* That sham is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, madam.

*Mill.* Sir, I have given my consent.

*Mir.* And, sir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

*Sir Wil.* And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. S'heart, an you talk of an instrument, sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of *Ram vellum* to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *mittimus*, or a taylor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, sir, or by'r lady I shall draw mine.

*L. Wifh.* Hold, nephew, hold.

*Mill.* Good Sir *Wilful* respite your valour.

*Fain.* Indeed? are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepar'd for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.—I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your resignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your right—You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a *Bear-garden* flourish somewhere else: for here it will not avail. This, my lady *Wifh-*  
fort,

*fort*, must be subscrib'd, or your darling's daughter's turn'd adrift, 'like a leaky hulk' to sink or swim, as she and the current of this 'lewd' town can agree.

*L. Wisp.* Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

*Fain.* I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

*Mir.* But that you wou'd not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise—

*L. Wisp.* O what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

*Mir.* Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services;—but be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

*L. Wisp.* How! dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be so generous at last! but it is not possible.—*Harkee*, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

*Mir.* Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

*L. Wisp.* Ay, ay, any body, any body.

*Mir.* *Foible* is one, and a penitent.

*Enter Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.*

*Mrs. Mar.* O my shame! [*Mira, and Lady go to Mrs. Fainall and Foible*] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [*To Fainall.*]

*Fain.* If it must all come out, why let'em know it 'tis but the *Way of the world*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

*Foi.* Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

*Minc.* And so will I, mem.

*L. Wisp.* O *Marwood*, *Marwood*, art thou false! My friends

friend deceive me ! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man ?

*Mrs. Mar.* Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls ?

*Minc.* Mercenary, mem ! I scorn your words. 'Tis true, we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue garret ; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon *Messalina's* poems. Mercenary ! No, if we would have been mercenary, we shou'd have held our tongues ; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

*Fain.* Go, you are an insignificant thing—Well, what are you the better for this ? Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* expedient ? I'll be put off no longer—You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame : Your person shall be naked as your reputation.

*Mrs. Fain.* I despise you, and defy your malice—You have aspers'd me wrongfully—I have prov'd your falsehood—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

*Fain.* Not while you are worth a groat, indeed my dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

*L. Wisp.* Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

*Mir.* O in good time—You leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

*Enter Waitwell with a box of writings.*

*L. Wisp.* O Sir *Rowland*—Well rascal.

*Wait.* What your ladyship pleases.—I have brought the black box at last, madam.

*Mir.* Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

*L. Wisp.* Ay, dear sir.

*Mir.* Where are the gentlemen ?

*Wait.* At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes—just risen from sleep.

*Fain.* S'death ! what's this to me ? I'll not wait your private concerns.

*Enter Petulant and Witwou'd.*

*Pet.* How now ? what's the matter ? whose hand's out ?

*Witw.*

*Witw.* Heyday! what, are you all together, like players, at the end of the last act?

*Mir.* You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

*Witw.* Ay I do, my hand I remember—*Petulant* set his mark.

*Mir.* You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear—You do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what that parchment contained—

[*Undoing the box.*]

*Witw.* No.

*Pet.* Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

*Mir.* Very well; now you shall know—Madam, your promise.

*L. Wifh.* Ay, ay, fir, upon my honour.

*Mir.* Mr. *Fainall*, it is now time that you shou'd know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

*Fain.* Sir! pretended!

*Mir.* Yes, fir, I say, that this lady while a widow, having it seems receiv'd some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected—She did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learn'd in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mention'd. You may read if you please—[*holding out the parchment*] tho' perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

*Fain.* Very likely, fir. What's here? 'Damnation!'

[*Reads.*] *A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust, to Edward Mirabell.*

Confusion!

*Mir.* Even so, fir; 'tis *The Way of the World*, fir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

*Fain.*



*Fain.* Perfidious friend ! then thus I'll be reveng'd—  
[Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.

*Sir Wil.* Hold, sir ; now you may make your *Bear-garden* flourish somewhere else, sir.

*Fain.* *Mirabell*, you shall hear of this, sir, be sure you shall---Let me pass, oaf. [Exit.

*Mrs. Fain.* Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment : you had better give it vent.

*Mrs. Mar.* Yes, it shall have vent---and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. [Exit.

*Lady Wishfort* *Millamant* *Mirabell* *Mrs. Fainall*  
*Sir Wilfull*, *Petulant*, *Witwou'd*, *Foible*, *Mincing*, *Waitwell*.

*L. Wish.* O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

*Mrs. Fain.* Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

*L. Wish.* Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your promise---and I must perform mine---First, I pardon for your sake *Sir Rowland* there and *Foible*---The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew---and how to do that---

*Mir.* For that, madam, give yourself no trouble---let me have your consent---*Sir Wilfull* is my friend ; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engag'd a volunteer in this action, for our service ; and now designs to prosecute his travels.

*Sir Wil.* 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another ; my resolution is to see foreign parts---I have set on't---and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

*Pet.* For my part, I say little---I think things are best ; off or on.

*Wait.* I'gad I understand nothing of the matter,---I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing school.

*L. Wish.* Well sir, take her, and wish her all the joy I can give you.

*Mill.* Why does not the man take me ? wou'd you have me give myself to you over again ?

*Mir.*

*Mir.* Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her hand.*] I wou'd have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

*Sir Wil.* 'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the mean time; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

*Mir.* With all my heart, dear *Sir Wilfull*. What shall we do for musick?

*Fai.* O fir, some that were provided for *Sir Rowland's* entertainment are yet within call. [*A dance.*]

*L. Wifb.* As I am a person I can hold out no longer; --I have wasted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son *Fainall* will pursue some desperate course.

*Mir.* Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: in the mean time, madam, [*To Mrs. Fainall*] let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means, well manag'd, to make you live easily together.

*From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed;  
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:  
For each deceiver to his cost may find,  
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## EPILOGUE.

# E P I L O G U E.

*AFTER our Epilogue this crowd dismisses,  
I'm thinking how this play'll be pull'd to pieces.*

*But pray consider, ere you doom its fall,  
How hard a thing 'twould be, to please you all.*

*There are some critics so with spleen diseas'd,  
They scarcely come inclining to be pleas'd:*

*And sure he must have more than mortal skill,  
Who pleases any one against his will.*

*Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,  
And how their numbers swell'd, the town well knows;*

*In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit;*

*Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit,  
But that they have been damn'd for want of wit.*

*Since when, they by their own offences taught,  
Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault.*

*Others there are whose malice we'd prevent;  
Such, who watch plays, with scurrilous intent*

*To mark out who by characters are meant:*

*And tho' no perfect likeness they can trace;*

*Yet each pretends to know the copy'd face.*

*These, with false glosses feed their own ill-nature,*

*And turn to libel what was meant a satire.*

*May such malicious fops this fortune find,*

*To think themselves alone the fools design'd:*

*If any are so arrogantly vain,*

*To think they singly can support a scene,*

*And furnish fool enough to entertain.*

*For well the learn'd and the judicious know,*

*That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,*

*As any one abstracted fop to shew.*

*For, as when painters form a matchless face,*

*They from each fair one catch some diff'rent grace;*

*And shining features in one portrait blend,*

*To which no single beauty must pretend:*

*So poets oft, do in one piece expose*

*Whole belles assemblées of coquets and beaux.*

F I N I S.

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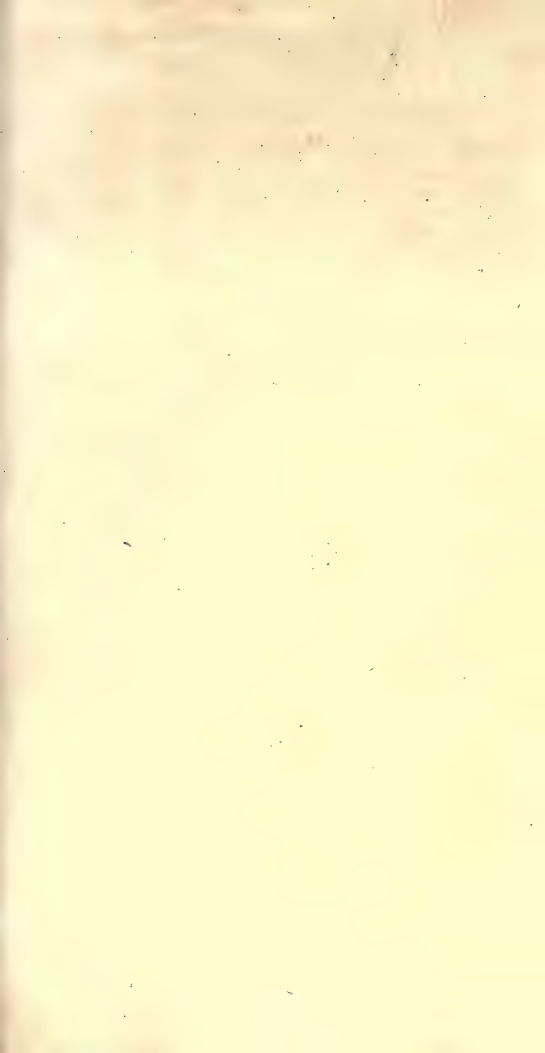
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# COMMITTEE.

Act IV

Sc. I.



*Dodd ad viv. del.*

*Collyer sculp.*

**MR MOODY as TEAGUE,**  
and  
**MR PARSONS as OBADIAH.**

*Obad. Good. M.<sup>r</sup> Teague give me some more. See*

*Published Nov. 8 1776 by J. Towns & Partners.*

THE  
COMMITTEE:

OR, THE  
*Faithful Irishman.*

A  
COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable  
SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

Marked with the Variations in the  
MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE  
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON;  
W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

**The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as from Line 10 to 12, in Page 9. Also the Additions made at the Theatres, are distinguished by Italics between inverted Commas, as in Line 21, Page 10.**

## P R O L O G U E.

*T*O cheat the most judicious eyes, there be  
Ways in all trades, but this of poetry :  
Your tradesman shews his ware by some false light,  
To hide the faults and slightness from your sight :  
Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear  
'Tis excellent, and so help off his ware.  
He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,  
Which in a poet you'd call impudence ;  
Nay, if the world afford the like again,  
He swears he'll give it to you for nothing then.  
Those are words too a poet dares not say ;  
Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.  
——Wou'd 'twere a pen' worth ;——but in this you are  
Abler to judge, than he that made the ware :  
However his design was well enough,  
He try'd to shew some newer-fashion'd stuff.  
Not that the name Committee can be new,  
That has been too well-known to most of you :  
But you may smile, for you have past your doom ;  
The poet dares not, his is still to come.

# Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

## DRURY-LANE.

### M E N.

Colonel Careless,	—	—	Mr. BRERETON.
Colonel Blunt,	—	—	Mr. AICKIN.
Lieutenant Story	—	—	Mr. FAWCET.
Nehemiah Catch,	—	—	Mr. WALDRON.
Joseph Blemish,	}	<i>Committee</i> <i>Men.</i>	
Jonathan Headstrong,			
Ezekiel Scrape,			
Mr. Day, <i>the Chairman to the</i>	}		Mr. BADDELY.
<i>Committee,</i>			
Abel, <i>Son to Mr. Day,</i>	—	—	Mr. BURTON.
Obadiah, <i>Clerk to the Committee,</i>	—	—	Mr. PARSONS.
Teague, <i>with Songs,</i>	—	—	Mr. MOODY.
Tavern-Boy,	—	—	Mr. EVARARD.
Bailiff,	—	—	Mr. GRIFFITH.
Soldier,	—	—	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Two Chair-Men,	—	—	Mr. HEATH, &c.
Gaol-Keeper,	—	—	Mr. KEAR.
Servant to Mr. Day,			
A Stage Coachman.			
Bookfeller,	—	—	Mr. CARPENTER.
Porter,	—	—	Mr. WRIGHTEN.

### W O M E N.

Mrs. Arbella,	—	—	Miss JARRATT.
Mrs. Day,	—	—	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Mrs. Ruth,	—	—	Mrs. KING.
Mrs. Chat,	—	—	Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

### SCENE LONDON.

T H



T H E  
C O M M I T T E E.

---

A C T I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, brushing her Hoods and Scarfs, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Colonel Blunt, and a Stage Coachman.*

*Mrs. D.* **N**OW out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better travelling in the winter; especially for us of the better fort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather should do any hurt.—Well said honest coachman, thou hast done thy part: my son *Abel* paid for my place at *Reading*, did he not?

*Coach.* Yes, an't please you.

*Mrs. D.* Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

*Coach.* By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are. [*Afide:*] Farewell, young mistrefs; farewell, gentlemen: pray when you come by *Reading*, let *Toby* carry you. [*Exit Coachmen.*]

*Mrs. D.* Why how now, *Mrs. Arbella*? What, sad? why, what's the matter?

*Arb.* I am not very sad.

*Mrs. D.* Nay, by my honour, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough, you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so,—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an eye, that my son *Abel* means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest: *Ruth* and you shall be bed-fellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him:

though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it——'tis a notable fellow.——

*Arb.* I am fallen into strange hands, if they prove as busy as her tongue—— [Aside.

*Mrs. D.* And now you talk of this same *Abel*, I tell you but one thing, I wonder that neither he nor my husband's honour's chief clerk *Obadiab* is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my son *Abel* has been here two hours before us: 'tis the veriest princox; he will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances: he never stole this trick of galloping; his father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: he and *Mrs. Busy*'s husband were counted the best horsemen in *Reading*, ay and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind *Mr. Busy*, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a coach; my own was at present in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his honour, *Mr. Day*, chair-man of the honourable committee of sequestrations, shou'd know that his wife rode in a stage-coach, he wou'd make the house too hot for some.—Why, how is't with you, fir? what, weary of your journey?

[To the Col.

*Col. Bl.* Her tongue will never tire. [Aside.]—So many, mistress, riding in the coach, has a little distemper'd me with heat.

*Mrs. D.* So many, fir? why there were but six—What wou'd you say if I shou'd tell you, that I was one of the eleven that travel'd at one time in one coach?

*Col. Bl.* O the devil! I have given her a new theme [Aside.

*Mrs. D.* Why, I'll tell you——Can you guess how 'twas?

*Col. Bl.* Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

*Mrs. D.* Look you, thus it was; there was in the first place, myself, and my husband, I shou'd have said first; but his honour wou'd have pardoned me, if he had heard me; *Mr. Busy* that I told you of, and his

His wife; the mayor of *Reading*, and his wife; and this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our laps—but now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. *Bl.* A top o' th' coach sure.

Mrs. *D.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess—why—wou'd you think it; I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. *Busby* one in hers, and Mrs. *Mayorefs* of *Reading* a chopping boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers; as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth; he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him: for wou'd you think it, at the very same time when this same *Ruth* was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coach'd, the good man, Mr. *Mayor*, I mean, that I spoke of, held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in.—

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

—O, are you come! long look'd for comes at last. 'What,——you have a slow set pace, as well as your 'hasty scribble, sometimes.' Did you not think it fit that I shou'd have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon; for I do profess unto your ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. *Abel*, demurr'd me by his delays.

Mrs. *D.* Well, son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye; read her and take her: ah, is't not so?

*Abel.* I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

Mrs. *D.* Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not asham'd to let the clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding, than his master's son?

*Abel.* If it please your honour, I have some business for your more private ear.

Mrs. *D.* Very well.

*Ruth.* What a lamentable condition has that gentleman been in! faith I pity him.

*Arb.* Are you so apt to pity men?

*Ruth.* Yes, men that are humourfome, as I would children that are froward; I wou'd not make them cry a purpofe.

*Arb.* Well, I like his humour, I dare fwear he's plain and honeft.

*Ruth.* Plain enough of all confcience; faith, I'll fpeak to him.

*Arb.* Nay, pr'ythee don't, he'll think thee rude.

*Ruth.* Why then I'll think him an afs.—How is't after your journey, fir?

*Col. Bl.* Why, I am worfe after it.

*Ruth.* Do you love riding in a coach, fir?

*Col. Bl.* No, forfooth. nor talking after riding in a coach.

*Ruth.* I shou'd be loth to interrupt your meditations, fir; we may have the fruits hereafter.

*Col. Bl.* If you have, they fhall break lofe fpite of my teeth.—This fpawn is as bad as the great pike.

[*Afide.*]

*Arb.* Pr'ythee peace:—Sir, we wifh you all happinefs.

*Col. Bl.* And quiet, good fweet ladies,—I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her fay any more, for fear fhe shou'd jeer too, and fpoil my good opinion. If'twere poffible, I wou'd think well of one woman.

*Mrs. D.* Come, *Mrs. Arbella*, 'tis as I told you, *Abel* has done it; fay no more: take her by the hand,

*Abel.* I profefs, fhe may venture to take thee for better, for worfe: come *Mrs.* the honourable committee will fit fuddenly. Come, let's along, farewel, fir

[*Exeunt all but Col. Blunt.*]

*C. Bl.* How, the committee ready to fit. Plague on their honours; for fo my honour'd lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair. 'Tis pretty, that fuch as I have been, muft compound for their having been rafcals. Well, I muft go look a lodging, and a follicitor: I'll find the arrantefteft rogue I can too: for, accord-

## THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.

9

according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

*Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant Story.*

*C. Car.* Dear *Blunt*, well met; when came you, man?

*C. Bl.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant. I am landed just now, man.

*C. Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at sea.

*C. Bl.* It's pretty well guest; I have been in a storm.

*C. Car.* What business brought thee?

*C. Bl.* May be the same with yours: I am come to compound with their honours.

*C. Car.* That's my business too; why the committee fits suddenly.

*C. Bl.* Yes, I know it; I heard so in the storm I told thee of.

*C. Car.* What storm, man?

*C. Bl.* Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath: I have rode in a stage coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is *Day*: and she accordingly will be call'd, Your Honour, and Your Ladyship; 'with a tongue that wags as much faster than all other women, as in the several motions of a watch, the hand of the minute moves faster than that of the hour.' There was her daughter too; but a bastard without question; for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd rascals; and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.—There was another gentlewoman, and she was handsome, nay very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

*C. Car.* Pr'ythee how, man?

*C. Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

*C. Car.* Thou wer't not so mad?

*C. Bl.* I had been mad, if I had not——But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals, that yet pretended religion

and open rebellion ever painted : they were the hopes and guide of the honourable family, *viz.* The eldest son, and the chiefest clerk, rogues——and hereby hangs a tale.——This gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chicken has this kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest rascal.

C. Car. What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love, and rescue her.

C. Bl I'll woo no woman.

C. Car. Wou'dst thou have them court thee? a soldier, and not love a siege!——How now, who art thou?

*Enter Teague.*

Teag. A poor Irishman, Heaven save me, and save you all three faces; I pr'ythee give me a thirteen, 'gad mastero.'

C. Car. A thirteen? I see thou wouldst not lose any thing for want of asking.

Teag. *I can't afford it."*

C. Car. Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Teag. By my troth it is too little. "*Give me another sixpence halfpenny, and I'll drink your healths.*"

C. Car. 'Troth, like enough:' how long hast thou been in *England*?

Teag. Ever since I came here "*and longer too*", faith.

C. Car. That's true; what hast thou done since thou cam'st into *England*.

Teag. Serv'd Heaven and St. *Patrick*, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what dost thou do now?

Teag. Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy master?

Teag. He's dead, mastero, and left poor *Teague*; upon my soul, he never serv'd poor *Teague* so before "*in all his life.*"

C. Car.



C. Car. Who was thy master?

Teag. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble friend.

Teag. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teague's* too, 'faith now.

C. Car. What dost thou mean to do?

Teag. I will get a good master, if any good master wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul, 'that I cannot;' for I have went 'and gone' to one *Lilly's*; he lives at that house, at the end of another house, by the may-pole-house; and tells every body by one star, and t'other star, what good luck they shall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teague*.

C. Car. Why, man?

Teag. Why, 'tis done by the stars "*and the planets*;" and he told me there were no stars for *Irishmen*: I told him 'he told two or three lies upon my soul:' there was as many stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too, 'that there are' and if a good master cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see if the stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back, 'i'faith' and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good luck, and some stars.

C. Car. Poor fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest:—Hast thou any trade?

Teag. Bo, bub'ub bo, a trade, a trade! an *Irishman* a trade! an *Irishman* scorns a trade, 'that he does;' "*his blood is too thick for a trade*;" I will run for thee forty miles; but I scorn to have a trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince, and friend. Well, *Teague*, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teag. Why, 'I will say thou wilt do very well then.' "*I say you cou'd not do a better thing.*"

C. Car. Thy master was my dear friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teag. Yes, upon my soul, that I was, and I did howl over him, 'and I ask'd him why he would leave  
' poor

'poor Teague?' "and I ask'd him why he died, but "the devil burn the word he said to me." and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet face, 'till the rogues came upon me and took away all from me? and I was naked till I got this mantle, that I was: I have never any victuals neither, but a little snuff.

C. Car. Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

Teag. That I will 'i'faith' if you will be good to poor Teague.

C. Car. Now to our business; for I came but last night myself; and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all; what say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a heifer of their own.

C. Car. Now I think on't, Blunt, why didst not thou begin with the committee-man's cow?

C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd lark.

Lieu. But hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting dose to be swallowed first; there's a covenant to be taken.

Teag. Well, what is that covenant? by my soul I will take it for my new master, 'if I cou'd, that I wou'd.'

C. Car. Thank thee, Teague——A covenant, sayest thou?

Teag. Well, where is that covenant?——

C. Car. We'll not swear, lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no land then.

C. Bl. Then farewell acres, and may the dirt choak 'em.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduc'd to Teague's equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

"Teag. Oh you shall have your belly full of it."

Lieu. Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall

shall lodge: for know, I am married to a most illustrious person, that had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Pry'thee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

[*Ex. Bl. and Lieu.*]

C. Car. Come, *Teague*; however I have a suit of cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by thy blanket for some time: it may be, thee and I may be reduced together to thy country fashion.

Teag. Upon my soul, joy, for I will carry thee 'then into my country too,' "*to my little estate in Ireland.*"

"C. Car. Hast thou got an estate?

"Teag. By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature, that if you had it for nothing, you "*wou'd scarce make your money of it.*"

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

Mr. D. Welcome, sweet duck; I profess thou hast brought home good company indeed; money and money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this heiress Mrs. *Arbella*, for our son *Abel*.

Mrs. D. If we can? you are ever at your *ifs*; you're afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you one *if* more; that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your heart wou'd be down in your breeches at every turn: well—if I were gone,—there's another *if* for you.

Mr. D. I profess thou sayest true, I shou'd not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing; I had ne'er got *Ruth* nor her estate into my fingers else.

Mrs. D. Nay, in that business too you were at your *ifs*: now you see she goes currently for our

OWN

own daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

Mr. D. If we cou'd but do that, wife!

Mrs. D. Yet again at your *ifs*?

Mr. D. I have done, I have done; to your counsel, good duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. D. You may well enough, you find the sweets on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it: in truth they are ready to call me committee-man: they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

Mr. D. Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

Mrs. D. In the first place (observe how I lay a design in politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his interest under hand. Very good: and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody: then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the composition of *Arbella's* estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. D. Excellent:

Mrs. D. Mark the luck on't too, their names sound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a providence.

Mr. D. Thou observest right, duck, thou canst see as far into a millstone as another.

Mrs. D. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. D. I do not, good duck, I do not.

Mrs. D. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse: then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That language is understood amongst you. I take it, ha.

Mr. D. Yes, yes, we use those *items* often.

Mrs. D. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. D. I do not, good wife.

Mrs.

Mrs. D. You do not, and yet you do ; by this means get her composition put wholly into your hands, and then no *Abel*, no land. — But — in the mean time I wou'd have *Abel* do his part too.

Mr. D. Ay, ay ; there's-a want ; I found it.

Mrs. D. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. D. Why that's true, duck, he is too backward ; if I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. D. O you'd do wonders ; but now I think on't, there may be some use made of *Ruth* ; 'tis a notable witty harlotry.

“ Mr. D. Ay, and so she is, duck ; I always thought so.”

Mrs. D. You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first. — Let me see — it shall be so : we'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place ; and then to incline *Arbella* ; they are hand and glove ; and women can do much with one another.

Mr. D. Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts. —

Mrs. D. Pray call her in ; you thought of that too, did you not ?

Mr. D. I will, duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth*. Your pleasure, sir.

Mr. D. Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that —

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a business that may not be the worse for you : you know I use but few words.

*Ruth*. What does she call a few — [ *Aside.*

Mrs. D. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter, my husband and I do design this Mrs. *Arbella* for our son *Abel*, and the young fellow is not forward enough you conceive ? pr'ythee give him a little instructions how to demean himself and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her, ‘ for women best know what will please women,’ then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work, I say, my good girl ; no more, but so : you know my custom is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little : you shan't repent it.

Mr.

Mr. D. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. D. What need you? do you not see it all said already to your hand? What sayest thou, girl?

*Ruth*. I shall do my best—I wou'd not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of.— [Aside.]

Mrs. D. Go call *Abel*, good girl. [Exit *Ruth*.]  
By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves if the king shou'd come; you'll be hanged else.

Mr. D. Oh good wife, let's secure ourselves by all means: there's a wise saying: 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

Mrs. D. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

*Enter Ruth with Abel.*

Mr. D. O son *Abel*; d'ye hear—

Mrs. D. Pray hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own tale.—D'ye hear, son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* wou'd be a good wife for you; a word's enough to the wise: some endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her directions, as you'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate! Well, 'tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be; be sure you follow your sister's directions.

Mr. D. Be sure, boy.———well said duck, I say. [Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Day.]

*Ruth*. Now, brother *Abel*.

*Abel*. Now, sister *Ruth*.

*Ruth*. Hitherto he observes me punctually. [Aside.] Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, mistress *Arbella*?

*Abel*. I have not known her a week yet.

*Ruth*. O cry you mercy, good brother *Abel*. Well, to begin then, you must alter your posture, 'and by ' your grave and high demeanor make yourself appear a ' hole above *Obadiab*; lest your mistress should take



‘ you for such another scribble-scrabble as he is’; and always hold up your head as if it were bolster’d up with high matters, your hands join’d flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

*Abel.* Must I go apace or softly?

*Ruth.* O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty considerations.—so.—Very well. Now to apply our prescription: suppose now that I were your mistress *Arbella*, and met you by accident; keep your posture—so,—and when you come just to me, start like a horse that has spy’d something on one side of him, and give a little gird out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you did not see her before, by reason of your deep contemplations: then you must speak: let’s hear.

*Abel.* ’Save you, mistress.

*Ruth.* O fie man, you shou’d begin thus; pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so buried that I did not see you:—and then, as she answers, proceed, I know what she’ll say, I am so us’d to her.

*Abel.* This will do well, if I forget it not.

*Ruth.* Well, try once.

*Abel.* Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you cou’d not see me.

*Ruth.* Better sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you’re perfect: then she will answer, sir, I suppose you are so busied with state-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

*Abel.* No forsooth, I have some profound contemplations, but no state-affairs.

*Ruth.* O fie man, you must confess that the weighty affairs of state lie heavy upon you; but ’tis a burthen you must bear: and then shrug your shoulders.

*Abel.* Must I say so? I am afraid my mother will be angry, for she takes all the state-matters upon herself.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me? why, man, *Arbella* will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with parliament-men, and committee-men; how shou'd she hope for any good by you else in her composition?

*Abel.* I apprehend you now: I shall observe.

*Ruth.* 'Tis well: at this time, I'll say no more: put yourself in your posture——so:——Now go look your mistress: I'll warrant you the town's our own.

*Abel.* I go. [Exit *Abel*.]

*Ruth.* Now I have fix'd him, not to go off till he discharges on his mistress. I could burst with laughing.

*Enter Arbella.*

*Arb.* What do'st thou laugh at, *Ruth*?

*Ruth.* Didst thou meet my brother *Abel*?

*Arb.* No.

*Ruth.* If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

*Arb.* What do'st thou mean?

*Ruth.* Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

*Arb.* Who is he to woo?

*Ruth.* Even thy own sweet self.

*Arb.* Out upon him.

*Ruth.* Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any thing before-hand. They have sent to *Lilly*; and his learning being built upon knowing what most people wou'd have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich heiress; and that must be you.

*Arb.* Must be?

*Ruth.* Yes, committee-men can compel; more than stars.

*Arb.* I fear this too late. You are their daughter,  
*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* I deny that.

*Arb.* How?

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your confidence in me.

*Arb.* You amaze me.

*Ruth.* Pray do not wonder, nor suspect——When my father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young, 'not above two years old,' 'tis too long to tell you how this rascal, being a trustee, catch'd me and my estate, 'being the sole heiress unto my father, 'into his gripes'; and now for some years has confirmed his unjust power by the unlawful power of the times: I fear they have designs as bad as this on you: you see I have no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your friendship.

*Arb.* I embrace it with as much clearness; let us love and assist one another.——Wou'd they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

*Ruth.* No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

*Arb.* 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands, foolishly enticed by fair words and large promises of assistance.

*Ruth.* Peace.

*Enter Obadiah.*

*Ob.* Mrs. *Ruth*, my master is demanding your company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the parlour; the committee being ready to sit, calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order the weighty matters of state, for their wise and honourable inspection. [Exit.

*Ruth.* We come; come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd: chearful spirits are the best bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the weight will sink the: Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their daughter. Another time thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

*Arb.* Come, wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our humours; they shall be free still. [Exit.

## A C T II.

*Enter Teague.*

*Teag.* I 'Faith my sweet master has sent me to a rascal, 'now that he has;' I "*have a great mind to go back and*" tell him so: He ask'd me why he could not send one that cou'd speak *English*. Upon my soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* knock. The devil's in them all, they will not talk with me; I will go near to knock this man's pate, and that man *Lilly's* pate too,—that: I will teach them to prate to me, 'that I will.' [*One cries books within.*] How now, what noises are that?

*Enter Bookfeller.*

*Book.* New books, new books: A desperate plot and engagement of the bloody cavaliers: Mr *Saltmarsh's* alarum to the nation, after having been three days dead: *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

*Teag.* How's that? now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three days!

*Book.* *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the weekly post; or, the solemn league and covenant.

*Teag.* What is that you say? Is it the covenant, have you that?

*Book.* Yes; what then, sir?

*Teag.* Which is that covenant?

*Book.* Why, this is the covenant.

*Teag.* Well, I must take that covenant.

*Book.* You take my commodities?

*Teag.* I must take that covenant, upon my soul now, 'that I must.'

*Book.* Stand off, sir, or I'll set you further.

*Teag.* Well, upon my soul now, I will take that covenant for my master.

*Book.* Your master must pay me for't then?

*Teag.* "I must take it first, and my master will pay  
"you

“you afterwards.” ‘I’faith now, they will make him pay for’t, after I have taken it for him.

‘Book. What a devil does the fellow mean?

‘Teag. You will make me stay too long, that you will; look you now, I will knock you down upon the ground, if you will not let me take it.

Book. ‘Stand off, firrah, “you must pay me now”

Teag. ‘I’faith I will take it now.’ “Ob, that I will — [Knocks him down.] Now you’re paid, you thief o’ the world. Here’s covenants enough to poison the whole nation.” [Exit.

Book. What a devil ails this fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two pennyworth of lamentable ware away; but I feel the rascal’s fingers. I may light upon my wild *Irishman* again, and if I do, I will fix him with some catchpoles that shall be worse than his own country bogs. [Exit.

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels? how, and how d’ye like my lady! I gave her the title of illustrious, from those illustrious commodities which she deals in, hot water and tobacco.

C. Car. Pr’ythee how cam’st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other men ‘from those venereal conditions,’ prompted me to matrimony, hunger and cold, Colonel.

‘C. Car. Which you destroyed with a fat woman, strong water, and stinking tobacco.

‘Lieu. No, faith, the woman conduc’d but little; but the rest cou’d not be purchas’d without.

‘C. Car. She’s beholden to you.

‘Lieu. For all your mocking, she had been ruin’d if it had not been for me.

‘C. Car. Pr’ythee make but that good.

‘Lieu. With ease, sir, — why look you, you must know she was always a most violent cavalier, and of a most ready and large faith; abundance of rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually wou’d bring her news, news of all prices; they would tell her news from

‘from half a crown, to a gill of hot water, or a pipe of  
 ‘the worst mundungus: I have observ’d their usual rates  
 ‘they wou’d borrow half a crown upon a story of five  
 ‘thousand men up in the north; a shilling upon a town’s  
 ‘revolting, six-pence upon a small castle, and consume  
 ‘hot water and tobacco, whilst they were telling news  
 ‘of arms convey’d into several parts, and ammunition  
 ‘hid in cellars; that at the last, if I had not married,  
 ‘and blown off these flies, she had been absolutely con-  
 ‘sum’d’

C. Car. ‘Well Lieutenant, we are beholden to you  
 ‘for these hints; we may be reduc’d to as bad:’ See  
 where Teague comes. Goodness how he smiles! Why  
 so merry, Teague?

*Enter Teague smiling.*

Teag. I have done a thing for you ‘now that I have’  
 indeed.

C. Car. What hast thou done man?

‘Teag. Guess.

‘C. Car. I can’t.

Teag. ‘*Why then guess again.*’ I have taken the  
 covenant ‘for thee, that I have, upon my soul.’

C. Car. ‘*How came you by it.*

Teag. ‘*Very honestly!*’ I threw a fellow down,  
 that I did, and took it away for thy sweet sake, here it  
 is now.

C. Car. Was there ever such a fancy? Why, did’st  
 thou think this was the way to take the covenant?

Teag. ‘Ay, upon my soul that it is; look you there  
 ‘now, have not I taken it; is not this the covenant?  
 ‘Tell me then I pr’ythee.’ ‘*I am sure it is the shor-  
 ‘test, and the cheapest way to take it.*’

C. Bl. I am pleas’d yet with the poor fellow’s mista-  
 ken kindness; I dare warrant him honest, to the best of  
 his understanding.

C. Car. This fellow I prophesy will bring me into  
 many troubles by his mistakes: I must send him on  
 no errand but, How d’ye; and to such as I wou’d have  
 no answer from again:—Yet his simple honesty  
 prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

*Lieu.*



*Lieu.* Come, gentlemen, time calls—How now, who's this?

*Enter Obadiah, with four persons more with papers.*

*C. Car.* I am a rogue if I have not seen a picture in hangings walk as fast.

*C. Bl.* 'Slife man, this is that good man of the Committee family that I told thee of the very clerk; how the rogue's loaded with papers!—those are the winding-sheets to many a poor gentleman's estate: t'were a good deed to burn them all.

*C. Car.* Why, thou art not mad, art?—Well met, sir; pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

*Ob.* I do belong to that honourable committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

*C. Bl.* O plague, what work, raf——

*C. Car.* Pr'ythee be quiet, man—Are they to sit presently?

*Ob.* As soon as I can get ready, my presence being material. *[Exit.]*

*C. Car.* What, wert thou mad? woud'st thou have beaten the clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the rascals, his masters?

*C. Bl.* The sight of any of the villains stirs me.

*Lieu.* Come, Colonels, there's no trifling; let's make haste, and prepare your business, let's not lose this sitting; come along, *Teague.* *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Arbella at one door, Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.*

*Arb.* What's the meaning of this! I'll try to steal by him.

*Abel.* Pardon mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

*Arb.* This is a set form,——they allow it in every thing but their prayers.

*Abel.* Now you should speak, forsooth.

*Arb.* 'Ruth, I have found you; but I'll spoil the dialogue. *[Aside.]*'—What should I say, sir?

*Abel.* What you please, forsooth.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* Why, truly, sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

*Enter Ruth as over-hearing them, and peeps.*

*Ruth.* This is lucky.

*Abel.* No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

*Arb.* Why, sir, wou'd your mother be angry if you shou'd?

*Abel.* No, no, quite contrary, — I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie heavy upon my neck and shoulders [Sbrugs.

*Arb.* Wou'd he were ty'd neck and heels. — This is a notable wench; look were the rascal peeps too; if I shou'd beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. [Aside.

*Abel.* Something I can do, and that with somebody; that is, with those that are somebodies.

*Arb.* Whist, whist, [Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her head.] Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful girl!

*Abel.* I know Parliament-men, and Sequestators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

*Arb.* You have great acquaintance, sir?

*Abel.* Yes, they ask my opinion sometimes.

*Arb.* What weather 'twill be? have you any skill, sir?

*Abel.* When the weather is not good, we hold a fast.

*Arb.* And then it alters?

*Abel.* Assuredly.

*Arb.* In good time — no mercy, wench?

*Abel.* Our profound contemplations are caused by the consternation of our spirits for the nation's good; we are in labour.

*Arb.* And I want a deliverance. — Hark ye, *Ruth*, take off your dog, or I'll turn bear indeed.

*Ruth.* I care not; my mother will be angry.

*Arb.* O hang you.

*Abel.* You shall perceive that I have some power, if you please to —

*Arb.* O I am pleased, sir, that you should have power! I must look out my hoods and scarfs, sir, 'tis almost time to go.

*Abel.* If it were not for the weighty matters of state which

which lie upon my shoulders, myself wou'd look them.

*Arb.* O by no means, fir; 'tis below your greatness:—Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. D.* Why how now *Abel*! got so close to *Mrs. Arbella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: well, *Mr. Abel*, you have been so us'd to secrecy in council and weighty matters, that you have it at your fingers ends: nay, look ye mistress, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel's* eyes: ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good girl; I find *Abel* has got ground.

*Ruth.* I forbore to come in, till I saw your honour first enter; but I have o'er-heard all.

*Mrs. D.* And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, wench, ha?

*Ruth.* O beyond expectation. 'If it were lawful, I'd undertake he'd make nothing to get as many womens good-wills as he speaks to;' he'll not need much teaching: you may turn him loose.

*Arb.* O this plaguy wench!

*Mrs. D.* Sayest thou so, girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new gown, or so; it may be a better penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy mother's at last:—But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, *Mrs.* you are crafty; you have made your composition before hand. Ah, this *Abel's* as bad as a whole Committee: take that *item* from me; come, make haste, call the coach, *Abel*; well said *Abel*, I say. [Exit Mrs. Day and Abel.]

'*Arb.* We'll fetch our things and follow you. Now wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven?

'*Ruth.* Why, what's the matter?

'*Arb.* The matter! couldst thou be so unmerciful, to see me practis'd on, and pelted at, by a blunderbuff charg'd with nothing but proofs, weighty affairs, spirit, profound contemplation, and such like?

B

'*Ruth.*

' *Ruth*. Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I thought it convenient to give you what time I cou'd, to make his young honour your friend.

' *Arb*. I am beholden to you: I may cry quittance.

' *Ruth*. But did you mark *Abel's* eyes? ah, there were looks!

' *Arb*. Nay, pr'ythee give off; my hour's approaching, and I can't be heartily merry till it be past: come, let's fetch our things; her ladyship's honour will stay for us.

' *Ruth*. I'll warrant ye, my brother *Abel* is not in order yet; he's brushing a hat almost a quarter of an hour, and as long a driving the lint from his black cloaths, with his wet thumb.

' *Arb*. Come, pr'ythee hold thy peace, I shall laugh in's face else when I see him come along: now for an old shoe. [Exeunt.]

*A Table set out.*

*The Committee and Obadiah ordering books and papers.*

*Ob*. Shall I read your honour's last order, and give you the account of what you last debated?

*Mr. D*. I first crave your favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable board, in which I shall discover unto you my own sincerity, and zeal to the good cause.

*1 Com*. Proceed, sir.

*Mr. D*. The business is contained in this letter: 'tis from no less a man than the king; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit here: is it your pleasures that our clerk should read it.

*2 Com*. Yes, pray give it him.

*Ob*. [*Reads.*] *Mr. Day*, we have received good intelligence of your great worth and ability, especially in state-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any preferment, or honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my entire friend. Pray remember my love and service to your discreet wife, and acquaint her with this; whose wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wife consideration, I remain,

Your friend, C. K.

*2 Com.*

2 *Com. C. K!*

Mr. D. Ay, that's for the king.

2 *Com.* I suspect—[*Aside.*] Who brought you this letter?

Mr. D. Oh fie upon't, my wife forgot that particular. [*Aside.*]—Why, a fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had done: I warrant you, he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold on him. You see, brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my reward: and I have now a business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2. *Com.* This letter was counterfeited certainly. [*Aside.*

Mr. D. But first be pleased to read your last order.

2 *Com.* What does he mean? that concerns me. [*Aside.*

*Ob.* The order is, that the composition arising out of Mr. *Lastbley's* estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. *Nathaniel Catch*, for and in respect of his sufferings, and good service.

Mr. D. It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the day of trouble, when the common enemy shall endeavour to raise commotions in the land, and disturb our new-built *Zion*.

' 2 *Com.* Then I'll say nothing, but close with him: we must wink at one another.—I receive your sense of my services with a zealous kindness. Now, Mr. *Day*, I pray you propose your business.

' Mr. D.' I desire this honourable board to understand that my wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the stage-coach; it happened that one Mrs. *Arbella*, a rich heiress of one of the Cavalier party, came up also in the same coach. Her father being newly dead, and her estate before being under sequestration, my wife, who has a notable pate of her own (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my house; where, though time was but short, yet my son *Abel* made use of it. They are without, ' as I suppose: but before

‘ we call them in, I pray let us handle such other matters as are before us.

‘ 1 *Com.* Let us hear then what estates besides lie before us, that we may see how large a field we have to walk in.

‘ 2 *Com.* Read.

‘ *Ob.* One of our last debates was upon the plea of an infant, whose estate is under sequestration.

‘ *Mr. D.* And fit to be kept so till he comes of age, and may answer for himself; that he may not be in possession of the land till he can promise he will not turn to the enemy.

‘ *Ob.* Here is another of almost the like nature; an estate before your honours under sequestration: the plea is, that the party died without any offer of taking up arms; but in his opinion, he was for the king. He has left his widow with child, which will be the heir; and his trustees complain of wrong, and claim the estate.

‘ 2 *Com.* Well, the father in his opinion was a Cavalier?

‘ *Ob.* So it is given in.

‘ 2 *Com.* Nay, ’twas so, I warrant you; and there’s a young Cavalier in his widow’s belly; I warrant you that too; for the perverse generation encreaseth: I move therefore that their two estates may remain in the hands of our brethen here, and fellow-labourers, *Mr. Joseph Blemish*, and *Mr. Jonathan Headstrong*, and *Mr. Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable at our pleasures; whereby they may have a godly opportunity of doing good for themselves.

‘ *Mr. D.* Order it, order it.

‘ 3 *Com.* Since it is your pleasures, we are content to take the burthen upon us, and be stewards to the nation.

‘ 2 *Com.* Now verily it seemeth to me that the work goeth forward, when brethren hold together in unity.

‘ *Mr. D.* Well, if we have now finished, give me leave to tell you, my wife is without,’ together with  
the



the gentlewoman that is to compound : she will needs have a finger in the pye.

' 3 Com. I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. Day wait so long.

' Mr. D.' We may not neglect the public for private respects. I hope, brethren, that you will please to cast the favour of your countenances upon *Abel*.

2, 3 Com. You wrong us to doubt it, brother Day. Call in the compounders.

" Ob. Call in the compounders.

" Porter. Come in the compounders."

*Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth ; and after them the Colonels, and Teague ; they give the door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.*

Mr. D. Come, duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this gentlewoman.

2 Com. We are glad Mrs. Day, that any occasion bring you hither.

Mrs. D. I thank your honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your eyes.

Mr. D. Come on, son, *Abel*, what have you to say ?

*Abel*. I come unto your honours, full of profound contemplations for this gentlewoman.

*Arb*. 'Slife, he's at's lesson, wench. [*Aside to Ruth*.

*Ruth*. Peace—which whelp opens next ? O, the wolf is going to bark. [*Aside*.

Mrs. D. May it please your honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my son *Abel* has settled his affections on this gentlewoman, and desires your honours favour to be shewn unto him in her composition.

2 Com. Say you so, Mrs. Day ? why the committee have taken it into their serious and pious consideration ; together with Mr. Day's good service, upon some knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. D. That was the letter I invented. [*Aside*.

2. Com. And the composition of this gentlewoman

is consign'd to Mr. *Day*, that is, I suppose, to Mr. *Abel*, and so consequently to the gentlewoman. You may be thankful, mistress, for such good fortune; your estate's discharg'd, Mr. *Day* shall have the discharge.

C. *Bl.* O damn the vultures! [Aside.

C. *Car.* Peace, man. [Aside.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a woman can be a delinquent, I desire to know my public censure, not be left in private hands.

2 Com. Be contented, gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. *Abel*; you may, if you please, be Mrs. *Day*.

Ruth. And then good night to all. [Aside.

Arb. How, gentlemen! are you private marriage-jobbers? d'ye make markets for one another?

2 Com. How's this, gentlewoman?

C. *Bl.* A brave noble creature! [Aside.

C. *Car.* Thou art smitten, *Blunt*; that other female too, methinks shoots fire this way. [Aside.

Mrs. *D.* I desire your honours to pardon her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 Com. Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. *Day*'s sake passes by your expressions; 'you may spare your pains, you have the committee's resolution,' you may be your own enemy if you will.

Arb. My own enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways. [Aside.

2 Com. Come on, gentlemen; what's your case?

[To the Colonels.

Ruth. *Arbella*, there's the down-right cavalier that came up in the coach with us.—On my life, there's a sprightly gentleman with him.

[While they speak, the Colonels pull the papers out, and deliver 'em.

C. *Car.*

C. Car. Our business is to compound for our estates; of which here are the particulars, which will agree with your own survey.

*“Teag. And here’s the particulars of Teague’s estate, forty cows, and the devil a bull amongst them.”*

Ob. The particulars are right.

Mr. D. Well, gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase, the first payment down, the other at six months end, and the estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 Com. ’Tis our rule.

C. Car. Very well; ’tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful debts.

2 Com. But, gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the covenant; you have not taken it yet, have you?

C. Car. No.

*Teag.* Upon my shoul but he has now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, that he has.

*‘Rutb.* What sport are we now like to have?

2 Com. What fellow’s that?

C. Car. A poor simple fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teague*.

*Teag.* Let them not prate so then.

2 Com. Well, gentlemen, it remains, whether you’ll take the covenant?

*“Teag. Why he has taken it.”*

C. Car. This is strange, and differs from your own principle, to impose on other men’s consciences.

Mr. D. Fish, we are not here to dispute; we act according to our instructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it; therefore your answer.

*Teag.* ‘Why was it for no matter then that I have taken the covenant? You there, Mr. Committee, do you hear that now?’ *“Was it for nothing I took the”*—

C. Car. *“Hold your tongue.”* No, we will not take it: much good may it do them that have swallows large enough; ’twill work one day in their stomachs.

C. Bl. The day may come, when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded.

Mr. *D.* Ay, ay, you make an idol of that honour.

C. *Bl.* Our worships then are different: you make that your idol which brings you interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

*Arb.* Brave gentlemen! [ *Aside.*

*Ruth.* I stare at 'em till my eyes ache. [ *Aside.*

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits: know, we must keep our rules and instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our hands.

C. *Car.* Providence! such as thieves rob by.

2 *Com.* What's that, sir? sir, you are too bold.

C. *Car.* Why in good sooth you may give losers leave to speak; I hope your honours, out of your bowels of compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing acres.

Mr. *D.* It is well you are so merry.

C. *Car.* O, ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts: faith, wou'd I might ask one question?

2 *Com.* Swear not then.

C. *Car.* Thou shalt not covet your neighbours goods: there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*.

"*Teag.* There is an *Oliver* for your *Rowland*, take that 'till the pot boils."

C. *Car.* My question is only, which of all you is to have our estates: or will you make traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 *Com.* You grow abusive.

C. *Bl.* No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable persons that will be pleased to be our house-keepers, to keep them in good reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the covenant.

2 *Com.* You will think better on't, and take this covenant.

C. *Car.* We will be as rotten first as their hearts that invented it.

*Ruth.* 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have these two men; there are not two such again to be had for love nor money. [ *Aside.*

Mr. *D.* Well, gentlemen, your follies light upon your own heads; we have no more to say.

C. *Car.* Why then hoist sails for a new world:—

"*Teag.*

*Teag.* Ay for old Ireland."

*C. Car.* D'ye hear *Blunt*, what gentlewoman is that?

*C. Bl.* 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.

*C. Car.* I'll go to speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty covenant.

*C. Bl.* Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

*C. Car.* Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune, not to be troubled with the covenant.

*Arb.* If they do, I'll not take it.

*C. Bl.* Brave lady! I must love her against my will.——

*C. Car.* For you, pretty one, I hope your portion will be enlarged by our misfortunes; remember your benefactors.

*Ruth.* If I had all your estates, I cou'd afford you as good a thing.

*C. Car.* Without taking the covenant?

*Ruth.* Yes, but I would invent another oath.

*C. Car.* Upon your lips?

*Ruth.* Nay, I am not bound to discover.

*C. Bl.* Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

*C. Car.* Now have I forgot every thing.

*C. Bl.* Come, let's go.

*2 Com.* Gentlemen, void the room.

*C. Car.* Sure 'tis impossible that kite should get that pretty *Merlin*.

*C. Bl.* Come, pr'ythee let's go; these muck-worms will have earth enough to stop their mouths with, one day.

*C. Car.* Pray use our estates husband-like, and so our most honourable bailiffs, farewell.

[*Exeunt Colonels Careless and Blunt.*]

*Teag.* Ay, bumbailly rascals."

*Mr. D.* You are rude: door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

*Porter.* Come forth, ye there; this is not a place for such as you.

*Teag.* "Devil burn me but" ye are a rascal, that you are now.

*Porter.* And please your honours, this profane *Irishman* swore an oath at the door, even now, when I you'd have put him out.

*2 Com.* Let him pay for't.

*Porter.* Here, you must pay, or lie by the heels.

*Teag.* What must I pay, by the heels? I will not pay by the heels, 'that I will not, upon my shoul.'

"*Master ubbub' boo.*"

"*Enter Careless.*

"*C. Car.* What's the matter?

"*Teag.* This gander-fac'd gag says, I must pay by the heels.

"*C. Car.* What have you done?

"*Teag.* Only swore a bit of an oath."

*C. Car.* Here, here's a shilling 'for thee; be quiet.—' [Exit.

*Teag.* Well, I have not curs'd 'you now, that I have not. What if I had cursed then? "*but how much had that been?*"

*Porter.* That had been six-pence.

*Teag.* Och, if I had but one six-pence-halfpenny in the world, but I wou'd give it for a curse to ease my stomach on you. My money is like a wild colt, I am oblig'd to drive it up in a corner to catch it. I have hold of it, by the scruff of the neck. Here mister, there's the shilling for the oath. And there's the six-pence-halfpenny for you, for the curse, before-hand; and now, my curse, and the curse of *Cromwell*, light upon you all, you thieves, you.

[Knocks down the Porter and exit.

"*Ruth.* Hark ye, *Arbella*; 'twere a sin not to love these men.

"*Arb.* I am not guilty, *Ruth.*"

*Mrs. D.* Has this honourable board any other command?

*2 Com.* Nothing farther, good *Mrs. Day*:—gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for, but be grateful and kind to *Mr. Abel*.

*Arb.* I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

*Mrs.*



Mrs. D. The gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. D. I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their order, and they must now be private.

2. Com. Nay, pray, mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] 'So, brethren, we have finish'd this day's work; and let us always keep the bonds of unity unbroken, walking hand in hand, and scattering the enemy.

Mr. D. You may perceive they have spirits never to be reconcil'd; they walk according to nature, and are full of inward darkness.

2. Com. It is well truly for the good people, that they are so obstinate, whereby their estates may of right fall into the hands of the chosen, which truly is a mercy.'

Mr. D. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn till Monday. 'Take up the papers there, and bring home to me their honours order for Mrs. Arbella's estate. So, brethren, we separate ourselves to our particular endeavours, 'till we join in publick on Monday, two of the clock; and so peace remain with you. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III.

*Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story,*

Lieu. **B**Y my faith, a sad story: I did apprehend this covenant wou'd be the trap.

C. Car. Never did any rebels fish with such cormorants; no stoppage about their throats; the rascals are all swallows.

C. Bl. Now am I ready for any plot; I'll go find some of these agitants, and fill up a blank commission with my name. And if I can but find two or three gather'd together, they are sure of me; I will please myself

‘ myself, however, with endeavouring to cut their throats.

‘ C. Car. Or do something to make them hang us, that we may but part on any terms :’

*Enter Teague.*

How now, *Teague*, what says the learned ?

*Teag.* Well then, upon my shoul, the man in the great cloak, with the long sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. Car. Mad, *Teague* !

*Teag.* Yes i’ faith is he ; he ‘ bid me be gone, and’ said I was sent to make game of him.

C. Car. Why, what did’st thou say to him ?

*Teag.* ‘ Well now,’ I ask’d him if he wou’d take any counsel.

C. Car. ‘Slife, he might well enough think thou mock’dst him. Why, thou should’st have ask’d him when we might have come for counsel.

*Teag.* Well, that is all one, is it not ? If he wou’d take any counsel, or you wou’d take any counsel, is not that all one then ?

C. Car. Was there ever such a mistake ?

C. Bl. Pr’ythee ne’er be troubled at this ; we are past counsel : If we had but a friend among’st them, that cou’d but slide us by this covenant,

C. Car. “ *Nothing anger’d me so, as*” that my old kitchen-stuff acquaintance look’d another way, and seem’d not to know me.

C. Bl. How, kitchen-stuff acquaintance !

C. Car. Yes, Mrs. Day, that com nanded the party in the hackney-coach, was my father’s kitchen maid, and in time of yore called *Gillian*.

*Lieu.* Hark ye, Colonel ; what if you did visit this translated kitchen-maid ?

*Teag.* Well, how is that ? a kitchen-maid ? where is she now ?

C. Bl. The Lieutenant advises well.

C. Car. Nay, stay, stay ; in the first place I’ll send *Teague* to her, to tell her I have a little business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. We shall have *Teague* mistake again.

*Teag.* How is that now? I will not mistake that kitchen-maid? Whither must I go now, to mistake that kitchen-maid?

C. Car. But dy'e hear, *Teague*? you must take no notice of that, upon thy life; but on the contrary, at every word you must say, your ladyship, and your honour; as for example, when you have made a leg, you must begin thus; my master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your ladyship. "*[Teague turns his back on the Col.] Blockhead, you must not turn your back.*"

*Teag.* "Oh, no, sir, I always turn my face to a lady:" But was she your father's kitchen-maid?

C. Car. Why, what then?

*Teag.* Upon my shoul I shall laugh upon her face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

C. Car. Not for a hundred pounds *Teague*; you must be sure to set your countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

*Teag.* If I shou'd think then of any kettles, or spits, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. Car. Not for a thousand pounds, *Teague*; thou may'st undo us all.

*Teag.* Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one side, and t'other side. Well now, where does this Mrs. *Tay* live?

*Lieu.* Come, *Teague*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the house, that thou may'st not mistake that however.

"*Teag.* Shew me the door and I'll find the house myself."

C. Car. Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant:

"*Teag.* O, sir, what is Mrs. *Tay's* name?"

C. Car. Have a care, *Teague*; thou shalt find us in the Temple. *[Exeunt Lieutenant and Teag.]* 'Now, 'Blunt, have I another design.

'C. Bl.

' C. *Bl.* What further design canst thou have?

' C. *Car.* Why by this means I may chance to see these women again, and get into their acquaintance.

' C. *Bl.* With both, man?

' C. *Car.* 'Slife thou art jealous; do'st love either of 'em?

' C. *Bl.* Nay, I can't tell; all is not as 'twas.

' C. *Car.* Like a man that is not well, and yet knows not what ails him.

' C. *Bl.* Thou art something near the matter; but I'll cure myself with considering, that no woman can ever care for me.

' C. *Car.* And why pr'ythee?

' C. *Bl.* Because I can say nothing to them.

' C. *Car.* The less thou can'st say, they'll like thee the better; she'll think 'tis love that has ham-string'd thy tongue: besides man, a woman can't abide any thing in the house shou'd talk, but she and her parrot. What, is it the cavalier girl thou lik'st?

' C. *Bl.* Can'st thou love any of the other breed?

' C. *Car.* Not honestly,——yet I confess that ill-begotten pretty rascal never look'd towards me, but she scatter'd sparks as fast as kindling charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest flame: Come *Blunt*, when *Teague* comes we will resolve on something. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arbella and Ruth.*

' *Arb.* Come now, a word of our own matters; how do'st thou hope to get thy estate again?

' *Ruth.* You shall drink first; I was just going to ask you, how you would get yours again; you are as fast as if you were under covert-baron.

' *Arb.* But I have more hopes than thou hast.

' *Ruth.* Not a scruple more; if there were but scales that could weigh hopes: for these rascals must be hang'd before either of us shall get our own; you may eat and drink out of yours as I do, and be a sojourner with *Abel*.

' *Arb.* I am hamper'd, but I'll not intangle myself with Mr. *Abel*'s conjugal cords; nay——I am more hamper'd than thou thinkest; for if thou art in as bad  
 ' case

'case as I (you understand me) hold up thy finger.

'*Ruth.* Behold : nay I'll ne'er forsake thee. [*Ruth holds up her finger.*] If I were not smitten, I wou'd perswade myself to be in love, if 'twere but to bear thee company.

'*Arb.* Dear girl ! hark ye, *Ruth*, the composition-day made an end of all ; all's gone.

'*Ruth.* Nay, that fatal day put me into the condition of a compounder too ; there was my heart brought under sequestration.

'*Arb.* That day, wench ?

'*Ruth.* Yes, that very day, with two or three force-able looks 'twas driven an inch at least out of its old place ; sense or reason can't find the way to't now.

'*Arb.* That day, that very day ! if you and I should like the same man ?

'*Ruth.* Fie upon't ; as I live thou mak'st me start ; now dare not I ask which thou lik'st ?

'*Arb.* Wou'd they were now to come in, that we might watch one another's eyes, and discover by signs ; I am not able to ask thee neither.

'*Ruth.* Nor I to tell thee ; shall we go ask *Lilly* which it is ?

'*Arb.* Out upon him ; nay, there's no need of stars ; we know ourselves, if we durst speak.

'*Ruth.* Pish, I'll speak : if it be the same, we'll draw cuts.

'*Arb.* No, hark ye, *Ruth*, do you act them both, for you saw their several humours, and then watch my eyes, where I appear most concern'd ; I can't dissemble, for my heart.

'*Ruth.* I dare swear that will hinder thee to dissemble indeed, — come have at you then, I'll speak as if I were before the honourable rascals : and first for my brave *Blunt* Colonel, who hating to take the oath, cry'd out with a brave scorn (such as made thee in love, I hope) hang yourselves, rascals, the time will come when those that dare be honest will be rewarded. Don't I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely ?

'*Arb.*

*Arb.* O admirably well! dear wench, do it once more.

*Ruth.* Nay, nay, I must do the other now.

*Arb.* No, no; this once more, dear girl, and I'll act the other for thee.

*Ruth.* No forsooth, I'll spare your pains; we are right, no need of cuts; send thee good luck with him! I acted, and wish me well with my merry Colonel, that shall act his own part.

*Arb.* And a thousand good lucks attend thee. We have sav'd our blushes admirably well, and reliev'd our hearts from hard duty——But mum, see where the mother comes, and with her, her son, a true exemplification or duplicate of the original *Day*. Now for a charge.

*Enter Mrs. Day and Abel.*

*Ruth.* Stand fair, the enemy draws up.

*Mrs. D.* Well, *Mrs. Arbella*, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much consideration for your own good; you may have your estate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.——*Abel*, tell her your mind, ne'er stand, shilly, shally——*Ruth*, does she incline, or is she wilful?

*Ruth.* I was just about the point when you honour interrupted us:—One word in your ladyship's ear.

*Abel.* You see forsooth that I am some body, though you make no body of me, you see I can prevail; therefore pray say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand shilly, shally.

*Arb.* You are hasty, sir.

*Abel.* I am call'd upon by important affairs; and therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that it lies upon my spirit exceedingly.

*Arb.* Saffron-posset-drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirit.

*Abel.* Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

*Arb.* You do, I hope, sir; and 'tis no matter, sir, if one of us know it.

*Enter*



*Enter Teague.*

*Teag.* Well now, who are all you?

*Arb.* What's here, an *Irish* elder come to examine us all?

*Teag.* Well now, what is your names, every one?

*Ruth.* *Arbella*, this is a servant to one of the colonels; upon my life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the covenant the right way.

*Arb.* Peace, what shou'd it mean?

*Teag.* Well, cannot some of you all say nothing without speaking?

*Mrs. D.* Why how now sauce-box? what wou'd you have? What, have you left your manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

*Teag.* What shou'd I fetch now?

*Mrs. D.* D'you know who you speak to, firrah?

*Teag.* "Yes I do," 'Well, what are you then? upon my shoul, in my own country they can tell who I am;' and it is little my own mother thought I shou'd speak to the like of you.

*Abel.* You must not be so saucy unto her honour.

*Teag.* Well, I will knock you down, if you be saucy, with my hammer.

*Ruth.* This is miraculous?

*Teag.* Is there none of you that I must speak to now?

*Arb.* Now, wench, if he shou'd be sent to us. [*Aside.*

*Teag.* Well, I wou'd have one *Mrs. Tay* speak unto me.

*Mrs. D.* Well, firrah, I am she; what's your business?

*Teag.* O so then, are you *Mrs. Tay*?—Well,—I will lock well first, and I will set my face 'in some worship; yes indeed that I will;' and tell her my message. [*Aside.*

*Ruth.* How the fellow begins to mould himself!

*Arb.* And tempers his chops like a hound that has lapp'd before his meat was cold enough.

*Ruth.* He looks as if he had some gifts to pour forth;

‘forth; those are Mr. Day’s own white eyes before he begins to say grace: now for a speech ratling in his kecher, as if his words stumbled in their way.’

Teag. ‘Well, now I will tell thee, i’faith:’ my master, the good Colonel Careless, bid me ask thy good ladyship——upon my soul now the laugh will come upon me.

[He laughs always when he says ladyship or honour.]

Mrs. D. Sirrah, sirrah; what, were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be.

[Aside.]

Teag. ‘I’faith now,’ I do not abuse thy good honour,—I cannot help my laugh now, I will try again now; I will not think of a kitchen then: “*nor a dripping pan, nor a mustard pot*”—My master wou’d know of your ladyship——

Mrs. D. Did your master send you to abuse me, you rascal? By my honour, sirrah—

Teag. Why do you abuse yourself now, joy?

Mrs. D. How, sirrah, do I mock myself? This is some *Irish* traitor.

Teag. I am no traitor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* rebel; you are cozen’d now.

Mrs. D. Sirrah, sirrah, I will make you know who I am.—An impudent *Irish* rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold seditious spirit.

Mrs. D. You are a bloody rascal, I warrant ye.

Teag. You are a foolish brabble bribble woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs must punish your sauciness.

Teag. “*And we that are at the tail of affairs, will punish your sauciness;*” you shall take a knock upon your pate, if you are saucy with me, that I shall; you son of a round-head, you.’

Mrs. D. Ye rascally varlet, get you out of my doors.

Teag. Will not I give you my message then?

Mrs. D. Get you out, rascal.

Teag.

*Teag.* I pr'ythee let me tell thee my message.

*Mrs. D.* Get you out, I say.

*Teag.* Well then I care not neither; the devil take your ladyship, and honourship, and kitchenship, too; there now. [Exit.]

*Arb.* Was there ever such a scene? 'Tis impossible to guess any thing.

*Ruth.* Our Colonels have don't, as sure as thou livest, to make themselves sport; being all the revenge that is in their power: look, look, how her honour trots about, like a beast stung with flies.

*Mrs. D.* How the villain has distemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the rascal go unpunish'd, and you [*To Abel.*] can stand by like a sheep; run after him then, and stop him; I'll have him laid by the heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me: call help as you go, make haste I say.

[Exit Abel.]

*Ruth.* 'Slid *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor fellow for fake's fake; stop *Abel* by any means, that he may 'scape.

*Arb.* Keep his dam off, and let me alone with the puppy. [Exit.]

*Ruth.* Fear not.

*Mrs. D.* 'Uds my life, the rascal has heated me—Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done; a saucy villain.

*Ruth.* But I must needs acquaint your honour with one thing first, concerning *Mrs. Arbella*.

*Mrs. D.* As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, wench?

*Ruth.* Most excellent; if you go out you may spoil all. Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless the accident that anger'd you.

*Mrs. D.* Quickly then, girl.

*Ruth.* When you sent *Abel* after the *Irishman*, *Mrs. Arbella's* colour came and went in her face; and at last, not able to stay, she slunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* shou'd hurt him; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. D. I protest he may be hurt indeed ; I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth ; ' nor is there any need on't ; for she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd get near the *Irishman* : she has done it, upon my life ; and if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

' Mrs. D. Art sure of this ?'

Ruth. If you do not find she has stop't him, let me ever have your hatred : pray credit me.

' Mrs. D. I do, I do believe thee ; come, we'll go in where I use to read : there thou shalt tell me all the particulars, and the manner of it : I warrant 'twas pretty to observe.

' Ruth. O, 'twas a thousand pities you did not see't, when *Abel* walk'd away so bravely, and foolishly, after this wild *Irishman* : she stole such kind looks from her own eyes ; and having robb'd herself, sent them after her own *Abel* ; and then'——

Mrs. D. Come, good wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at large ; it shall be the best tale thou hast told these two days. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his part, needs no help by this time ; come, good wench.

' Ruth. So far I am right ; fortune take care for future things [*Afide.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter C. Blunt as taken by bailiffs.*

C. Bl. At whose suit, rascals ?

1 Bail. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, dogs ! must I wait your leifures ?

1 Bail. O you are a dangerous man ; 'tis such traitors as you that disturb the peace of the nation.

C. Bl. Take that, rascal ; [*kicking him.*] If I had any thing at liberty besides my foot, I wou'd bestow it on you.

1 Bail. You shall pay dearly for this kick, before you are let loose, and give good special bail : Mark that, my surly companion ; we have you fast.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. 'Tis well, rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I wou'd have made some of your scurvy souls my special bail.

1 Bail. O, 'tis a bloody-minded man! I'll warrant ye this vile cavalier has eat many a child.

C. Bl. I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, rascals.

*Enter C. Careless.*

C. Car. How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you catch-pole, let go your prey, or—[*Draws, and Blunt in the scuffle throws up one of their beels, and gets a sword, and helps to drive them off.*]

1 Bail. Murder, murder!

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth thanks, I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the matter, man?

C. Bl. Why, an action or two for free quarter, now made *trover* and *conversion*: nay, I believe we shall be sued with an action of trespass, for every field we have marched over; and be indicted for riots, for going at unseasonable hours, above two in a company.

*Enter Teague running.*

C. Car. Well, come, let's away.

Teag. Now upon my shoul run as I do; the men in red coats are running too, 'that they are,' and they cry, murder, murder; I never heard such a noise in Ireland "in all my life," 'that's true too.'

C. Car. 'Slite, we must shift several ways. Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at night; I shall take heed now.

Teag. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tay* now?

C. Car. O good *Teague*, no time for messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

[*A noise within.*] *Enter bailiffs and soldiers.*

1 Bail. This way, this way! Oh villains! My neighbour *Swash* is hurt dangerously. Come good soldiers, follow, follow. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Careless and Teague again.*

C. Car. I am quite out of breath, and the blood-hounds

hounds are in a full cry upon a burning scent: plague on 'em, what a noise the kennels make? What door's this that graciously stands a little open? What an ass am I to ask? *Teague*, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this door, there you shall find me; be careful. Now by your favour, landlord, as unknown. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.*

Mrs. *D.* It was well observed, *Obadiah*, to bring the parties to me first; 'tis your master's will that I shou'd, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In truth, in truth, I have too great a burthen upon me; yet for the publick good I am content to undergo it.

*Ob.* I shall with sincere care present unto your honour, from time to time, such negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your honour's inspection.

Mrs. *D.* It will become you so to do. You have the present that came last?

*Ob.* Yes, and please your honour; the gentlewoman concerning her brother's release, hath also sent in a piece of plate.

Mrs. *D.* It's very well.

*Ob.* But the man without, about a bargain of the king's land, is come empty.

Mrs. *D.* Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him; he does not understand himself.

*Ob.* I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*]

Mrs. *D.* Why how now? What rude companion's this? What wou'd you have? What's your business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who d'you belong to? Who!——

*C. Car.* Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your companion; I am a man; there's no great matter; no body sent me; nor I belong to nobody: I think I have answer'd to the chief heads.

Mrs.



## THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.

47

Mrs. D. Thou hast committed murder, for ought I know: how is't, *Obadiab*?

C. Car. Ha! what luck have I to fall into the territories of my old kitchen acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the strength of *Teague's* message, tho' I had no answer. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. D. How is't, man?

Ob. Truly he came forceably upon me, and I fear has bruised some intellectuals within my stomach.

Mrs. D. Go in, and take some *Irish* flat by way of prevention, and keep yourself warm. ]*Ex. Obad.*]  
Now, Sir, have you any business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, sir Royster? Was not the porter at the gate?

C. Car. No truly, the gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. D. Did it so, sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. Ay, there's the point; either she does not, or will not know me: what shou'd I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this wit is like a common friend, when one has need on him he won't come near one. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. D. Sir, are you studying for an invention? for ought I know you have done some mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. Car. So, that's well: 'twas pretty to fall into the head quarters of the enemy. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. D. Nay, 'tis e'en so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty states-woman; I did but give you time to see if your memory would but be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. D. What d'you mean, sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a word yet of thy former employments, that sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. D. I do not use to have acquaintance with cavaliers.

C. Car.

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens utensils; 'but  
' *in diebus illis*, you were not honourable, nor I a malign-  
' nant. Lord, lord, you are horrible forgetful: pride  
' comes with godliness, and good cloaths.' What,  
you think I shou'd not know you, because you are dis-  
guised with curl'd hair, and white gloves? Alas! I  
know you as well as if you were in your sabbath-  
day's cinnamon waistcoat, 'with a silver edging round  
' the skirt.'

Mrs. D. How, firrah?

C. Car. And with your fair hands bath'd in  
lather; or with your fragrant breath driving the  
fleeing ambergreece off from the waving kitchen-  
stuff.

Mrs. D. O, you are an impudent cavalier! I re-  
member you now indeed; but I'll—

C. Car. Nay, but hark you the now honourable,  
*non obstante* past conditions; did not I send my foot-  
man, an *Irishman*, with a civil message to you; why  
all this strangeness then?

Mrs. D. How, how, how's this! was't you that  
sent the rascal to abuse me, was't so?

C. Car. How now! what, matters grow worse and  
worse?

Mrs. D. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in  
authority: within there, who's within?

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth, if you raise an  
alarm. [She cries out, and he stops her mouth.

Mrs. D. Stop my mouth, firrah! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your mouth: what, are you good  
at a who-bub, ha?

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the matter, forsooth?

Mrs. D. The matter! why here's a rude cavalier  
has broke into my house; 'twas he too that sent the  
*Irish* rascal to abuse me too within my own walls:  
call your father, that he may grant order to secure  
him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.

C. Car. Nay, good pretty gentlewoman, spare your  
motion.—What must become of me? Teague has  
made some strange mistake.

[Aside.  
Ruth.

*Ruth.* 'Tis he, what shall I do ! now invention be equal to my love. [*Aside.*] Why, your ladyship will spoil all : I sent for this gentleman, and enjoin'd him secrecy, even to you yourself, till I had made his way. O fie upon't, I am to blame ; but in truth I did not think he would have come these two hours.

*C. Car.* I dare swear she did not ; I might very probably not have come at all.

*Ruth.* How came you to come so soon, sir ? 'twas three hours before you appointed.

*C. Car.* Hey day ! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose presently. [*Aside.*]

*Ruth.* 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your honour, to make his desires known to your ladyship, that he had consider'd on't, and was resolved to take the covenant, and give you five hundred pounds to make his peace, and bring his business about again, that he may be admitted in his first condition.

*C. Car.* What's this ?—D'ye hear, pretty gentleman.

*Ruth.* Well, well, I know your mind ; I have done your business.

*Mrs. D.* Oh, his stomach's come down !

*Ruth.* Sweeten him again, and leave him to me ; I warrant you the five hundred pounds, and——

[*Whispers.*]

*C. Car.* Now I have found it ; this pretty wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her peril.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. D.* I understand thee—Well, sir, I can pass by rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no intention of it ; I leave you and my daughter to beget a right understanding.

[*Ex. Mrs. Day.*]

*C. Car.* We should beget sons and daughters sooner : what does all this mean ?

[*Aside.*]

*Ruth.* I am sorry, sir, that your love for me should make you thus rash.

*C. Car.* That's more than you know ; but you had a mind to be left alone with me ; that's certain.

C

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* 'Tis too plain, sir; you'd ne'er have run yourself into this danger else.

*C. Car.* Nay, now you're out: the danger run after me.

*Ruth.* You may dissemble.

*C. Car.* Why, 'tis the proper business here; but we lose time; you and I are left to beget a right understanding: come, which way?

*Ruth.* Whither?

*C. Car.* To your chamber or closet.

*Ruth.* But I am engaged you shall take the covenant.

*C. Car.* No, I never swear when I am bid.

*Ruth.* But you wou'd do as bad.

*C. Car.* That's not against my principles.

*Ruth.* Thank you for your fair opinion, good signior Principle; there lies your way, sir: however, I will own so much kindness for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, to free you from the trouble you were like to fall into; make me a leg, if you please, and cry, thank you; and so the gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right understanding of you.

*C. Car.* No: I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus with flying colours: my pretty commander in chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true state of our treaty. The business in short is this: we differ seemingly upon two evils, and mine the least: and therefore to be chosen: you had better take me, than I take the covenant.

*Ruth.* We'll excuse one another.

*C. Car.* You wou'd not have me take the covenant then?

*Ruth.* No; I did but try you: I forgive your idle looseness, for that firm virtue: be constant to your fair principles, in spite of fortune.

*C. Car.* What's this got into petticoats!—'but d'ye hear; I'll not excuse you from my proposition, not  
'with-

‘withstanding my release: come, we are half way to  
‘a right understanding——nay, I do love thee.

‘*Ruth.* Love virtue: you have but here and there  
‘a patch of it; y’are ragged still.’

*C. Car.* Are you not the Committee *Day’s* daughter?

*Ruth.* Yes: what then?

*C. Car.* Then am I thankful: I had no defence  
against thee and matrimony, but thy own father and  
mother, which are a perfect Committee to my nature.

‘*Ruth.* Why, are you sure I wou’d have match’d  
‘with a malignant, not a compounder neither?’

‘*C. Car.* Nay, I have made thee a jointure against  
‘my will; methinks it were but as reasonable, that I  
‘shou’d do something for my jointure; but by the  
‘way of matrimony honestly to encrease your genera-  
‘tion, this, to tell you truth, is against my conscience.

‘*Ruth.* Yet you wou’d beget right understandings.

‘*C. Car.* Yes, I wou’d have ’em all bastards.

‘*Ruth.* And me a whore.

‘*C. Car.* That’s a coarse name; but ’tis not fit a  
‘Committee-man’s daughter should be too honest, to  
‘the reproach of her father and mother.’

*Ruth.* When the quarrel of this nation is recon-  
ciled, you and I shall agree: till when, fir——

*Enter Teague.*

*Teag.* Are you here then? upon my shoul, the good  
colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to  
the devil, ‘that he is i’faith now.’

*C. Car.* How, taken and carried to the devil!

*Teag.* He desired to go to the devil, ‘that he did;’  
I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid of that.

*C. Car.* I understand it now; what mischief’s this?

*Ruth.* You seem troubled, fir.

*C. Car.* I have but a life to lose, that I am weary  
of, come, *Teague*.

*Ruth.* Hold, you shan’t go before I know the bu-  
siness; what d’ye talk of?

*C. Car.* My friend, my dearest friend is caught up  
by rascally bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern;  
pray let me go.

32 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

*Ruth.* Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

*C. Car.* Yes, I do love you.

*Ruth.* Perhaps I may serve your friend.

*Enter Arbella.*

*O Arbella,* I was going to seek you.

*Arb.* What's the matter?

*Ruth.* The colonel which thou lik'st, is taken by bailiffs; there's his friend too, almost distracted: you know the mercy of these times.

*Arb.* What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

*Ruth.* Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

*Arb.* Look, where he and *Obadiah* come; sent hither by Providence——O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long time? can you find of your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

*Abel.* Assuredly some important affairs constrain'd my absence, as *Obadiah* can testify, *bona fide*.

*Teag.* The devil break your bones a Friday."

*Ob.* I can do so verily, myself being a material party.

*C. Car.* Pox on 'em, how slow they speak!

*Arb.* Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight; I'll not be satisfied with your *bona fide*'s: I have some occasions that call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me, and good *Obadiah* too: you shall not deny me any thing.

*Abel.* It is not meet I should, I am exceedingly exalted. *Obadiah*, thou shalt have the best bargain of all my tenants.

*Ob.* I am thankful.

*C. Car.* What may this mean?

[*Aside.*]

*Arb. Ruth,* how shall we do to keep thy swift mother from pursuing us?

*Ruth.* Let me alone: as I go by the parlour, where she sits, big with expectation, I'll give her a whisper, that



that we are going to fetch the very five hundred pounds.

*Arb.* How can that be?

*Ruth.* No question now. Will you march, sir?

*C. Car.* Whither?

*Ruth.* Lord, how dull these men in love are!—why, to your friend. No more words.

*C. Car.* I will stare upon thee, though. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

*Colonel Blunt brought in by Baliffs.*

1 *Bail.* **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get bail.

*C. Bl.* Why, you unconscionable rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some fees? I'll perish in a dungeon, 'before I'll consume 'with throwing sops to such curs.' "*Before I will 'give you a farthing.*"

1 *Bail.* Cause, chuse: come, along with him.

*C. Bl.* I'll not go your pace neither, rascals; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest gentleman.

1 *Bail.* Very well, surly sir; we will carry you 'where you shall not be troubled what pace to walk; 'you'll find a large bill: blood is dear.

'*C. Bl.* Not yours, is it? a farthing a pint were 'very dear for the best blood you have.'

*Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, Col. Careless, and Obadiah.*

1 *Bail.* How now! are these any of your friends?

*C. Bl.* Never, if you see women; that's a rule.

*Arb.* [*To Abel.*] Nay, you need have no scruple, 'tis a near kinsman of mine; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

*Abel.* But my mother doth not know it.

*Arb.* If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth.* We'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my

kinsman be in prison; he must convey my estate, as you appoint; for 'tis all in him: we must please him.

*Abel.* The consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiab*, 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this gentleman, being a trustee for Mrs. *Arbella*'s estate; tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

*Ob.* I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Abel Day*, the first-born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the committee of sequestration; and I myself by name *Obadiab*, and clerk to the said honourable committee.

*Bail.* Well, sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

*Abel.* Yes, that's I; and I will bail this gentleman; I believe you dare not except against the bail: nay, you shall have *Obadiab*'s too, one that the state trusts.

*Bail.* With all our hearts, sir.—But there are charges to be paid.

*Arb.* Here, *Obadiab*, take this purse and discharge them, and give the bailiffs twenty shillings to drink.

*C. Car.* This is miraculous!

*Bail.* A brave lady!—I'faith, mistress, we'll drink your health.

*Abel.* She's to be my wife, as sure as you are here: what say you to that now?

*Bail.* [*Aside.*] That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the sheriff's deputy is hard by in another room, if you please to go thither, and give your bail, sir.

*Abel.* Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt Abel, Obadiab, and Bailiffs.*]

*C. Car.* Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not a committee-man's daughter, and so consequently against monarchy, two princes shou'd have you and that gentlewoman.

*Ruth.* No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

*C. Car.* Do but swear then, that thou art not the issue of Mr. *Day*; and tho' I know 'tis a lie, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Fie, fie! you can't abide taking of oaths: look, look, how your friend and mine take aim at one another: is he smitten?

*C. Car.* *Cupid* has not such another wounded subject, nay, and is vex'd he is in love too: troth, 'tis partly my own case.

*Ruth.* Peace; she begins, as need requires.

*Arb.* You are free, sir.

*C. Bl.* Not so free as you think.

*Arb.* What hinders it?

*C. Bl.* Nothing, that I'll tell you.

*Arb.* Why, sir?

*C. Bl.* You'll laugh at me.

*Arb.* Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness? pray let me know it.

*C. Bl.* Upon two conditions you shall know it.

*Arb.* Well! make your own laws.

*C. Bl.* First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: pray believe it; you have this acknowledgement from an honest heart, one that would crack a string for you; that's one thing.

*Arb.* Well! the other.

*C. Bl.* The other is only, that I may stand for ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your promise, not to call me back: and upon these terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*, come stand ready, that, at the sign given, we may vanish together.

*Ruth.* If you please, sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

*C. Bl.* Be pleased to forbear, good smart gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and I am just going; by your spleens, leave, a little patience.

*Arb.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Ruth.* I shall contain, sir.

*C. Bl.* That's much for a woman to do.

*Arb.* Now, sir, perform your promise.

*C. Bl.* *Careless*, have you done with your woman?

*C. Car.* Madam —————

*C. Bl.* Nay, I have thank'd her already; pr'y-  
thee no more of that dull way of gratitude: stand ready  
man; yet nearer the door: so, now my misfortune  
that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above  
my sense or reason: so farewell, and laugh. Come,  
*Careless.*

*C. Car.* Ladies, our lives are yours; 'be but so  
'kind as to believe it, till you have something to  
'command.' [Exeunt.

*Ruth.* Was there ever such humour?

*Arb.* As I live, his confession shews nobly.

*Ruth.* It shews madly, I am sure: an ill-bred fel-  
low, not indure a woman to laugh at him!

*Arb.* He's honest, I dare swear.

*Ruth.* That's more than I dare swear for my colonel.

*Arb.* Out upon him.

*Ruth.* Nay, 'tis but for want of a good example;  
I'll make him so.

*Arb.* But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we were horribly to  
blame, that we did not enquire where they lodg'd,  
under pretence of sending to them about their own  
business.

*Ruth.* 'Why, thy whimsical colonel discharg'd him-  
self off like a gun: there was no time between the  
'flashing in the pan, and the going off, to ask a ques-  
'tion: but hark ye.' I have an invention upon the  
old account of the five hundred pounds, which shall  
make *Abel* send his pursuivant, *Obadiab*, to look 'em

*Arb.* Excellent! the trout *Abel* will bite immedi-  
ately at that bait: 'the message shall be as from his  
'Master *Day*, senior, to come and speak with him;  
'they'll think presently, 'tis about their composition,  
'and come certainly. In the mean time, we'll pre-  
'pare them with counter-expectations.'

*Enter Abel and Obadiab.*

*Ruth.* You have it; peace: see where *Abel* and the  
gentle 'squire of low degree, *Obadiab*, approach, hav-  
ing newly enter'd themselves into bonds.

*Arb.* Which I'll be sure to tell his mother, if he be  
ever more troublesome.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* And that he's turn'd an arrant cavalier, by bailing one of the brood.

*Abel.* I have, according to your desires, given freedom to your kinsman and trustee; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have power, in right of me.

*Arb.* Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your authority.

*Ruth.* O fie upon't, brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a business before the gentlemen went. O me, what a sieve-like memory have I! 'twas an important affair too.

*Abel.* If you discover it to me, I shall render you my opinion upon the whole.

*Ruth.* The two gentlemen have repented of their obstinacy, and wou'd now present five hundred pounds to your good honourable mother, to stand their friend, that they may be permitted to take the covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

*Abel.* That was the want of being us'd to important affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their conversion, together with their money.

*Ruth.* Well, there is but one way; 'do you send *Obadiab*, in your father's name, to desire them both to come to his house about some business that will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll take it ill; for they enjoin'd us secrecy; and when they come, let us alone.' *Obadiab* may enquire them out at some tavern.'

*Ob.* The bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil-Tavern, to pay a reckoning.'

*Abel.* Hasten thither, good *Obadiab*, as if you had met my honourable father, and desire them to come unto his house, about an important affair that is for their good.

*Ob.* I shall use expedition. [Exit.

*Abel.* And we will hasten home, lest the gentlemen shou'd be before us, and not know how to address their offers; and then we will hasten our being united in the bonds of matrimony.

58 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

*Arb.* Soft and fair goes far. [*Exit*unt.]

*Enter the two Colonels and Teague at the Tavern.*

*C. Car.* Did ever man get away so crafty from the thing he lik'd? terrible business! afraid to tell a woman what she desir'd to hear. 'I pray heartily that the boys do not come to the knowledge of thy famous retreat; we shall be followed by those small birds, as you have seen an owl pursued.

*C. Bl.* I shall break some of their wings then.

*C. Car.* To leave a handsome woman, a woman that came to be bound body for body for thee! one that does that which no woman will hardly do again.

*C. Bl.* What's that?

*C. Car.* Love thee, and thy blunt humour; a mere chance, man, 'a thing besides all the fortunate stars.

*C. Bl.* You practise your wit to no purpose, I am not to be persuaded to lie still, like a jack-a-lent to be cast at; I had rather be a whisp hung up for a woman to scold at, than a fix'd lover for 'em to point at: your squib began to hiss.'

*Enter Obadiah.*

*C. Car.* Peace, man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his message to us, trow?

*Ob.* Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

*C. Bl.* How's this?

*Ob.* I come unto you in the name of the honourable Mr. Day, who desires to speak with you both about some important affair, which is conducing for your good.

*C. Bl.* What train is this?

*C. Car.* Peace, let us not be rash.—*Teague*

*'Teag.* Well then.'

*C. Car.* Were it not possible that you cou'd entertain this fellow in the next room, 'till he were pretty drunk?

[*Aside.*

*Teag.* I warrant you that now; I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake.

*C. Car.* Be sure, *Teague*——Some business, sir, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us



desire your patience till we dispatch it: in the mean time, sir, do us the favour as to call for a glass of sack, in the next room *Teague* shall wait upon you, and drink your master's health.

*Ob.* It needeth not, nor do I use to drink healths.

*C. Car.* None but your master's, sir, and that by way of remembrance.

*Ob.* We that have the affairs of state under our tuition cannot long delay; my presence may be required for the carrying on the work.

*C. Car.* Nay, sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an hour; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. *Day* presently: pray, sir, drink but one glass or two; we wou'd wait upon you ourselves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

*Ob.* Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

*C. Car.* Go wait upon him,——now, *Teague*, or never.

*Teag.* I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my shoul. [*Exit Teague and Obadiah.*]

*C. Bl.* What a devil shou'd this message mean?

*C. Car.* 'Tis too plain; this cream of committee rascals, who has better intelligence than a state-secretary, has heard of his son *Abel's* being hamper'd, in the cause of the wicked, and in revenge wou'd intice us to perdition.

*C. Bl.* If *Teague* could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

*C. Car.* If the close-hearted rogue will not be open-mouth'd, we'll leave him pawn'd for all our scores, and stuff his pockets with blank commissions.

*C. Bl.* Only fill up one with his master's name.

*C. Car.* And another with his wife's name for adjutant general, together with a bill of ammunition hid under *Day's* house, and make it be digg'd down, with scandal of delinquency. A rascal, to think to invite us into Newgate!

*C. Bl.* Well, we must resolve what to do.

*C. Car.* I have a fancy come into my head, that may produce an admirable scene.

*C. Bl.*

60 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

*C. Bl.* Come, let's hear.

*C. Car.* 'Tis upon supposition, that *Teague* makes him drunk; and, by the way, 'tis a good omen that we have no sober apparition in that wavering posture of frailty; we'll send him home in a sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that good-natur'd condition to the ill-natur'd rascal his master.

*C. Bl.* It will be excellent: how I pray for *Teague* to be victorious!

*Enter Musician.*

*Mus.* Gentlemen, will you have any musick?

*C. Bl.* Pr'ythee no, we are out of tune.

*C. Car.* Pish, we never will be out of humour. Do'st hear, canst sing us a malignant sonnet?

*Mus.* I can sing many songs. You seem honest gentlemen.

*C. Car.* Cavaliers, thou mean'st. Sing without any apprehension.

SONG.

*NOW* the veil is pull'd off, and this pitiful nation  
 ' Too late sees the gull of a Kirk-reformation,  
 ' How all things that shou'd be  
 ' Are turn'd topsy turvy;  
 ' The freedom we have,  
 ' Our prince made a slave,  
 ' And the masters must now turn the waiters.  
 ' The great ones obey,  
 ' While the rascals do sway,  
 ' And the loyal to rebels are traitors.  
 ' The pulpits are crowded with tongues of their own.]  
 ' And the preachers spiritual committee-men grown,  
 ' To denounce sequestration  
 ' On souls of old fashion:  
 ' They rail and they pray,  
 ' 'Till they quite preach away  
 ' The wealth that was once the wise city's.  
 ' The courts in the hall,  
 ' Where the lawyers did bawl,  
 ' Are turn'd into pious committees.

‘ C. Car. This song has rais’d my spirits: here, sing  
 ‘ always for the king; I wou’d have every man in his  
 ‘ way do something for him; I wou’d have fiddlers sing  
 ‘ for him, parsons pray for him, men fight for him,  
 ‘ women scold for him, and children cry for him; and  
 ‘ according to this rule, *Teague* is drinking for him:  
 ‘ But see,’

*Enter Teague and Obadiah drunk.*

‘ See and rejoice where *Teague* with laurel comes.’

C. Bl. And the vanquish’d *Obadiah*, with nothing  
 fix’d about him but his eyes.

‘ C. Car. Stay: sing another song in the behalf of  
 ‘ compounders, if thou canst, that the vapours of the  
 ‘ wine may have full power to ascend up to the firma-  
 ‘ ment of his truly reformed coxcomb.

### ‘ S O N G.

‘ *C*ome, drawer, some wine,  
 ‘ Let it sparkle and shine,  
 ‘ And make its own drops fall a bounding;  
 ‘ Like the hearts it makes light,  
 ‘ Let it flow pure and right,  
 ‘ And a plague take all kind of compounding.

‘ We’ll not be too wise,  
 ‘ Nor try to advise,  
 ‘ How to suffer and gravely despair:  
 ‘ For wisdom and parts  
 ‘ Sit brooding on hearts,  
 ‘ And there they catch nothing but care.

‘ Not a thought shall come in  
 ‘ But what brings our king;  
 ‘ Let committees be damn’d with their gain;  
 ‘ We’ll send by this stealth  
 ‘ To our hearts our king’s health,  
 ‘ And there in despite he shall reign.

[‘ *Obadiah* repeating with him.

‘ C. Car. This is sport beyond modest hopes. How  
 ‘ I will

‘ I will adore sack, that can force this fellow to religion. The rogue is full of worship.’

*Teag.* Well now, upon my shoul, Mr. *Obadiah* sings as well as the man now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* song after me?

*Ob.* I will sing *Irish* for the king now.

*Teag.* I will sing for the king, as well as you. Hark you now. [*He sings an Irish song, and Obadiah tries.*

## S O N G.

*O* H, Teady-foley, you are my darling,  
 You are my looking-glass, both night and morning;  
 I had rather have you without a farthing,  
 Than Bryan Gaulichar, with his house and garden.  
 La, ral lidy.

*O*, Norah, agra, I do not doubt you,  
 And for that reason I kiss and mouth you;  
 And if there was ten and twenty about you,  
 Devil burn me, if I wou’d go without you.  
 Lal, ral lidy.

*Ob.* That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these material matters.

*Teag.* Here now, we will take some snuff for the king—so, there, lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my shoul, Mr. *Obad.* Commit. will make a brave *Irishman*.  
 “Put this in your other nose.”

*Ob.* I will snuff for the king no more. Good Mr. *Teague* give me some more sack, and sing *English*, for my money.

*Teag.* I will tell you that *Irish* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance: Can you play an *Irish* tune? ‘can you play this now?’

‘*Mus.* No, sir; but I can play you an excellent *Irish* jig. [*They dance.*

‘*C. Car.* This is beyond thought! so, this motion, like a tumbled barrel, has set the liquor a working again. Now for a chair.

‘*C. Bl. Drawer!* who waits there?’

‘*Enter*

‘ *Enter Drawer.*

‘ *Drawer.* What d’you want, gentlemen?

‘ *C. Bl.* Call a chair presently, and bring it into this room; here’s a friend of ours overtaken.

‘ *Drawer.* I go, sir.

[*Exit.*

‘ *C. Car. Teague*, thou hast done miracles; thou art a good omen, and hast vanquish’d the cause, in this overthrow of this counterfeit rascal, its true epitome: and now, *Teague*, according to the words of condemnation, we’ll send him to the place from whence he came.

‘ *Teag.* Upon my shoul he’s dead now; shall I howl, as we do in *Ireland*?

‘ *C. Car.* How’s that, *Teague*?

‘ *Teag.* Yo, yo.

[*Howls.*

‘ *C. Car.* No more, good *Teague*, lest you give an alarm to the enemy. Welcome, honest follow; by your looks you seem so.

‘ *Enter Chairmen with a Chair.*

‘ *1 Chair.* How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor soldier *Ned*?

‘ *C. Car.* Why, this is a miraculous pursuit of good fortune! honest *Ned*; what, turn’d chairman?

‘ *1 Chair.* Any thing for bread and beer, noble Colonel: shall I have the honour to carry you?

‘ *C. Car.* No, *Ned*; is thy fellow honest?

‘ *1 Chair.* Or I’d be hang’d before I’d carry an inch with him.

‘ *C. Car.* ’Tis well—Look you, *Ned*, that fellow is Mr. *Day* the committee-man’s clerk, whom with wonderful industry we have made drunk: just as he is, pack him up in thy chair, and immediately transport him to his master *Day*’s house; and in the very hall turn him out. There’s half a crown for thy pains.

‘ *1 Chair.* If I fail, say *Ned*’s a coward: come, shall we put your short-wing’d worship into your mew? Come along.

[*They put him in, and ex.*

‘ *C. Car.* Farewel, *Ned*. *Teague*, come, you must carry some money to one or two confident friends of mine; we’ll pay our reckoning at the bar, then go home

‘home and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way  
 ‘to see our enchanting females once more; they make  
 ‘me so long—— [Exeunt.]

[\* “Dance, Obadiah tumbles down.

“Teag. Obid, Obid! upon my soul I believe he’s dead.

“C. Car. Dead!

“Teag. Dead drunk. Poor Obid is sick, and I  
 “will mull him some wine---I will put some spice in’t.

“[Puts some snuff into the funnel.] Now I will bow  
 “over him as they do in Ireland: oh, oh, oh.

“C. Car. Peace, Teague, you’ll alarm the enemy.  
 “Here’s a shilling, call a chair, and let them carry him

“in this condition to his kind master. If you meet the  
 “ladies, say we wou’d speak with them at the lieutenant’s.

“Teag. Give me the thirteen, and I will give him  
 “an Irish sedan.

“C. Car. How’s that?

“Teag. This way. [Takes him by the heels and  
 “draws him off.] [Exeunt.]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it;  
 many things fall between the lip and the cup.

Mr. D. Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel.  
 Ah, if thou hadst been a man!

Mrs. D. Why then you wou’d have wanted a woman,  
 and a helper too.

Mr. D. I profess so I shou’d, and a notable one  
 too, though I say’t before thy face, and that’s no ill one.

Mrs. D. Come, come, you are wandering from the  
 matter; dispatch the marriage I say, whilst she is thus  
 taken with our Abel. Women are uncertain.

Mr. D. How if she shou’d be coy?

Mrs. D. You are at your ifs again; if she be foolish,  
 tell her plainly what she must trust to, no Abel, no  
 land; plain-dealing’s a jewel: have you the writings  
 drawn as I advised you, which she must sign?

\* Instead of the lines between single commas, after the words  
 “Irish tune;” Page 62, Line 7, from the Bottom, they now perform  
 at the Theatre, those in Italics between double commas.

Mr.



Mr. D. Ay, I warrant you, duck ; here, here they be. O she has a brave estate !

Mrs. D. What news you have !

Mr. D. Look you wife.

[*Day pulls out writings, and lays out his keys.*]

Mrs. D. Pish, teach your grannam to spin ; let me see.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. May it please your honour, your good neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome life : he has made your honour his executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your honours.

Mr. D. Alas, alas ! a good man will leave us. Come, good duck, let us hasten : where is *Obadiab* to usher you ?

Mrs. D. Why, *Obadiab* !—A varlet to be out of the way at such a time ; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, husband, along ; I'll take *Abel* in his place. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Ruth and Arbella.*

Ruth. What's the meaning of this alarm ? there's some carrion discover'd ; the crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The She-*Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiab* : look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind ?

Ruth. As I live, it is the *Day's* bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely :—well——if thou hast any mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what ?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt*.

*Enter Abel.*

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else ; as sure as can be, wench, he's come back for the keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear 'em in confident words, and no less confident countenances.

Abel. An important affair hath called my honourable father and mother forth, and in the absence of *Obadiab* I am enforced to attend their honours ; ' and ' therefore I conceiv'd it right and meet to acquaint ' you with it ; least in my absence you might have ' apprehended, that some mischance had befallen my ' person :

‘person : therefore I desire you to receive consolation :’ and so I bid you heartily farewell. [Exit.

*Arb.* Given from his mouth, this tenth of April.--- He put me in a cruel fright.

*Ruth.* ‘As I live, I am all over in such a dew as hangs about a still, when ’tis first set a going ; but this is better and better : there was never such an opportunity to break prison. I know the very places, the holes in his closet where the composition of your estate lies, and where the deeds of my own estate lie. I have cast my eye upon them often, when I have gone up to him in errands, and to call him to dinner.’ If I miss hang me.

*Arb.* But whither shall we go ?

*Ruth.* To a friend of mine, and of my father’s, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us ; fear not ; and so set up for ourselves, and get our colonels.

*Arb.* Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition we are in, makes me as ready as thou art : come, let’s about it.

*Ruth.* Stay ; do you stand centinel here ; that’s the closet-window ; I’ll call for thee, if I need thee ; and be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy. [Exit.

*Arb.* I warrant thee.—‘May but this departing brother have so much string of life left him, as may tie this expecting *Day* to his bedside, ’till we have committed this honest robbery’——Hark ! what’s that——this apprehension can make a noise when there is none.

*Ruth.* I have ’em, I have ’em ; nay the whole covey, and his seal at arms bearing a dog’s leg. [Above.

*Arb.* Come, make haste then.

‘*Ruth.* As I live, here’s a letter counterfeited from the king, to the rascal his rebellious subject *Day* ; with a remembrance to his discreet wife. Nay, what dost thou think these are ? I’ll but cast my eye upon these papers, that were schismatical, and lay in separation : what do’st think they are ?

‘*Arb.* I can’t tell, nay pr’ythee come away.

‘*Ruth.* Out upon the precise baboon ! they are letters from two wenches ; one for an increase of salary to maintain

‘ maintain his unlawful issue ; another from a wench  
 ‘ that had more conscience than he, and refus’d to  
 ‘ take the physick that he prescrib’d to take away a  
 ‘ natural tympany.

‘ *Arb.* Nay, pr’ythee dispatch.

‘ *Ruth.* Here be abundance more ; come, run up,  
 ‘ and help me carry ’em. We’ll take the whole in-  
 ‘ dex of his rogueries : we shall be furnish’d with  
 ‘ such arms, offensive and defensive, that we shall never  
 ‘ need sue to him for a league. Come, make haste.

‘ *Arb.* I come. [Exit.]

‘ *Enter Chairman with Obadiah in the chair.*

‘ 1 *Chair.* Come, open this portable tomb : ’Slife,  
 ‘ here’s nothing in it ; ferret him, or he’ll never bolt.  
 ‘ It looks as if we had brought a basket hare, to be  
 ‘ set down and hunted.

‘ 2 *Chair.* He’s dead.

‘ 1 *Chair.* Dead drunk, thou mean’st : turn up  
 ‘ the chair, and turn him out, as they do badgers  
 ‘ caught in a sack : shake, man : so, now he fallies.  
 [Obadiah tumbles out of the chair, and sings as at the  
 ‘ tavern, some of the song—then enter Arbella and  
 ‘ Ruth from the closet.]

‘ *Arb.* What’s this ? we are undone.

‘ *Ob.* Mr. Teague, will you dance, Mr. Teague ?

‘ *Ruth.* Put a good face on’t, or give me the van.

‘ O, ’tis Obadiab fallen.

‘ *Arb.* Nay, and cannot rise neither : d’ye hear,  
 ‘ honest friends, was this zealous gentleman your  
 ‘ freight ?

‘ 1 *Chair.* Yes, mistress : two honest gentlemen took  
 ‘ care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken.

‘ *Arb.* It was our colonels, that thought *Day* sent  
 ‘ him to trapan them, as sure as can be.

‘ *Ruth.* No doubt on’t ; how unmerciful they are,  
 ‘ *Arbella*, every minute to do something or other to  
 ‘ encrease our whimfie—Are you paid ?

‘ 1 *Chair.* Yes, mistress.——’Slife, we shall be  
 ‘ paid double.

‘ *Ruth.* Stay, where did you leave the two careful  
 ‘ minded gentlemen.

‘ 1 *Chair.*

‘ *Chair*. Why do you ask, mistress?

‘ *Ruth*. For no hurt. Can’t carry us near the place?

‘ *Chair*. Yes, mistress.—Sure there’s no danger in women.

‘ *Arb*. What do’st mean?

[*To Ruth*.

‘ *Ruth*. The same that thou do’st: to see ’em, if I can.—Is’t near *Temple-Bar*? [Obadiah sings.

‘ *Chair*. Hard by, mistress.

‘ *Ruth*. Come in, there’s my friend lives hard by; fear not, we can never fly so conceal’d—May that nightingale continue his note, ’till the owl *Day* returns to hear him—Come, honest fellow, stop over-against the place where you left the gentlemen; we have some business with them; we’ll pay you, and they’ll thank you: so good night, Mr. *Day*.

‘ *Chair*. I warrant you, mistress. Come along, *Tom*.’

“ *Enter Teague, with Obadiah on his back*.

“ *Teag*. Long life to you, madam; my master is at lieutenant *Story*’s, and wants to speak to you, and that dear creature too.

“ *Arb. and Ruth*. Conduct us to him.

“ *Teag*. Oh, that I will—Come along, and I will follow you.” [Exeunt all but Obadiah.

*Ob*. Some small beer, good Mr. *Teague*.

*Enter as return’d, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel*.

Mr. *D*. He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

Mrs. *D*. I’ll assure you his wife took on grievously; I do not believe she’ll marry this half year.

Mr. *D*. He died full of exhortation. Ha, duck, shoud’st be sorry to lose me?

Mrs. *D*. Lose you! I warrant you you’ll live as long as a better thing—Ah, lord, what’s that?

[Obadiah sings.

Mr. *D*. How now! what’s this? how!—Obadiah—and in a drunken distemper assuredly!

Mrs. *D*. O fie upon’t! who wou’d have believ’d that we shou’d have liv’d to have seen Obadiah overcome with the creature?—Where have you been, firrah?

\* The lines in Italics are now performed at the theatres, instead of the foregoing ones between single commas.

*Ob*.

*Ob.* D—d—drinking the ki—ki—king's health.

*Mr. D.* O terrible! some disgrace put upon us, and shame brought within our walls; I'll go lock up my neighbour's will, and come down and shew him a reproof—How—how—I cannot feel my keys—nor—[*He feels in his pocket, and leaps up*] hear 'em gingle: didst thou see my keys, duck!

*Mrs. D.* Duck me no ducks. I see your keys! see a fool's head of your own: had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth coming: you are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your tail: why don't you go look if you have not left them in the door?

*Mr. D.* I go, I go, duck. [Exit.

*Mrs. D.* Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen creature, who has left his uprightness; carry him to a bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

*Abel.* He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[*He goes to lift him up.*

*Ob.* Stand away, I say, and give me some sack, that I may drink a health to the king, “and let com-  
“mittees be damn'd with their gain.” [*Obadiah sings.*]  
Where's *Mr. Teague*?

*Enter Mr. Day.*

*Mr. D.* Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the door's left open, and all my writings and papers stolen: undone, undone!—*Ruth, Ruth!*

*Mrs. D.* Why *Ruth*, I say! thieves, thieves!

*Enter servant.*

*Serv.* What's the matter! forsooth? here has been no thieves: I have not been a minute out of the house.

*Mrs. D.* Where's *Ruth*, and *Mrs. Arbella*?

*Serv.* I have not seen them a pretty while.

*Mr. D.* 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the writings of both their estates. Undone, undone!

*Mrs. D.* This came with staying for you, [*to Abel.*] coxcomb, we had come back sooner else: you slow drone, we must be undone for your duliness.

*Ob.* Be not in wrath.

*Mrs. D.* I'll wrath you, ye rascal you; I'll teach you, you drunken rascal, and you sober dull man.

*Ob.*

*Ob.* Your feet are swift and violent; their motion will make them fume.

*Mrs. D.* D'ye lie too, ye drunken rascal?

*Mr. D.* Nay patience, good duck, and let's lay out for these women; they are the thieves.

*Mrs. D.* 'Twas you that left your keys upon the table to tempt them: ye need cry, good duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken rascal, ye booby: when he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[*Exeunt Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.*]

*Abel.* I rejoice yet in the midst of my sufferings, that my mistress saw not my rebukes. Come, *Obadiab*, I pray raise yourself upon your feet, and walk.

*Ob.* Have you taken the covenant? that's the question.

*Abel.* Yea.

*Ob.* And will you drink a health to the king; that's t'other question.

*Abel.* Make not thyself a scorn.

*Ob.* Scorn in my face! void, young Satan.

*Abel.* I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

*Ob.* Stand off, and you shall perceive by my steadfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now——so, softly, softly; gently, good *Obadiab*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink: So, gently and uprightly, *Obadiab*.

[*He moves his legs, but keeps in the same place.*]

*Abel.* You do not move.

*Ob.* Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

[*Enter Mrs. Day.*]

*Mrs. D.* What, stay all day? there's for you, sir; [*To Abel.*] you are a sweet youth to leave in trust; along, you drunken rascal; [*To Obadiab.*] Ill set you both forward.

*Ob.* The Philistines are upon us, and day is broke loose from darkness, high keeping has made her fierce.

[*She beats 'em off.*]

*Mrs. D.* Out, you drunken rascal: I'll make you move, you beast.

[*Exeunt.*]



## A C T. V.

\* *Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on*  
 ' Teague.

\* *Book.* COME along, fir; I'll teach you to take co-  
 ' venants.

\* *Teag.* Will you teach me then? Did I not take it  
 \* then? Why will you teach me now?

\* *Book.* You shall pay dearly for the blows you  
 \* struck me, my wild *Irish*, by *St. Patrick*, you shall.

\* *Teag.* What have you now to do with *St. Patrick*?  
 \* he will scorn your covenant.

\* *Book.* I'll put you, fir, where you shall have worse  
 \* liquor than your bonny-clabber.

\* *Teag.* Bonny-clabber! By my godship's hand now  
 \* you are a rascal if you do not love bonny-clabber,  
 \* and I will break your pate if you will not let me go  
 \* to my master.

\* *Book.* O you are an impudent rascal. Come,  
 \* away with him.

*Enter C. Careless.*

\* *C. Car.* How now!—hold, my friend; whither  
 \* do you carry my servant?

\* *Book.* I have arrested him, fir, for striking me, and  
 \* taking away my books.

\* *C. Car.* What has he taken away?

\* *Book.* Nay, the value of the thing is not much,  
 \* 'twas the covenant, fir.

\* *Teag.* Well, I did take the covenant, and my  
 \* master took it from me; and we have taken the  
 \* covenant then, have we not?

\* *C. Car.* Here, honest fellow, here's more than  
 \* thy covenant's worth; here, bailiffs, here's for you  
 \* to drink.

\* *Book.* Well, fir, you seem an honest gentleman;  
 \* for your sake, and in hopes of your custom, I release  
 \* him.

\* *Bail.* Thank ye, noble fir. [*Ex. Books. and Bail.*]

\* *C. Car.* Farewel, my noble friends———so———  
 d'ye

'd'ye hear, *Teague* pray take no more covenants.'  
 — Have you paid the money I sent you with?

*Teag.* Yes; but I will carry no more, look you there now.

*C. Car.* Why, *Teague*?

*Teag.* God sa' my shoul now, I shall run away with it.

*C. Car.* Pish, thou art too honest.

*Teag.* That I am too upon my shoul now; but the devil is not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone when I was going; but he made go to this little long place; and t'other little long place; and upon my shoul was carrying me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by a dirty place like a lough now; and therefore I know now it was the way to *Ireland*: then I wou'd stand still, and then he wou'd make me go on; and then I wou'd go to one side, and he wou'd make me go to t'other side; and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my shoul the devil cou'd not catch me; and then I did pay the mony: but I will carry no more mony now that I will not.

*C. Car.* But thou shal't, *Teague*, when I have more to send; thou art proof now against temptations.

*Teag.* Well then, if you send me with mony again, and if I do not come to thee upon the time, the devil will make me be gone then with the mony: here's a paper for thee, 'tis a quit way indeed.

*C. Car.* That's well said, *Teague*.—— [*Reads.*

*Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and soldiers.*

*Ob.* See, fir, Providence hath directed us; there is one of them that cloathed me with shame, and the most malignant among the wicked.

*Mr. D.* Soldiers, seize him: I charge him with treason; here's a warrant to the keeper, as I told you.

'1 *Sold.* Nay, no resistance now.'

*C. Car.* What's the matter, rascals?

*Mr. D.* You shall know that to you cost hereafter: away with him.

*C. Car.* *Teague*, tell 'em I shall not come home to night: I am engag'd.

*Teag.*

*Teag.* I pr'ythee bent engag'd.

*C. Car.* Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

*Mr. D.* That will appear, sir;—away with him.

*Teag.* What will you do with my master now?

*Mr. D.* Be quiet, sir, or you shall go with him.

*Teag.* That I will, for all you now, "*you old fool.*"

*C. Car. Teague, come hither.*

*Teag. Sir?*

*C. Car. Here, take this key, open my bureau, and burn all the papers you find there; and here, burn this letter.*

*Teag. Pray, give me that pretty, clean letter, to send my mother.*" "Must not I go with you then?"

*C. Car.* No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

*Mr. D.* Away with him: we will be aveng'd on the scorner; and I'll go home and tell my duck this part of my good fortune. [Exeun.]

*Enter Chairman with Sedan, women come out.*

*Ruth.* So far we are right.—Now, honest fellow, step over, and tell the two gentlemen, that we two women desire to speak with them."

*Enter C. Blunt and Lieutenant.*

*Chair.* See, mistress, here's one of them."

*Ruth.* That's thy Colonel, *Arbella*; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

*Arb.* What shou'd I do?

*Ruth.* Put forth some good words, 'as they use to shake oats when they go to catch a skittish jade.' Advance.

*Arb. Sir.*

*C. Bl. Lady*——'tis she.

*Arb.* I wish, sir, that my friend and I had some conveniency of speaking with you; we now want the assistance of some noble friend.

*C. Bl.* Then I am happy. Bring me but to do something for you; I wou'd have my actions talk, not I: my friend will be here immediately: I dare speak for him too——pardon my last confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had said.—

D

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* To make affidavit of it.

*C. Bl.* Good over-charged gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

*Arb.* Pr'ythee peace : can'st thou be merry, and we in this condition ?——Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy : if we might withdraw any whither out of sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the business.

*Lieu.* My house, ladies, is at that door, where both the Colonels lodge : pray command it. Colonel *Careless* will immediately be here.

*Enter Teague.*

*Teag.* ' Well now, ' " *he will not come ;* " my good master will not come ; that Commit rogue *Day* has got him with men in red coats, and he is gone to prison here below this street ; he wou'd not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come to tell thee now.

*Ruth.* O my heart——tears, by your leave awhile——[*wipes her eyes.*] D'ye hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'll use ; ' accept of ' this gentleman's house, there let me find thee, I'll ' try my skill ; nay, talk not.' [Exit.

*C. Bl.* *Careless* in prison ! pardon me madam ; I must leave you for a little while ; pray be confident ; ' this honest friend of mine will use you with all respects 'till I return.'

*Arb.* What do you mean to do, sir ?

*C. Bl.* I cannot tell ; yet I must attempt something ; you shall have a sudden account of all things. You say you dare believe ; pray be as good as your word ; and whatever accident befalls me, know I love you dearly : ' why do you weep ?

' *Arb.* Do not run yourself into a needless danger.

' *C. Bl.* How ! d'ye weep for me ? pray let me see : ' never woman did so before, that I know of. I am ' ravish'd with it ; the round gaping earth ne'er suck'd ' showers so greedily, as my heart drinks these : pray ' if you love me, be but so good and kind as to confess it.

' *Arb.* Do not ask what you may tell yourself.

' *C. Bl.* I must go ; honour and friendship call me. ' Here, dear Lieutenant, I never had a jewel but this ; ' use

‘use it as right ones shou’d be used; do not breath  
‘upon it, but gaze as I do,—hold—one word  
‘more; the soldier that you often talk’d of to me is  
‘he still honest?

‘*Lieu.* Most perfectly.

‘*C. Bl.* And I may trust him?

‘*Lieu.* With your life.

‘*C. Bl.* Enough,—pray let me leave my last  
‘looks fix’d upon you——so I love you, and am  
‘honest. Be careful, good Lieutenant, of this trea-  
‘sure——she weeps still’——I cannot go, and yet  
I must. ——— [Exit.

*Lieu.* Madam, pray let my house be honoured with  
you; be confident of all respect and faith.

‘*Arb.* What uncertainties pursue my love and for-  
tune!’ [Exeunt.

*Enter Ruth with a soldier.*

*Ruth.* Come, give me the bundle; so, now the ha-  
bit; ’tis well, there’s for your pains! be secret, and  
wait where I appointed you.

*Sol.* If I fail, may I die in a ditch, and there lie,  
and out-stink it, [Exit.

*Ruth.* Now for my wild Colonel; ‘first, here’s a  
‘note with my Lady Day’s seal to it, for his release;  
‘if that fails (as he that will shoot at these rascals must  
‘have two strings to his bow) then here’s my red-coat’s  
‘skin to disguise him, and a string to draw up a ladder  
‘of cords, which I have prepared against it grows dark;  
‘one of them will hit sure. I must have him out, and  
‘I must have him when he is out: I have no patience  
‘to expect.’ Within there——ho——

*Enter Keeper.*

*Ruth.* Have not you a prisoner, sir, in your custody,  
one Colonel *Careless*?

*Keep.* Yes, mistress; and committed by your father,  
Mr. Day.

‘*Ruth.* I know it; but there was a mistake in it;  
‘here’s a warrant for his delivery, under his hand and  
‘seal.

‘*Keep.* I wou’d willingly obey it, mistress; but  
‘there’s

‘ there’s a general order come from above, that all the king’s party shou’d be kept close, and none releas’d but by the states order.’

*Ruth.* ‘ This goes ill.’——May I speak with him, fir ?

*Keep.* Very freely, mistress ; there’s no order to forbid any to come to him : to say truth, ’tis the most pleasant’t gentleman.——I’ll call him forth. [*Exit.*

*Ruth.* O’ my conscience every thing must be in love with him ; now for my last hopes ; if this fail, I’ll use the ropes myself.

*Enter Keeper and Careless.*

*C. Car.* Mr. *Day*’s daughter speak with me ?

*Keep.* Ay, fir, there she is. [*Exit.*

*Ruth.* O fir, does the name of Mr. *Day*’s daughter trouble you ? you love the gentlewoman, but hate his daughter.

*C. Car.* Yes, I do love that gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

*Ruth.* And the gentlewoman loves you : but what luck this is, that *Day*’s daughter shou’d ever be with her, to spoil all !

*C. Car.* Not a whit, one way ; I have a pretty room within, dark, and convenient.

*Ruth.* For what ?

*C. Car.* For you and I to give counter-security for our kindness to one another.

*Ruth.* But Mr. *Day*’s daughter will be there too.

*C. Car.* ’Tis dark ; we’ll ne’er see her.

*Ruth.* You care not who you are wicked with ; methinks a prison shou’d tame you.

‘ *C. Car.* Why, d’ye think a prison takes away blood and fight ? as long as I am so qualified, I am touchwood, and whenever you bring fire, I shall fail a burning.

‘ *Ruth.* And you wou’d quench it.

‘ *C. Car.* And you shall kindle it again.

‘ *Ruth.* No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a coal, black as dishonest love.’

*C. Car.*



*C. Car.* Is this your business? did you come to disturb my contemplations with a sermon? is this all?

*Ruth.* One thing more: I love you, it's true; but I love you honestly: if you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free you from prison, and run all fortunes with you.

*C. Car.* Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of ways; if 'I cou'd not, freedom were no bait; were it from death I shou'd despise your offer, to bargain for a lie.'

——But——

*Ruth.* Oh noble——but what?

*C. Car.* The name of that rascal that got thee; yet I lie too, he ne'er got a limb of thee. Pox on't, thy mother was as unlucky to bear thee: but how shall we save that? Take off but these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy smock; but to have such a flaw in my title——

*Ruth.* Can I help nature?

*C. Car.* Or I honour? Why, hark you now, do but swear me into a pretence, do but betray me with an oath, that thou wert not begot on the body of *Gillian*, my father's kitchen-maid.

*Ruth.* Who's that?

*C. Car.* Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

*Ruth.* Will you believe me if I swear?

*C. Car.* Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

*Ruth.* I swear then by all that's good, I am not their daughter.

*C. Car.* Poor kind perjur'd pretty one, I am beholden to thee; woud'st damn thy self for me?

*Ruth.* You are mistaken: I have try'd you fully; 'you are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to virtuous principles:' my name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*, but plain *Ann*, daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*; 'one perhaps that you have heard of, since in the world he has still had so loud and fair a character:' 'tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an infant, and my estate, into his power, and made

me pass for his own daughter, my father dying when I was but two years old. 'This I knew but lately, by 'an unexpected meeting of an ancient servant of my 'father's.' But two hours since *Arbella* and I found an opportunity of stealing away all the writings that belong'd to my estate, and her composition: in our flight we met your friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty; which if I can do, you have an estate, for I have mine.

*C. Car.* Thou more than——

*Ruth.* No, no, no raptures at this time; here's your disguise, purchas'd from a true-hearted red-coat 'here's 'a bundle!' Let this line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a ladder of ropes; 'if the ladder 'of ropes be done sooner, I'll send it by a soldier that 'I dare trust; and you may. Your window's large 'enough.' As soon as you receive it, come down; 'if 'not, when 'tis dusk, let down your line,' and at the bottom of the window you shall find yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

*C. Car.* I'll leap into thy arms.——

*Ruth.* So you may break you neck: If you do, I'll jump too. But time steals on our words; observe all I have told you: so farewell——

*C. Car.* Nay, as the good fellows use to say, let us not part with dry lips—— One kiss.

*Ruth.* Not a bit of me, till I am all yours.

*C. Car.* Your hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor compounder.

*Ruth.* Pish there's a dirty glove upon't.——

'*C. Car.* Give me but any naked part, and I'll kiss it 'as a snail creeps, and leave sign where my lips slid 'along——

'*Ruth.* Good snail, get out of your hole first, think of 'your business. So fare——

*C. Car.* Nay, pr'ythee be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid, I am a man; but I'm as arrant a rogue, as thy *Quondam* father *Day*, if I cou'd not cry to leave thee a brace of minutes.

*Ruth.* Away; we grow foolish——farewell——yet be careful——nay, go in.

*C. Car.*

*C. Car.* Do you go first.

*Ruth.* Nay, he, go in.

*C. Car.* We'll fairly then divide the victory, and draw off together. — So — I will have the last look.

*[Exeunt severally, looking at one another.]*

*Enter C. Blunt and Soldier.*

*C. Bl.* No more words ; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. may I live to thank thee better.

*Sol.* I scorn any encouragement to love my king, or those that serve him. I took pay under these people, with a design to do him service; the Lieutenant knows it.

*C. Bl.* He has told me so : no more words : thou art a noble fellow : thou art sure his window's large enough ?

*Sol.* Fear it not.

*C. Bl.* Here then, carry him this ladder of ropes : sit ; now give me the coat ; say not a word to him, but bid him dispatch when he sees the coast clear ; he shall be waited for at the bottom of his window. Give him thy sword too, if he desires it.

*Sol.* I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your place. *[Exit.]*

*C. Bl.* I warrant ye.

*Enter Teague.*

*Teag.* Have you done every thing then ? By my shoul now, yonder is the man with the hard name ; that man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* rascal ; he is coming along there behind, now upon my shoul that he is.

*C. Bl.* The rascal comes for some mischief. *Teague*, now or never play the man.

*Teag.* How shou'd I be a man then ?

*C. Bl.* Thy master is never to be got out, if this rogue gets hither ; meet him therefore, *Teague*, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, and it shall be call'd the second edition of *Obladia*, put forth with *Irish* notes upon him ; and if he will not go drink with thee —

*Teag.* I will carry him upon my back-side, if he will not go ; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my sweet master now that I will.

*C. Bl.*

C. *Bl.* Dispatch, good *Teague*; and dispath him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in triumph to Lieutenant *Story's*, there shall be the general rendezvous: now, or never, *Teague*.

*Teag.* I warrant you, I will get drink into his pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: he shall not come after you now. [*Exit.*]

'C. *Bl.* Goodluck go with thee! the fellow's faithful and stout; that fear's over: now to my station. [*Exit.*]

'C. *Careless as in prison.*

'C. *Car.* The time's almost come: how flow it flutters. My desires are better wing'd: how I long to counterfeit a faintness when I come to the bottom, and sink into the arms of this dear witty fair!——  
'Ha, who's this?

'*Enter Soldier.*

'*Sol.* Here, fir, here's a ladder of ropes, fasten it to your window, and descend: you shall be waited for.

'C. *Car.* The careful creature has sent it—but d'ye hear, fir, cou'd you not spare that implement by your fide! it might serve to keep off small curs.

'*Sol.* You'll have no need on't, but there it is; make haste, the coast is clear. [*Exit.*]

'C. *Car.* O this pretty she Captain General over my soul and body; the thought of her musters every faculty I have: she has sent the ropes, and stays for me; no dancier of the ropes ever slid down with that swiftness (or desire of haste) that I will make to thee. [*Exit.*]

'*Enter Blunt in his soldier's coat.*

'C. *Bl.* All's quiet, and the coast clear; so far it goes well; that is the window; in this nook I'll stand, 'till I see him coming down. [*Steps in.*]

'C. *Careless above, in his soldiers habit, lets down the ladder of ropes, and speaks.*

'C. *Car.* I cannot see my north star that I must sail by; 'tis clouded: perhaps she stands close in some corner; I'll not trifle time: all's clear. Fortune forbear thy tricks, but for this small occasion.'

*Enter*

*Enter Blunt.*

C. *Bl.* What's! a soldier in the place of *Careless*? I am betray'd, but I'll end this rascal's duty.

C. *Car.* How, a soldier!—betray'd! this rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. *Bl.* Dog.

C. *Car.* How, *Blunt*?

C. *Bl.* *Careless*!

C. *Car.* You guess shrewdly; plague, what contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another?

C. *Bl.* How the devil got you a soldier's habit?

C. *Car.* The same friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you—This kind gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is; I was just ready to be suspicious.

*Enter Ruth, with a ladder of ropes.*

*Ruth.* Who's there?

C. *Car.* Two notable charging red-coats.

*Ruth.* As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiss it. 'What have you in your lap?'

*Ruth.* 'The ladder of ropes:' How in the name of wonder got you hither?

C. *Car.* Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and came down by it.

C. *Bl.* Then the mistake is plainer 'twas that I sent the soldier with the ropes.

*Ruth.* What an escape was this! come let's lose no time; here's no place to explain matters in.

C. *Car.* I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deceive thee.

*Ruth.* Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me; 'put on your plainest garb; not 'like a dancing master, with you toes out. Come 'along. [*Ruth pulls their hats over their eyes.*] Hang 'down your head as if you wanted pay. So.' [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.*

Mrs. *D.* Are you sure of this, neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. *Ch.* I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a nose to my face.

Mrs. *D.* Is my—

Mr. *D.*

Mr. D. Ay! is my——

Mrs. D. You may give one leave; methinks, to ask out one question. Is my daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. Cb. She was not, when I saw Mrs. *Arbella* last. I have not been so often at your honour's house, but that I know Mrs. *Arbella*, the rich heiress, that Mr. *Abel* was to have had, good gentleman, if he has his due: they never suspected me; for I us'd to buy things of my neighbour *Story*, before she married the lieutenant; and stepping in to see Mrs. *Story* that now is, my neighbour *Wisp-well* that was, I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. *Arbella*: and I warrant Mrs. *Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. D. Let me advise then, husband.

Mr. D. Do, good duck; I'll warrant 'em——

Mrs. D. You'll warrant, when I have done the business.

Mr. D. I mean so, duck.

Mrs. D. Well! pray spare your meaning too: first then we'll go ourselves in person to this *Story's* house, and in the mean time send *Abel* for soldiers; and when he has brought the soldiers, let them stay at the door, and come up himself; and then if fair means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. D. Excellent well advised, sweet duck; ah! let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*; and observe thy mother's directions. Remember the place: We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their tricks.

*Abel*, I shall perform it.

Mrs. D. Come along, neighbour, and shew us the best way; 'and by and by we shall have news from ' *Obadiab*, who is gone to give the other colonel's goaler a double charge, to keep the wild youth close. 'Come, husband, let's hasten.' Mrs. *Chat*, the state shall know what good service you have done.

Mrs. Cb. I thank your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.*

*Lieu.* Pray, madam, weep no more! spare you tears 'till you know they have miscarried.

'*Arb.* 'Tis a woman, sir, that weeps! we want 'mens reasons, and their courage to practise with.



*Lieu.* Look up, madam, and meet your unexpected joys!

*Enter Ruth, C. Careless, and C. Blunt.*

*Arb.* Oh, my dear friend! my dear, dear *Ruth*!

*C. Car.* Pray, none of these phlegmatic hugs; there, take your colonel; my captain and I can hug afresh every minute.

*Ruth.* When did we hug last, good soldier?

*C. Car.* I have done nothing but hug thee in fancy, ever since you *Ruth* turn'd *Annice*.

*Arb.* You are welcome, sir: I cannot deny I shar'd in all your danger.

*Lieu.* If she had deny'd it, colonel, I would have betray'd her.

*C. Bl.* I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

*Arb.* Now can't I say I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too.

*Ruth.* Keep't in and choak yourself, or get the rising of the lights.

*Arb.* What shall I say?

*Ruth.* Say something, or he'll vanish.

*C. Bl.* D'ye not believe I love you? or can't you love me? Not a word.—Cou'd you—but—

*Arb.* No more; I'll save you the labour of courtship, which shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest natures: it is enough; I know you love me.

*C. Bl.* Or may I perish, whilst I am swearing it.

*Enter Prentice.*

*Lieu.* How now, *Jack*?

*Boy.* O master, undone! here's Mr. *Day* the committee-man, and his fierce wife, come into the shop: Mrs. *Chat* brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. *Arbella*, and their daughter *Ruth*, is here: deny 'em if you dare, they say.

*Lieu.* Go down, boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. [*Exit Boy.*] 'This pure jade, my neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what shall I do? I warrant the rascal has soldiers at his heels. I think I cou'd help the colonels out at a back door.

*C. Bl.*

84 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

'C. Bl. I'd die rather by my *Arbella*; now you shall see I love you.

'C. Car. Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.'

*Ruth*. Come, be chearful; I'll defend you all against the assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-General *Day*, his new drawn-up wife. Give me my ammunition, [*To Arbella*.] the papers, woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more graves but one.

'C. Bl. 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

*Ruth*. 'Go fetch 'em in, lieutenant. [*Exit Lieu.*'] Stand you all drawn up as my reserve—so—I for the forlorn hope:

'C. Car. That we had *Teague* here! to quarrel with the female triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the male *Day* out of the window. Hark, I hear the troop marching; I know the she *Day*'s stamp, among the 'tramples of a regiment.'

*Arb*. They come, wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a volley.

*Ruth*. They'll not stand the first charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

'C. Car. Wou'd 'twere his neck were broke.

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. D.* Ah, ah! my fine-run-aways, have I found you? what, you think my husband's honour lives without intelligence. Marry come up.

*Mr. D.* My duck tells you how 'tis——We——

*Mrs. D.* Why then let your duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence; else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the nation quiet; but if you, *Mrs. Arbella*, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

*Ruth*. *Anne*, if you please.

*Mrs. D.* Who gave you that name, pray?

*Ruth*. My godfathers and godmothers;—on, forsooth, I can answer a leaf farther.

*Mr. D.* Duck, good duck, a word; I do not like this name *Annice*.

Mrs. D. You are ever in a fright, with a shrivell'd heart of your own. — Well, gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our wardships: I hope Mr. Abel is well.

Mrs. D. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

C. Car. That is, with myrmidons: come, good Anne, no more delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious Abel approaches with his red-coats, who perhaps are now marching under the conduct of that expert captain in weighty matters; know the articles of our treaty are only these: this *Arbella* will keep her estate, and not marry Abel, but this gentleman; and I Anne, daughter to Sir Basil Thorowgood, and not Ruth, as has been thought, have taken my own estate, together with this gentleman, for better for worse: we were modest, tho' thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. D. Yes, gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my husband can prove; it may cost you your necks if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. D. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one word in private with my father Day?

Mrs. D. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? oh, 'tis father Day, now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, sir; how long is't since you have practise'd physick? [Takes him aside.

Mr. D. Physick! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean physick; look ye, here's a small prescription of yours: d'ye know this hand-writing?

Mr. D. I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked world for want of your preventing dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more conscience than you have.

Mr. D. Peace, good Mrs. Anne: I am undone, if you betray me.

*Enter Abel, goes to his father.*

*Abel.* The soldiers are come.

Mr. D. Go and fend 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. D. Are the soldiers come, *Abel*?

*Abel.* Yes, but my father biddeth me fend them away.

Mr. D. No, not without your opinion, duck; but since they have but their own, I think, duck, if we were all friends——

Mrs. D. O, are you at your *ifs* again? d'you think they shall make a fool of me, though they make an ass of you? Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit; call up the soldiers, *Abel*.

*Ruth.* Why, your fierce honour shall know the business that makes the wise Mr. Day inclinable to friendship.

Mr. D. Nay, good sweat-heart, come, I pray let us be friends.

Mrs. D. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your credit and reputation upon my council and labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. D. Nay, good sweet duck, I confess I owe all to thy wisdom, good gentlemen, persuade my duck, that we may be all friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the husband of thy bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty: say it were a wench, or so?

*Ruth.* As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have sport.

[*Aside,*

Mrs. D. How, a wench, a wench! out upon the hypocrite. A wench! was not I sufficient? a wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the soldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car. Stay, good *Abel*; march not off so hastily.'

*Arb.* Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover, you are in bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a step.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* D'ye hear, Mrs. *Day*, be not so furious, hold your peace; you may divulge your husband's shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of authority, nay and have him try'd for his life: read this. Remember too I know of your bribery and cheating, and something else: you guess: be friends, and forgive one another. Here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to bestow preferment upon Mr. *Day*, if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozened your brother cheats; in which he was to remember his service to you. I believe 'twas your indistincting: you are the committee-man. 'Tis your best way (nay, never demur) to kiss and be friends. Now, if you can contrive handsomely to cozen those that cozen all the world, and get these gentlemen to come by their estates easily, and without taking the covenant, the old sum of five hundred pounds, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

*Mrs. D.* We will endeavour.

*Ruth.* Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, pray let's all be friends.

*Arb.* With all my heart.

*Ruth.* Brother *Abel*, the bird is flown; but you shall be released from your bonds.

*Abel.* I bear my afflictions as I may.

*Enter Teague leading Obadiah in a halter, 'and a musician.'*

*Teag.* What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. *Tay*? Well, I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, 'that I will,' "or think of the mustard pot."

*C. Car.* No, good *Teague*, there's no need of thy message now; but why dost thou lead *Obadiab* thus?

*Teag.* Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you here Mrs. *Tay*, here's your man *Obadiab*, do you see 'that now?' He would not let me make him drunk, 'no more, that he wou'd not;' so, I did 'take him in this string, 'and I did tell him, if he 'did make noises, I wou'd put this knife into him, 'that I wou'd upon my shoul.' "and I am going to "choak him."

*C. Bl.*

C. Bl. Honest Teague, thy master is beholden to thee in some measure for his liberty.

C. Car. Teague, I shall requite thy honesty.

Teag. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a rogue now, who would not be drunk, 'that he wou'd not,'  
"for the king."

Ob. I do beseech you, gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

"Teag. You shall be brought to the gallows, you thief  
"o' the world."

C. Car. No: poor Teague, 'tis enough; we are all friends; come, let him go.

Teag, "Are you all friends," 'well, he shall go  
'then; but you shall love the king, or I will hang  
'you another time, that I will by my shoul, "then here,  
"little Obid, take this string, and go hang yourself."  
'Well, look you here now, here is the man that sung  
'you the song, that he is; I met him as I came, and  
'I bid him come hither and sing for the king, that I  
'did.'

'C. Car. D'ye hear, my friend, [*To the musician*]  
'is any of your companions with you?

Mus. Yes, fir.

'C. Car. As I live, we'll all dance; it shall be the  
'celebration of our weddings: nay, Mr. Day, as  
'we hope to continue friends, you and your duck  
'shall trip it too.

'Teag. Ay by my shoul will we; Obadiab shall be  
'my woman too, and you shall dance for the king,  
'that you shall.

'C. Car. Go, and strike up then: no chiding now,  
'Mrs. Day; come, you must not be refractory for  
'once.

'Mrs. D. Well, husband, since these gentlemen  
'will have it so, and that they may perceive we are  
'friends, dance.

'C. Bl. Now, Mr. Day, to your business; get it  
'done as soon as you will, the five hundred pounds  
'shall be ready.'

'C. Car. 'So, friends;' thanks, honest Teague;  
thou



thou shalt flourish in a new livery for this. Now, Mrs. Annice, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. Day.

If you will have good luck in every thing,  
Turn cavalier, and cry, God blefs the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE

## EPILOGUE.

*B*UT now the greatest thing is left to do,  
More just Committee, to compound with you;  
For, till your equal censures shall be known,  
The poet's under Sequestration:  
He has no title to his small estate  
Of wit, unless you please to set the rate.  
Accept this half year's purchase of his wit,  
For in the compass of that time 'twas writ:  
Not that this is enough; he'll pay you more,  
If you yourselves believe him not too poor:  
For 'tis your judgment gives him wealth; in this,  
He's just as rich as you believe he is.  
Wou'd all Committees cou'd have done like you,  
Made men more rich, and by their payments too.

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*Taylor sculp. del.*

*Goldar sculp.*

**M<sup>R</sup> WOODWARD as BOBADIL.**

Bob. What a plague! ——— what mean't He?  
 Who's there? ——— take away the Bason Good Hostess

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*E V E R Y   M A N*

IN HIS

*H U M O U R.*

A

*C O M E D Y.*

WRITTEN BY

*B E N   J O H N S O N.*

WITH

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS

By *D. G A R R I C K.*

Marked with the Variations in the

*M A N A G E R's   B O O K,*

AT THE

*Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*



*L O N D O N:*

Printed for T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON; W. NICOLL;  
and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

✂ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 9 to 20 in Page 7. ——— Also the additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by italics, between inverted commas, as in Line 31 in Page 20.

# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

**C**RITICKS, your favour is our author's right—  
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night  
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,  
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;  
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd  
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—  
And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim,  
Shou'd his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,  
Not to his labours granted, but his name. }  
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,  
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,  
“ Or purchase their delight at such a rate,  
“ As, for it, he himself must justly hate :  
“ But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see  
“ From him, such plays as other plays shou'd be :  
“ Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,  
“ And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men.”  
Thus spoke the bard—and tho' the times are chang'd,  
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd ;  
And satire had not then appear'd in state,  
To lash the finer follies of the great,  
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,  
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd ;  
With no false niceness this performance view,  
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true :  
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,  
Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakespeare play'd :  
Nature was nature then, and still survives :  
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,  
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,  
His pictur'd self—Then favour the deceit—  
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;  
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

# Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.	AT DRURY-LANE.	AT COVENT GARDEN.
Kitely, <i>a merchant,</i>	—	Mr. WOODWARD.
Captain Bobadil,	—	Mr. HULL.
Kno'well, <i>an old gentleman,</i>	—	Mr. L. LEWES.
Ed. Kno'well, <i>his son,</i>	—	Mr. DUNSTALL.
Brain-worm, <i>the father's man,</i>	—	Mr. SHUTER.
Mr. Stephen, <i>a country gull,</i>	—	Mr. GARDINER.
Downright, <i>a plain Squire,</i>	—	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Well-bred, <i>his half-brother,</i>	—	Mr. KNIVETON.
Justice Clement, <i>an old merry magistrate,</i>	—	Mr. BAKER.
Roger Formal, <i>his clerk,</i>	—	Mr. CUSHING.
Mr. Mathew, <i>the town gull,</i>	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Cash, <i>Kitely's man,</i>	—	Mr. BATES.
Cob, <i>a water-bearer,</i>	—	

W O M E N.	Mrs. GREVILLE.	Mrs. BULKLEY.
Dame Kitely,	—	Mrs. BAKER.
Mrs. Bridget, <i>sister to Kitely,</i>	—	Mrs. PITT.
Tib, <i>his wife,</i>	—	

S C E N E I. O N D O N

# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

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## A C T I.

SCENE, *A court-yard before Kno'well's House.*

*Enter Kno'well and Brain-worm.*

*Kno'well.* **A** Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! *Brain-worm,*

Call up your young master: Bid him rise, fir.  
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

*Brai.* I will, fir, presently.

*Kno.* But hear you, firrah,  
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

*Brai.* Well fir.

*[Exit.]*

*Kno.* How happy yet, should I esteem myself,  
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy  
From one vain course of study, he affects.  
He is a scholar, if a man may trust  
The liberal voice of Fame, in her report,  
Of good account in both our *Universities*,  
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:  
But their indulgence must not spring in me  
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.  
Myself was once a student, and, indeed,  
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,  
Dreaming on naught but idle *Poetry*,  
That fruitless, and unprofitable art;  
Good unto none, but least to the professors,  
Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge:  
But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,  
And reason taught me better to distinguish  
The vain from th' useful learnings.

*Enter Master Stephen.*

Cousin *Stephen!*

What news with you, that you are here so early?

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*Step.*

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*Step.* Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

*Kno.* That's kindly done, you are welcome, Coz.

*Step.* Ay, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin *Edward*, uncle?

*Kno.* O, well Coz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

*Step.* Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e're a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

*Kno.* Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

*Step.* No wusse, but I'll practise against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing, but a book to keep it by.

*Kno.* O, most ridiculous.

*Step.* Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the *Greek*, or the *Latin*. He is for no gallants company without 'em: And by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a comfort for every *Hum-drum*, hang 'em scroyles, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it? because I dwell at *Hogsdon*, I shall keep company with none but the archers of *Finsbury*, or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington* ponds? A fine jest i' faith: slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

*Kno.* You are a prodigal absurd coxcomb: Go to. Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!

Well cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all reclaim: Ay, so, now you are told on it,

You



# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

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You look another way.

*Step.* What would you ha' me do ?

*Kno.* What would I have you do ? I'll tell you, kinfman ;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,  
That would I have you do : And not to spend  
You coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humours you.

' I would not have you to invade each place,  
' Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
' Till mens affections, or your own desert,  
' Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
' He that is so respectless in his courses,  
' Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. ¶  
' Nor would I, you should melt away your self  
' In flashing bravery, lest while you affect  
' To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
' A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
' And you be left like an unsav'ry snuff,  
' Whose property is only to offend.'

I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself ;  
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat ;  
But moderate your expences now (at first)  
As you may keep the same proportion still.  
Nor stand so much on our gentility,  
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,  
From dead mens dust, and bones ; and none of yours,  
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Save you, gentlemen.

*Step.* Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility,  
friend ; yet you are welcome ; and I assure you mine  
uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, *Middle-*  
*sex* land : he has but one son in all the world, I am his  
next heir (at the common law) Master *Stephen*, as simple  
as I stand here, if my cousin die (as there's hopes  
he will) I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside,  
hard by here.

*Serv.* In good time, sir.

*Step.* In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good  
time sir : You do not flout, friend, do you ?

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*Serv.*

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*Serv.* Not I, fir,

*Step.* Not you, fir? you were not best, fir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

*Serv.* Why, fir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

*Step.* Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

*Serv.* Good master *Stephen*, so you may, fir, at your pleasure.

*Step.* And so I would, fir, good my saucy companion! an' you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

*Kno.* Cousin! Cousin! will this ne'er be left?

*Step.* Whorson base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for shame, I would——

*Kno.* What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence. You see, the honest man demeans himself Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion: And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage As void of wit, as of humanity. Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [Exit *Stephen*.

*Serv.* I pray, fir, is this master *Kno'well's* house?

*Kno.* Yes marry is it, fir.

*Serv.* I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Master *Edward Kno'well*; do you know any such, fir, I pray you?

*Kno.* I should forget myself else, fir.

*Serv.* Are you the gentleman? cry your mercy, fir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, fir.

*Kno.* To me, fir! 'What do you mean? pray you 'remember your court'ie.' (To his most selected friend  
Master

*Master Edward Kno'well.*) What might the gentleman's name be, fir, that sent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

*Serv.* One master *Well-bred*, fir.

*Kno.* Master *Well-bred*? A young gentleman? is he not?

*Serv.* The same, fir, Master *Kiteley* married his sister: The rich merchant i' the *Old Jewry*.

*Kno.* You say very true. *Brain-worm*,

*Enter Brain-worm.*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in.

This letter is directed to my son:

Yet I am *Edward Kno'well* too, and may,  
With the safe conscience of good manners, use  
The fellows error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)

Be it but for the stile's sake, and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the Idolater,

Of this young *Well-bred*: what have we here? what's this?

[*The Letter.*]

*Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' th' Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? 'yet if thou dost, come over, and but 'see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock 'with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us ana 'Hogsden, as was between Jews and Hogs-flesh,' Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the North-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But pr'y thee come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee (our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior.) One is a rhimer, fir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself Poet-Major o' the town, willing*

to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

From the Wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well,  
 'The *Spittle*, ' or *Pit-batch*.' Is this the man  
 My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,  
 'The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth?  
 I know not what he may be in the arts,  
 Nor what in schools; but surely, for his manners,  
 I judge him a prophane and dissolute wretch:  
 Worse by possession of such great good gifts,  
 Being the master of so loose a spirit.  
 Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ  
 In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend?  
 Why should he think, I tell my apricots,  
 Or play th' *Hesperian* dragon with my fruit,  
 To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought  
 You'd had more judgment t'have made election  
 Of your companions, ' than t' have ta'en on trust  
 ' Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare  
 ' No argument, or subject from their jest.'  
 But I perceive affection makes a fool  
 Of any man, too much the father. *Brain-worm.*

*Enter Brain-worm.*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

*Brain.* Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

*Kno.* And where's your young master?

*Brain.* In his chamber, sir.

*Kno.* He spake not with the fellow, did he?

*Brain.* No, sir, he saw him not.

*Kno.* Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;  
 But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

*Brain.* O Lord, sir, that were a jest indeed! [*Exit.*]

*Kno.* I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,

Nor

Nor practise any violent means to stay  
 The unbridled course of youth in him ; for that  
 Restrain'd, grows more impatient ; ' and in kind  
 ' Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,  
 ' Who ne'er so little from his game with-held,  
 ' Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.'  
 There is a way of winning more by love,  
 And urging of the modesty, than fear :  
 Force works on servile natures, not the free.  
 He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good ;  
 But 'tis but for that fit : where others, drawn  
 By softness and example, get a habit.  
 Then, if they stray, but warn 'em ; and the same  
 They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame..  
 [Exit.

S C E N E Young Kno'well's Study.

*Enter* Edw. Kno'well and Brain-worm.

*E. Kno.* Did he open it, say'st thou ?

*Brain.* Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

*E. Kno.* That's bad. What countenance (pray thee) made he, i'th' reading of it ? was he angry, or pleas'd ?

*Brain.* Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

*E. Kno.* No ? how know'st thou, then, that he did either ?

*Brain.* Marry sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell no body that he open'd it ; which unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

*E. Kno.* That's true : well, I thank thee, *Brain-worm.*  
 [Exit.

*Enter* Master Stephen.

*Step.* O, *Brain-worm*, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what'sha'-call-him doublet ? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

*Brain.* Yes, Master *Stephen* ; what of him ?

*Step.* O, I ha' such a mind to beat him——  
 Where is he ? canst thou tell ?

*Brain.* Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone, Master *Stephen.*

*Step.*

*Step.* Gone ! which way ? when went he ? how long since ?

*Brain.* He is rid hence : he took horse at the street-door.

*Step.* And I staid i' the fields ! whorson *scander-bag* rogue ! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

*Brain.* Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

*Step.* But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

*Brain.* Why, a fine whisp of hay, roll'd hard, master *Stephen*.

*Step.* No faith, it's no boot to follow him, now : let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me——

*Brain.* You'll be worse vex'd when you are truss'd, Master *Stephen*. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk your self 'till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

*Step.* By my faith, and so I will ; now thou tell'st me on't : how do'st thou like my leg, *Brain-worm* ?

*Brain.* A very good leg, Master *Stephen* ; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

*Step.* Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust : I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i'th'town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose——

*Brain.* Believe me, Master *Stephen*, rarely well.

*Step.* In sadness, I think it would : I have a reasonable good leg.

*Brain.* You have an excellent good leg, Master *Stephen* ; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't. [Exit.

*Step.* Another time will serve, *Brain-worm*. Gramercy for this.

Enter Young Kno'well.

*E. Kno.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Step.* 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me, an' he do——

*E. Kno.* Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted



by a man's father, and do him good with him ! he cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure ; that make the careful coster monger of him in our *familiar epistles*. ' Well, if he read this ' with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. ' *John Trundle* yonder, the rest of my mortality. It ' is true, and likely, my father may have as much ' patience as another man ; for he takes much physick : and oft taking physick makes a man very ' patient. But would your packet, Master *Wellbred*, ' had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience ; ' I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What ! my wise cousin ! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rds the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three : O for a fourth ! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I intreat thee——

*Step.* O, now I see who he laught at. He laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me—— [Aside.

*E. Kno.* How now, cousin *Stephen*, melancholy ?

*Step.* Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

*E. Kno.* Why, what an' I had, coz ? what would you ha' done ?

*Step.* By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

*E. Kno.* Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

*Step.* Did you indeed ?

*E. Kno.* Yes, indeed.

*Step.* Why, then——

*E. Kno.* What then ?

*Step.* I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

*E. Kno.* Why, be so, gentle coz. And, I pray you let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' th' *Old Jewry*, to come to him ; it's but crossing over the fields to *Moor-gate* : will you bear me company ? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

*Step.* Sir, that's all one, and 'twere ; you shall command

mand me twice so far as *Moor-gate*, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

*E. Kno.* No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

*Step.* By my fackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of, at this time.

*E. Kno.* You speak very well, coz.

*Step.* Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

*E. Kno.* Your turn, coz? Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your fort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie. 'A wight, that (hitherto) his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the favour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so grac'd, gilded, or (to use a more fit *metaphor*) so tin-foil'd by nature, as not ten house-wives pewter (again' a good time) shews more bright to the world than he! and he (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a millener's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cypress? O coz! it cannot be answer'd, go not about it. *Drake's* old ship at *Deptford* may sooner circle the world again.' Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the *idea* of what you are, be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy. (*Here, within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one.*) What think you of this, coz!

*Step.* Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll ensure you.

*E. Kno.* Why, that's resolute, master, *Stephen!* Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour: we may hap

hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. [*Afide.*] Come, coz.

*Step.* I'll follow you.

*E. Kno.* Follow me? you must go before.

*Step.* Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the street before Cob's house.*

*Enter Mr. Matthew.*

*Mat.* I think this be the house: what, ho.

*Enter Cob from the house.*

*Cob.* Who's there? O, Master *Matthew*! gi' your worship good morrow.

*Mat.* What! *Cob*! how dost thou, good *Cob*? dost thou inhabit here, *Cob*?

*Cob.* I fir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house, here, in our days.

' *Mat.* Thy lineage, *Monfieur Cob*, what lineage,

' *Cob.* Why, fir, an ancient lineage, and a princely.

' Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse  
' man: and yet no man neither (by your worship's  
' leave, I did lie in that) but *Herring*, the king of fish,  
' (from his belly I proceed) one o' the monarchs o' the  
' world, I assure you. The first red herring that was  
' broil'd in *Adam* and *Eve*'s kitchin, do I fetch my  
' pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His *Cob*, was  
' my great-great-mighty-great grand-father.

' *Mat.* Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

' *Cob.* O, it was a mighty while ago, fir, and a  
' mighty great *Cob*.

' *Mat.* How know'st thou that?

' *Cob.* How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever  
' and anon.

' *Mat.* Smell a ghost? O unfavoury jest! and the  
' ghost of a herring, *Cob*.

' *Cob.* I fir, with favour of your worship's nose, Mr.  
' *Matthew*, why not the ghost of a herring *Cob*, as well  
' as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

' *Mat.* Roger Bacon, thou would'st say?

' *Cob.* I say rasher-bacon. They were both broil'd  
o' th'

' o' th' coals; and a man may swell 'broil'd meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.'

*Mat.* ' O raw ignorance!' *Cob.* canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain *Babadil*, where his lodging is?

*Cob.* O, my guest, fir! you mean.

*Mat.* Thy guest! alas! ha, ha!

*Cob.* Why do you laugh, fir? Do you not mean Captain *Babadil*?

*Mat.* *Cob.*, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house: he! he lodge in such a base obscure place, as thy house! tut, I known his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if thou'dst giv't him.

*Cob.* I will not give it him, though, fir. Mafs, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night: well fir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, fir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to night.

*Mat.* Why? was he drunk?

*Cob.* Drunk fir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps, he swallow'd a tavern-token, or some such device, fir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there hoa. God b' w' you, fir. It's fix a clock: I should ha' carried two turns, by this. What, hoa! my stoppel, come.

*Mat.* Lye in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

*Cob.* What *Tib*, shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Tib shews shews Mr. Matthew into the house.*]  
' Oh, an' my house were the *brazen head* now! ' faith it would e'en speak *Mo fools yet.*' You should ha' some now would take this *Mr Matthew* to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance

ance with the all brave gallants about the town  
 such as my guest is : (O, my guest is a fine man)  
 ' and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day  
 ' to a merchant's house (where I serve water) one  
 ' Master *Kiteley*'s i' the' *Old Jewry* ; and here's the jest,  
 ' he is in love with my master's sister, (Mistress  
 ' *Bridget*) and calls her mistress : and there he will sit  
 ' you a whole afternoon, sometimes reading o' these  
 ' abominable, vile, (a pox on 'em, I cannot abide  
 ' them) rascally verses, *Poyetry*, *Poyetry*, and speaking of  
 ' *Enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to hear him.  
 ' And the wenches, they do so geer, and tie-he at him  
 ' ———well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear  
 ' them all, by the foot of *Pharaoh*. There's an oath !  
 ' How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such  
 ' an oath ! O, I have a guest (he teaches me)' he does  
 swear the legiblest of any man christened : By St.  
*George*, the foot of *Pharaoh*, the body of me, as I  
 am a gentleman, and a soldier : such dainty oaths !  
 and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish *To-  
 bacco*, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man  
 good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels ! Well,  
 he owes me forty shillings (my wife lent him out  
 of her purse, by six-pence at a time) besides his lodg-  
 ing : I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says, the next  
 next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, care'll kill  
 a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit*.

SCENE a Room in Cob's House.

*Bobadill discovered upon a bench.*

*Bob.* Hostefs, hostefs.

*Enter Tib.*

*Tib.* What say you, fir ?

*Bob.* A cup o' thy small-beer, sweet hostefs.

*Tib.* Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak  
 with you.

*Bob.* A gentleman ! 'ods so, I am not within.

*Tib.* My husband told him you were, fir.

*Bob.* What a plague——what meant he ?

*Mat.*

*Mat.* [*within*] Captain *Bobadil*?

*Bob.* Who's there? (take away the basin, good hostess) come up, sir.

*Tib.* He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

*Mat.* 'Save you, sir, 'save you, captain.

*Bob.* Gentle Master *Matthew*! is it you, sir? please you to sit down?

*Mat.* Thank you good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

*Bob.* Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

*Bob.* Body of me! it was so late e'er we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

*Mar.* Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you, Mr. *Matthew* (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who! I sir? no.

*Bob.* Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

*Mat.* True captain, I conceive you.

*Bob.* For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so) I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

[*Pulls out a paper and reads it.*]

*Bob.* I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' youth ere? read it. 'What! *Go by, Hieronymo*!

' *Mat.*



‘ *Mat.* Ay, did you ever see it acted? is’t not well pen’d?

‘ *Bob.* Well pen’d! I would fain see all the poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was? they’ll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman) read ’em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

‘ *Mat.* Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book! *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* There’s a conceit! *Fountains fraught with tears!* *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* Another! *O world, no world, but mass of publick Wrongs!* A third! *Confus’d and fill’d with murder, and misdeeds!* A fourth! *O, the Muses?* Is’t not excellent? Is’t not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? ha! how do you like it?

‘ *Bob.* ’Tis good.’

*Mat. reads. To thee, the purest object to my sense,  
The most refined essence heav’n covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence,  
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers,  
If they prove rough, unpolish’d, harsh, and rude,  
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly, I conclude.*

*Bob.* ’Tis good, proceed, proceed. Where’s this?  
[*Bobadill is making ready this while.*]

*Mat.* This, sir? a toy o’mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses! But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late——That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

*Bob.* So, so, it’s the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth captain, and now you speak o’the fashion, Master *Well-bred’s* elder brother and I, are are fallen out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like? Yet he condemn’d, and cry’d it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw,

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Squire *Downright*, the half-brother, was't not?

*Mat.* Ay, fir, *George Downright*.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By *St. George*, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of *Christendom*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack saddle! he has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

*Mat.* Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

*Bob.* How! He the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when? when said he so?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of *Pharaoh*, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great *Caranza*: come hither: you shall challenge him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure; the first *fioccata*, if you will, by this air, "*I'll give you a lesson.*"

*Mat.* Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, fir.

*Bob.* Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

*Mat.* Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, fir.

*Bob.* By Heav'n, no not I; no skill i'th the earth; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time,

time, distance, or so: I have profess'd it more for noblemen, and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you: 'hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here, quickly; lend us another bed-staff: 'the woman does not understand the words of action.' Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, 'and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus; (give it the gentleman, and leave us,' so, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard, so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o'your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—O, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

'*Mat.* How is the bearing of it now, sir?

'*Bob.* O, out of measure ill! a well experienc'd hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

'*Mat.* How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

'*Bob.* Why thus, sir, (make a thrust at me) come in upon the answer, controll your point, and make a full career at the body: the best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

'*Mat.* Well, come, sir.

'*Bob.* Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you: your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

'*Mat.* But one venue, sir,

'*Bob.* Venue! fie; most gross denomination, as ever I heard: O the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that;' come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit——' I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breath you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i'the world. Should your adversary confront you  
' with

‘ with a pistol, ’twere nothing, by this hand; you  
 ‘ should by the same rule, controll his bullet, in a  
 ‘ line, except it were hail-shot, and spread.’ What  
 money ha’ you about you, Master *Matthew*?

*Mat.* Faith, I ha’ not past a two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* ’Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we  
 will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine,  
 and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the sto-  
 mach; and then we’ll call upon young *Wellbred*:  
 perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother there,  
 and put him to the question. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE a Warehouse, belonging  
 to Kitley.

*Enter Kitley, Cash, and Down-right.*

*Kite.* THOMAS, come hither.

There lies a note within upon my desk,  
 Here take my key: it is no matter neither.  
 Where is the boy?

*Cash.* Within, sir, i’ th’ warehouse.

*Kite.* Let him tell over straight, that *Spanish* gold,  
 And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you  
 See the delivery of those silver-stuffs,  
 To Master *Lucar*: Tell him if he will,  
 He shall ha’ the grograms, at the rate I told him,  
 And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

*Cash.* Good, sir, [Exit.]

*Kite.* Do you see that fellow, brother *Down-right*?

*Dow.* Ay, what of him?

*Kite.* He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up at my door,  
 And christened him, gave him mine own name *Thomas*,  
 Since bred him at the hospital; where proving  
 A toward imp, I call’d him home, and taught him  
 So much, as I have made him my cashier,  
 ‘ And giv’n him, who had none, a surname, *Cash*;  
 And find him in his place so full of faith,  
 That I durst trust my life into his hands.

*Dow.* So would not I in any bastard's brother,  
As it is like he is; although I knew  
Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat  
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

*Kite.* Faith, I am very loath to utter it,  
As fearing it may hurt your patience:  
But that I know your judgement is of strength,  
Against the nearness of affection——

*Dow.* What need this circumstance? pray you be  
direct.

‘*Kite.* I will not say, how much I do ascribe  
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard  
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,  
And usage of your sister, but confirm  
How well I've been affected to your’——

‘*Dow.* You are too tedious,’ come to the matter,  
‘the matter.’

*Kite.* Then (without further ceremony) thus:  
My brother *Well-bred*, sir, (I know not how)  
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,  
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my house,  
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:  
‘Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,  
‘So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,  
‘And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrow'd in  
‘him,  
‘But all he did became him as his own,  
‘And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,  
‘As breath with life; or colour with the blood.’  
But now his course is so irregular,  
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace,  
‘And he himself withal so far fal'n off  
‘From that first place, as scarce no note remains,  
‘To tell mens judgements where he lately stood.  
‘He's grown a stranger to all due respect,  
‘Forgetful of his friends; and not content  
‘To stale himself in all societies,’  
He makes my house here common as a mart,  
A theatre, a public receptacle

For giddy humour, and diseased riot;  
 And here (as in a tavern, or a stew)  
 He and his wild associates, spend their hours,  
 In repetition of lascivious jests,  
 Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,  
 Controll my servants; and indeed what not.

*Dow.* 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him, i'the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for ought I see: it will never out of the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough one would think, if that would serve: 'but counsel ' to him, is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse.' Well! he knows what to trust to, for *George*: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, 'till his heart ake: an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o'your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, e'er I part with 't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

*Kite.* Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

*Dow.* 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

*Kite.* O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother.

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travel in it,  
 (Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)  
 It would both come much better to his sense,  
 And favour less of stomach, or of passion.  
 You are is elder brother, and that title  
 Both gives, and warrants your authority,  
 ' Which (by your presence seconded) must breed  
 ' A kind of duty in him, and regard: '  
 Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
 It would but add contempt to his neglect,  
 Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,  
 That in the rearing would come tottering down,

And



And in the ruin bury all our love.  
 Nay more than this, brother, if I should speak,  
 He would be ready from his heat of humour,  
 And over-flowing of the vapour in him,  
 To blow the ears of his familiars,  
 With the false breath of telling, what disgraces,  
 And low disparagements, I had put upon him.  
 Whilst they, fir, to relieve him in the fable,  
 Make their loose comments upon every word,  
 Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,  
 ' From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes :'  
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ies;  
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.  
 And what would that be, think you? marry this,  
 They would give out (because my wife is fair,  
 My self but lately married, and my sister  
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house)  
 That I were jealous! nay as sure death,  
 That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd,  
 My brother purposely, thereby to find  
 An apt pretext, to banish them my house,

*Dow.* Mafs, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

*Kite.* Brother, they would, believe it; so should I  
 (Like one of these penurious quack-salvers)  
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,  
 And try experiments upon myself:  
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity,  
 To stab my reputation, and good name——

*Enter Matthew and Bobadil.*

*Mat.* I will speak to him——

*Bob.* Speak to him? by the foot of *Pharaoh* you shall  
 not, you shall not do him that grace.

*Kite.* "What's the matter, firs?"

*Bob.* The time of day, to you gentleman o'the  
 house. Is Mr. *Well-bred* stirring?

*Dow.* How then? what should he do?

*Bob.* Gentleman of the house, it is to you; is he  
 within, fir?

*Kite.* He came not to his lodging to night, fir, I  
 assure you.

*Dow.* Why, do you hear you?

B

*Bob.*

*Bob.* The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no scavenger. [Exeunt *Bob.* and *Matt.*

*Dow.* How, scavenger? stay sir, stay.

*Kite.* Nay, brother *Down-right*. [Holding him.

*Dow.* 'Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

*Kite.* You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will over-rule you.

*Dow.* Ha? Scavenger? well, go to, I say little: but by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward that ever liv'd. 'Sdains, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with *Madge-bowlet*, and catch mice first. Scavenger! 'Heart, and I'll go near to 'fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours, with some-  
' what, an' I have good luck: your *Garagantua*  
' breech cannot carry it away so.'

*Kite.* Oh do not fret your self thus, never think on't.

*Dow.* These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his *comrades*, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a *cavaliero* too, right hang-man cut! let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for *George*, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too an' I live, i'faith.

*Kite.* But brother, let your reprehension (then)  
Run in an easy current, not o'er high  
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;  
But rather use the soft persuading way,  
' Whose powers will work more gently, and compose  
' Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;  
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

*Dow.* Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you. [Bell rings.

*Kite.* How now? O, the bell rings to breakfast.  
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife  
Company till I come; I'll but give order  
For some dispatch of business to my servants——

[Exit. *Down-right*.  
*Enter*

*Enter Cob.*

*Kite.* What, *Cob*? our maids will have you by the  
‘back i’ faith;

‘For coming so late this morning.

‘*Cob.* Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body have  
‘not them by the belly, for walking so late in the  
‘evening. [*He passes by with his bucket.*

‘*Kite.* Well, yet my troubled spirit’s somewhat eas’d,  
‘Though not repos’d in that security  
‘As I could wish: But I must be content.  
‘How e’er I set a face on’t to the world:  
‘Would I had lost this finger at a venture,  
‘So *Well-bred* had ne’er lodg’d within my house.  
‘Why ’t cannot be, where there is such resort  
‘Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,  
‘That any woman should be honest long.  
‘Is’t like that factious beauty will preserve  
‘The public weal of chastity unshaken,  
‘When such strong motives muster, and make head  
‘Against her single peace? No, no: Beware  
‘When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,  
‘And spirits of one kind and quality,  
‘Come once to parley in the pride of blood,  
‘It is no slow conspiracy that follows.  
‘Well, (to be plain) if I but thought the time  
‘Had answer’d their affections, all the world  
‘Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.  
‘Marry, I hope they ha’ not got that start;  
‘For opportunity hath baulkt ’em yet,  
‘And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears,  
‘To attend the impositions of my heart.  
‘My presence shall be as an iron bar,  
‘’Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:  
‘Yea every look, or glance mine eyes eject,  
‘Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,  
‘When he forgets the limits of prescription.’

*Enter Dame Kately.*

*Dame.* Sister *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the rose-  
water above in the closet. Sweet-heart, will you come  
in to breakfast?

*Kite.* An’ she have over-heard me now?

*Dame.* I pray thee, (good *Mufs*) we stay for you.

*Kite.* By heav'n I would not for a thousand angels.

*Dame.* What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak good *Mufs*.

*Kite.* Troth my head akes extreamly, on a sudden.

*Dame.* O, the Lord!

*Kite.* How now? what?

*Dame.* Alas, how it burns? *Mufs*, keep you warm, good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal! for loves sake sweet-heart, come in, out of the air.

*Kite.* How simple, and how subtil are her answers? A new disease, and many troubled with it!

Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

*Dame.* I pray thee, good sweet-heart come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

*Kite.* 'The air! she has me i' the wind! sweet-heart,' I'll come to you presently; 'twill away I hope.

*Dame.* Pray Heav'n it do. [Exit *Dame*.]

*Kite.* A new disease! I know not, new or old,  
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague;  
For like a pestilence, it doth infect  
The houses of the brain. First it begins  
Solely to work upon the phantasy,  
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,  
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,  
Sends like contagion to the memory:  
Still each to other giving the infection.  
Which as a subtil vapour spreads itself  
Confusedly, through every sensitive part,  
Till not a thought or motion in the mind  
Be free from the black poison of suspect.  
Ah, but what misery is it to know this?  
Or knowing it, to want the mind's direction  
In such extrems? well, I will once more strive  
(In spite of this black cloud) myself to be,  
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.]

#### S C E N E Moor-fields.

*Enter Brain-worm, disguis'd like a soldier.*

*Brai.* 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my  
self

self translated thus, ' from a poor creature to a creator ;' for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace : and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *fico*. O sir, it holds for good policy ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over *Moorfields* to *London*, this morning ; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and service do, ' or perhaps we may wear ' motley at the years end, and who wears motley, ' you know)' have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in *ambuscade*, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain *Cæsar*, I am made for ever i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those *lance-knights*, my arm here, and my ——— young master ! and his cousin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier ! [*Retires.*

*Enter E. Kno'well and Master Stephen.*

*E. Kno.* So, sir ; and how then coz ?

*Step.* S'foot, I have lost my purse, I think.

*E. Kno.* How ? lost your your purse ? where ? when had you it ?

*Step.* I cannot tell, stay.

*Brai.* 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me ; would I could get by them.

*E. Kno.* What ? ha' you it ?

*Step.* No, I think I was bewicht, I ———

*E. Kno.* Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.'

*Step.* Oh, it's here : no, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Mrs. *Mary* sent me.

*E. Kno.* A jet ring ? O the *poesy*, the *poesy* ?

*Step.* Fine, i'faith ! *though fancy sleep, my love is deep.* Meaning, that tho' I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

*E. Kno.* Most excellent !

*Step.* And then I sent her another, and my *poesy* was, *The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.*

*E. Kno.* How, by *St. Peter* ? I do not conceive that.

*Step.* Marry, *St. Peter*, to make up the metre.

*E. Kno.* Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helpt you at your need ; thank him, thank him.

*Brai.* I cannot take leave on 'em so ; I will venture, come what will. [*He comes back.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here ? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scorn'd so mean a refuge ; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else should I rather die with silence, than live with shame. However, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not my self: this condition agrees not with my spirit——

*E. Kno.* Where hast thou serv'd ?

*Brai.* May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland*, where not, sir ? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best commanders in *Christendom*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the relief of *Vienna* ; I have been at *Marseillies, Naples*, and the *Adriatick* gulf, a gentleman slave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, thro' both the thighs, and yet being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

*Step.* How will you sell this rapier, friend ?

*Brai.* Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment ; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

*Step.* True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend : But what though ? I pray you say, what would you ask ?

*Brai.* I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in *Europe*.

*E. Kno.* Ay, with a velvet scabbard, ' I think.'

*Step.* Nay an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard



Hard coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

*Brai.* At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

*Step.* I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

*E. Kno.* Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

*Step.* Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like *Higgin-bottom*, and may have a rapier for money?

*E. Kno.* You may buy one in the city.

*Step.* Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

*E. Kno.* You shall not buy it, I say.

*Step.* By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

*E. Kno.* Come away, you are a fool.

*Step.* Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

*Brai.* At your service, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Kno'well.*

*Kno.* I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,  
Sent to my son, nor leave t' admire the change  
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth  
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.  
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews  
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,  
On a grey head; age was authority  
Against a buffoon, and a man had then  
A certain reverence paid unto his years,  
That had none due unto his life. ' So much  
' The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others.'  
But now we all are fall'n; youth, from their fear;  
And age, from that which bred it, good example.  
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,  
That did destroy the hopes in our own children,  
' Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles:

' And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk.  
 ' E'er all their teeth be born, or they can speak,  
 ' We make their palates cunning : ' the first words  
 We form their tongues with, are licentious jests :  
 Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O then kiss it !  
 A witty child ! can't swear ? the father's darling !  
 Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn  
 No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it !  
 But this is in the infancy, ' the days  
 ' Of the long coat ; ' when it puts on the breeches,  
 It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,  
 When it is gone into the bone already.  
 No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,  
 Or shirt, or skin : it stains unto the liver,  
 And heart, in some : and, rather than it should not,  
 Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !  
 What mistresses we keep ! at what expence,  
 ' In our son's eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,  
 ' Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,  
 ' Taste of the same provoking meats with us,  
 ' To ruin of our 'state ! nay, when our own  
 ' Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,  
 ' We call them into fellowship of vice ;  
 ' Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal ;'  
 And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.  
 ' This is one path : but there are millions more,  
 ' In which we spoil our own, with leading them.'  
 Well, I thank Heav'n, I never yet was he  
 That travell'd with my son before sixteen,  
 To shew him the *Venetian* courtezans ;  
 Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made,  
 To my sharp boy, at twelve ; repeating still  
 The rule, *get money ; still, get money, boy ;*  
*No matter by what means ; ' money will do*  
*' more, boys, than my lord's letter.* Neither have I  
 ' Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,  
 ' Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em ;  
 ' Preceding still, with my grey gluttony,  
 ' At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd  
 ' His palate should degenerate, not his manners.'

These

These are the trade of fathers now ; however,  
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold  
 None of these household precedents, which are strong,  
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.  
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean  
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, ' nay dust and cob-  
 If he will live abroad with his companions, [webs,'  
 In riot and misrule it is worth a fear.  
 ' Nor is the danger of conversing less  
 ' Than all that I have mention'd of example.'

*Enter Brainworm.*

*Brai.* My master ? nay, faith have at you ; I am  
 flesh'd now, I have sped so well, "*though I must*  
 "*attack you in a different way.*" Worshipful sir, I  
 beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier ; I  
 am ashamed of this base course of life (God's my  
 comfort) but extremity provokes me to't, what re-  
 medy ?

*Kno.* I have not for you, now.

*Brai.* By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman,  
 it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve  
 manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a  
 man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

*Kno.* Pr'y thee, good friend, be satisfied.

*Brai.* Good sir, by that hand, you may do the  
 part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier  
 the price of two cans of beer, (a master of small  
 value) the king of Heav'n shall pay you, and I shall  
 rest thankful : sweet worship——

*Kno.* Nay, an' you be so importunate——

*Brai.* Oh, tender, sir, need will have its course :  
 I was not made to this vile use ! well, the edge of  
 the enemy could not have abated me so much : it's  
 hard when a man hath serv'd in his prince's cause,  
 and be thus—[*He weeps.*] Honourable worship, let  
 me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall  
 not be given in the course of time ; by this good  
 ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night  
 for a poor supper ; I had suck'd the hilts long before,  
 I am a *Pagan* elfe : sweet honour.

B 5

*Kno.*

*Kno.* Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,  
 To think a fellow of thy outward presence,  
 Should (in the frame and fashion of his mind)  
 Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!  
 Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?  
 To practise such a servile kind of life?  
 Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
 Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses  
 Offer themselves to thy election.  
 Either the wars might still supply thy wants,  
 Or service of some virtuous gentleman,  
 Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,  
 But would become thee better than to beg?  
 But men of thy condition feed on sloth,  
 As doth the beetle, on the dung she breeds in,  
 Not caring how the metal of your minds  
 Is eaten with the rust of idleness.  
 Now, afore me, what e'er he be, that should  
 Relieve a person of thy quality,  
 While thou insists in this loose desperate course,  
 I would esteem the sin, not thine, but his.

*Brai.* Faith sir, I would gladly find some other  
 course, if so ———

*Kno.* Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not  
 seek it.

*Brai.* Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the  
 wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but  
 ——— and for service, would it were as soon purchase,  
 as wish'd for (the air's my comfort) I know what I  
 would say ———

*Kno.* What's thy name?

*Brai.* Please you, *Fitz-Sword*, sir,

*Kno.* *Fitz-Sword*?

Say that a man should entertain thee now,  
 Would'st thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

*Brai.* Sir, by the place, and honour of a soldier —

*Kno.* Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths;  
 speak plainly man: what think'st thou of my words?

*Brai.* Nothing, sir, but with my fortune were as  
 happy, as my service should be honest.

*Kno.*

*Kno.* Well, follow me, I'll prove the, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.

*Brai.* Yes sir, straight, i'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bag-pipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? now shall I be possesst of all his counsels: and by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith, and I am resolv'd to prove his patience: Oh I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a red coat, or a musket-rest again. 'He will 'hate the musters at *Mile-end* for it, to his dying day.' It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeiter, if I cannot give him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, i'll follow him: Oh, how I long to be employed!

"With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath  
"I'll follow son and fire, and serve 'em both." [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE Stocks Market.

Enter Matthew, Well-bred, and Bobadill.

*Mat.* YES, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

*Well.* Oh, I came not there to night.

*Bob.* Your brother delivered us as much.

*Wel.* Who? my brother *Downright*?

*Bob.* He. Mr. *Wellbred*, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a ———

*Wel.* Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

*Bob.*

*Bob.* I protest to you, as I have a thing to be fav'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like-part —

*Wel.* Good captain [*faces about*] to some other discourse.

*Bob.* With your leave, fir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by *St. George*.

*Mat.* Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion —

*Well.* O, Mr. *Matthew*, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, '*quos æquus amavit Jupiter*.'

'*Mat.* I understand you, fir.

'*Well.* No question, you do, or you do not, fir.'

*Enter Young Kno'well and Stephen.*

*Ned Kno'well!* by my soul welcome; how dost thou sweet spirit, my *genius*? 'Slid, I shall love *Apollo*, and the mad *Thespian* girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear *fury*: now, I see there's some love in thee! firrah, these be the two I writ to thee of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?

*E. Kno.* O, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

*Well.* Why, was't not rare?

*E. Kno.* Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny's* '*or Symmachus*' Epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was, that had the carriage of it: for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

*Wel.* Why?

*E. Kno.* Why, say'st thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could have mistaken my father for me?

*Wel.* 'Slid, you jest, I hope?

*E. Kno.* Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father



ther had the full view o' your flourishing stile, ' some  
' hour' before I saw it.

*Well.* What a dull slave was this? but, firrah, what  
said he to it, i'faith?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I know not what he said: but I have  
a shrewd guess what he thought.

*Well.* What? what?

*E. Kno.* Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute  
young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping  
thee company.

*Well.* Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last  
quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, firrah, I pray thee  
be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt  
take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em  
once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up—  
but what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of a  
dumb man?

*E. Kno.* O, fir, a kinsman of mine, one that may  
make your musick the fuller, and he please, he has  
his humour, fir.

*Well.* O, what is't? what is't?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor  
his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension:  
I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can  
take him, so.

*Well.* Well, Captain *Bobadil*, Mr. *Matthew*, I pray  
you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine,  
and one that will deserve your affection. I know not  
your name, fir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to  
render me more familiar to you.

[To Master Stephen.

*Step.* My name is Mr. *Stephen*, fir, I am this gentle-  
man's own cousin, fir, his father is mine uncle, fir: I  
am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me,  
fir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

*Bob.* Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man,  
but for Mr. *Well-bred's* sake (you may embrace it at  
what height of favour you please) I do communicate  
with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some  
parts; I love few words.

[To Kno'well.

*E. Kno.*

*E. Kno.* And I fewer, fir, I have scarce enow to thank you.

*Mat.* But are you indeed, fir, so given to it?

[To Master Stephen.

*Step.* Ay truly, fir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

*Mat.* O, it's your only fine humour, fir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, fir: I am melancholy myself, divers times, fir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a fitting.

*E. Kno.* Sure he utters them then by the gross.

*Step.* Truly, fir, and I love such things out of measure.

*E. Kno.* I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

*Mat.* Why, I pray you, fir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

*Step.* I thank you, fir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

*Mat.* That I have, fir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

*Wel.* Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em, I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

*Step.* Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

*E. Kn.* O, ay, excellent!

*Wel.* Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

*E. Kno.* He is melancholy too.

*Bob.* Faith, fir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

*E. Kno.* In what place, captain?

*Bob.* Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that ever I beheld with these eyes, except

cept the taking of—— what do you call it, last year, by the *Genoese*, but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was rang'd in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

*Step.* 'So, I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

*E. Kno.* Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at *Strigonium*, and what do you call't?

*Bob.* O Lord, sir, by *St. George*, I was the first man that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

*E. Kno.* 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

*Mat.* (Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

*Step.* So I do.)

*Bob.* I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

*E. Kno.* You must bring me to the rack, first.

*Bob.* Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, (as we were to give on) their master-gunner, (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the *Moors* that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

*Wel.* To the sword? to the rapier, captain?

*E. Kno.* O, it was a good figure observ'd, sir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

*Bob.* Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh; shall I tell you, sir? you talk of *Mergray*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

*Step.*

*Step.* I marvel whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

*Bob.* A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, fir.

*Step.* I have a countryman of his here.

*Mat.* Pray you, let's see, fir; yes faith, it is!

*Bob.* This a *Toledo*? pish.

*Step.* Why do you pish, captain?

*Bob.* A *Fleming*, by Heav'n: I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

*E. Kno.* How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

*Wel.* Where bought you it, Master *Stephen*?

*Step.* Of a scurvy rogue foldier (a hundred of lice go with him) he swore it was a *Toledo*.

*Bob.* A poor provant rapier, no better.

*Mat.* Mafs, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

*E. Kno.* Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

*Step.* Well, I will put it up; but by——(I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

*Wel.* O, 'tis past help now, fir, you must have patience.

*Step.* Whorson coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

*E. Kno.* A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

*Step.* A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

*Wel.* It's better as 'tis: come gentlemen, shall we go?

*Enter Brain-worm.*

*E. Kno.* A miracle cousin, look here! look here!

*Step.* O God'slid, by your leave, do you know me, fir?

*Brain.* Ay, fir, I know you by sight.

*Step.* You sold me a rapier, did you not?

*Brain.* Yes, marry did I, fir.

*Step.* You said it was a *Toledo*, ha?

*Brain.* True, I did so.

*Step.* But it is none.

*Brain.* No, fir, I confess it is none.

*Step.*

*Step.* Do you confess it? gentlemen bear witness, he has confest it: by God's will, an' you had not confest it——

*E. Kno.* O cousin, forbear, forbear.

*Step.* Nay, I have done, cousin.

*Wel.* Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confest it, what would you more?

*Step.* Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see?

*E. Kno.* Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour; a pretty piece of civility! sirrah, how dost thou like him?

*Wel.* O, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

*E. Kno.* No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

*Brain.* Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

*E. Kno.* With me, sir? you have not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

*Brain.* You are conceited, sir; your name is Mr. *Kno'well*, as I take it?

*E. Kno.* You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

*Brain.* No, sir, I am none of that coat.

*E. Kno.* Of as bare a coat, though; well, say sir.

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed (this smoaky varnish being wash'd off, and three or four patches remov'd) I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, *Brain-worm*.

*E. Kno.* *Brain-worm*! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

*Brain.* The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

*E. Kno.* My father!

*Brain.* Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

*E. Kno.* Sirrah *Well-bred*, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

*Well.*

*Wel.* Thy father, where is he?

*Brain.* At Justice *Clement's* house, in *Coleman street*, where he but stays my return; and then——

*Wel.* Who's this? *Brain-worm?*

*Brain.* The same, sir.

*Wel.* Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

*Brain.* Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw and I'll tell you all.

*Wel.* But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

*Brain.* Do I live, sir? what a question is that?

*Wel.* We'll prorogue his expectation then, a little:

*Brain-worm,* thou shalt go with us. Come on gentlemen; nay, I pray thee, sweet *Ned*, droop not; 'heart, an' our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can out-strip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in *Thames-street*, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen.

*Brain.* Amen, Amen, Amen, say I.

*E. Kno.* Come, cousin." [Exeunt

### S C E N E, *The Ware-house.*

*Enter Kiteley and Cash.*

*Kite.* What says he, *Thomas*? Did you speak with him?

*Cash.* He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

*Kite.* Has he the money ready, can you tell?

*Cash.* Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

*Kite.* O, that's well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak. Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;

Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be

An hour before I can dispatch with him,

Or very near; well, I will say two hours.

Two hours? ha! things never dreamt of yet,

May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,

In two hours absence; well, I will not go.

Two hours! no, fleeing Opportunity,

I will



I will not give your subtilty that scope.  
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,  
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,  
 And shews the felon where his treasure lies?  
 Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt  
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,  
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?  
 I will not go. Business, go by for once.  
 No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious  
 To be left so, without a guard, or open!  
 ' Your lustre too'll inflame at any distance,  
 ' Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;  
 ' Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,  
 ' Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden!  
 You must be then kept up close, and well watch'd,  
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand  
 Devours or swallows swifter! he that lends  
 His wife (if she be fair) or time or place,  
 Compels her to be false. I will not go:  
 The dangers are too many. ' And then, the dressing  
 ' Is a most main attractive! our great heads  
 ' Within the city, never were in safety  
 ' Since our wives wore these little caps: I'll change 'em,  
 ' I'll change 'em straight in mine. Mine shall no more  
 ' Wear three-pil'd acorns, to make my horns ake.  
 ' Nor will I go: I am resolv'd for that.  
 Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do too:  
 I will defer going on all occasions.

*Casb.* Sir, *Snare* your scrivener will be there with the bonds.

*Kite.* That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it; I must go. What's o'clock?

*Casb.* Exchange-time, sir.

*Kite.* 'Heart, then will *Well-bred* presently be here too,

With one or other of his loose comforts.  
 I am a knave, if I know what to say,  
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.  
 My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,  
 Wherein my imagination runs like sands,

Filling

44 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:  
So that I know not what to stay upon,  
And less to put in act. It shall be so.  
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,  
He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas?*

*Cash.* Sir.

*Kite.* Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—

*Thomas,* is *Cob* within?

*Cash.* I think he be, sir.

*Kite.* But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.  
No, there was no man o' the earth to *Thomas*,  
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.  
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,  
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange.  
The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,  
Doth promise no such change, what shall I fear then?  
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.  
*Thomas*——you may deceive me, but, I hope——  
Your love to me is more——

*Cash.* Sir, if a servant's  
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are  
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

*Kite.* I thank you heartily, *Thomas*: gi' me your hand:  
With all my heart, good *Thomas*. I have, *Thomas*,  
A secret to impart unto you——but,  
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up:  
So far I tell you *Thomas*.

*Cash.* Sir, for that——

*Kite.* Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, *Thomas*,  
When I will let you in thus to my private.  
It is a thing fits nearer to my crest,  
Than thou are aware of, *Thomas*: if thou should'st  
Reveal it, but——

*Cash.* How! I reveal it?

*Kite.* Nay,  
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,  
'Twere a great weakness.

*Cash.* A great treachery.  
Give it no other name.

*Kite.* Thou wilt not do't, then?

*Cash.*

*Casb.* Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

*Kite.* He will not swear, he has some reservation,  
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure;  
Else, (being urg'd so much) how should he choose  
But lend an oath to all this protestation?  
He's no fanatick, ' that I am certain of,  
' Nor rigid *Roman* catholick. He'll play  
' At *Fayles*, and at *Tick-tack*.' I have heard him swear.  
What should I think of it? urge him again,  
And by some other way: I will do so.  
Well *Thomas*, thou hast sworn not to disclose;  
Yes, you did swear?

*Casb.* Not yet, sir, but I will,  
Please you———.

*Kite.* No, *Thomas*, I dare take thy word.  
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;  
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

*Casb.* By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest  
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word  
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

*Kite.* It is too much, these ceremonies need not,  
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

*Thomas*, come hither, near; we cannot be  
Too private in this business. So it is,  
(Now he has sworn, I dare the safest venture)  
I have of late, by divers observations——  
(But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.  
Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?  
I will bethink me e'er I do proceed:)

*Thomas*, it will be now too long to stay,  
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

*Casb.* Sir, at your pleasure.

*Kite.* I will think. "*Give me my cloak*." And *Thomas*,  
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,  
For the receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*.

*Casb.* I will, sir.

*Kite.* And hear you, if your mistress's brother *Well-*  
*bred*

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,  
E'er I come back, let one straight bring me word.

*Casb.*

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*Cash.* Very well, sir.

*Kite.* To the Exchange; do you hear!  
Or here in *Coleman-street*, to Justice *Clement's*.  
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

*Cash.* I will not, sir.

*Kite.* I pray you have a care on't.  
Or whether he come, or no, if any other  
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

*Cash.* I shall not, sir.

*Kite.* Be't your special business  
Now to remember it.

*Cash.* Sir, I warrant you.

*Kite.* But *Thomas*, this is not the secret, *Thomas*, I  
told you of.

*Cash.* No, sir: I do suppose it.

*Kite.* Believe me, it is not.

*Cash.* Sir, I do believe you.

*Kite.* By heav'n it is not, that's enough. But *Thomas*,  
I would not you should utter it, do you see,  
To any creature living; yet I care not.  
Well, I must hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much,  
It was a tryal of you; when I meant  
So deep a secret to you; I meant not this,  
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this!  
But *Thomas*, keep this from my wife I charge you,  
Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here.  
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

*Cash.* Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here!  
Whence should this flood of passion (trow) take head?  
Best dream no longer of this running humour, [ha?  
For fear I sink! the violence of the stream  
Already hath transported me so far,  
That I can feel no ground at all! but soft,  
'O!' 'tis our water-bearer; somewhat hast crost him  
'now.

' Enter Cob.

' *Cob.* Fasting-days? what tell you me of fasting-  
' days? 'slid, would they were all on a light fire for  
' me: they say the whole world shall be consum'd  
' with fire one day, but would I had these ember-  
' weeks and villainous Fridays burnt in the mean time,  
' and then——

' *Cash.*

*Casb.* Why, how now *Cob*? what moves thee to this choler? ha?

*Cob.* Collar, Master *Thomas*? I scorn your collar, I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An' you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.

*Casb.* O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why Goodman *Cob* you mistake me.

*Cob.* Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

*Casb.* Thy rheum, *Cob*? thy humour, thy humour; thou mistak'st.

*Cob.* Humour? mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing I warrant.

*Casb.* Marry I'll tell thee, *Cob*: It is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

*Cob.* How? must it be fed?

*Casb.* Ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed. Didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humour*.

*Cob.* I'll none on it: humour, avant I know you not, be gone, let who will make hungry meals for your monster-ship, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but fasting-day (a plague on them all for me) by this light, one might have done the common-wealth good service, and have drown'd them all i' the flood two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely! I have a maw now, and 'twere for Sir *Bevis* his horse, against 'em.

*Casb.* I pray thee, good *Cob*, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

*Cob.* Marry that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an' you will needs know. First, they are of a *Flemish* breed I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter  
 ' than

‘ than all the days of the week beside : next, they stink  
 ‘ of fish and leek-porridge miserably : thirdly, they’ll  
 ‘ keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night  
 ‘ send him supperless to bed.

‘ *Casb.* Indeed these are faults, *Cob.*

‘ *Cob.* Nay, an’ this were all, ’twere something ;  
 ‘ but they are the only known enemies to my gene-  
 ‘ ration. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my  
 ‘ lineage goes to wrack, poor *Cobs*, they smoak for  
 ‘ it, they are made martyrs o’ the gridiron, they melt  
 ‘ in passion : and your maids too know this, and yet  
 ‘ would have me turn *Hannibal*, and eat my own flesh  
 ‘ and blood. [*He pulls out a Red Herring.*] My prince-  
 ‘ coz, fear nothing ; I have not the heart to devour  
 ‘ you, an’ I might be made as rich as king *Copbetua*.  
 ‘ O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-  
 ‘ water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thou-  
 ‘ sand of my kin. But I may curse none but these  
 ‘ filthy almanacks ; for an’t were not for them, these  
 ‘ days of persecution would ne’er be known. I’ll be  
 ‘ hang’d an’ some fish-monger’s son do not make of  
 ‘ ’em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should  
 ‘ do, because he would utter his father’s dried stock-  
 ‘ fish and stinking conger.

‘ *Casb.* ’Slight, peace, thou’lt be beaten like a  
 ‘ stock-fish else :’ Here is company. Now must I look  
 out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Well-bred, E. Kno’well, Brain-worm, Boba-  
 dil and Stephen.

*Wel.* Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest,  
 and exceedingly well carried.

*E. Kno.* Ay, and our ignorance maintain’d it as  
 well, did it not ?

*Wel.* Yes faith ; but was’t possible thou should’st not  
 know him ? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is stupidity  
 itself.

*E. Kno.* ’Fore Heaven, not I, ‘ an’ I might ha’ been  
 ‘ join’d patten with one of the seven wise masters for  
 ‘ knowing him. He had so writen himself into the  
 ‘ habit



‘habit of one of your poor infantry, your decay’d, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers, do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth on the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformado’s had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed all with so special and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seen him) thou would’st have sworn, he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.’

*Wel.* Why *Brain-worm*, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

*E. Kno.* An artificer? an architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

*Wel.* Where got’st thou this coat, I marvel?

*Brain.* Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the devil’s near kinsmen, a broker.

‘*Wel.* That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for  
‘*A crafty knave needs no broker.*

‘*Brain.* True, sir: but I did need a broker, *ergo.*

‘*Wel.* (Well put off.) No crafty knave, you’ll say.’

*E. Kno.* Tut, he has more of these shifts.

‘*Brain.* And yet where I have one, the broker has  
‘ten, sir.’

*Enter Cash.*

*Cash.* *Francis, Martin:* ne’er a one to be found now? What a spite’s this?

*Wel.* How now, *Thomas*? Is my brother *Kitely* within?

*Cash.* No sir, my master went forth e’en now; but Master *Down-right* is within. *Cob*, what *Cob*? Is he gone too?

*Wel.* Whither went your master, *Thomas*, canst thou tell?

C

*Cash.*

*Cash.* I know not; to justice *Clement's*, I think,  
*fir. Cob.* [Exit.

*E. Kno.* Justice *Clement*! what's he?

*Wel.* Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and merry old fellow in *Europe*. I shew'd him you the other day.

*E. Kno.* Oh, is that he? I remember him now, Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i'th' university. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

*Wel.* Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

*Enter Cash again.*

*Cash.* *Gasper, Martin, Cob:* 'Heart where should they be trow? [*Cash goes in and out, calling.*

*Bob.* Master *Kitely's* man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

*Cash.* Fire on your match: no time but now to vouchsafe? *Francis, Cob.* [Exit.

*Bob.* Body o'me! Here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: did you never take any, Master *Stephen*?

*Step.* No truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

*Bob.* Sir, believe me (upon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the *Indies* (where this herb grows) where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all *Italy*, it should expel it, and clarify you, with  
 ' as

‘ as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,  
 ‘ your *Balsamum* and your *St. John’s Wort* are all  
 ‘ meer gulleries and trash to it,’ especially your *Tri-*  
*nidado* ; your *Nicotian* is good too. ‘ I could say what  
 ‘ I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of  
 ‘ rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with  
 ‘ a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no  
 ‘ quackfalver. Only thus much; by *Hercules*,’ I do  
 hold it, and will affirm it (before any prince in *Eu-*  
*rope*) to be the most sovereign and precious weed that  
 ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

*E. Kno.* This speech would ha’ done decently in a  
 tobacco-trader’s mouth.

*Enter Cash and Cob.*

*Cash.* At justice *Clement’s* he is, in the middle of  
*Coleman-street*.

*Cob.* Oh, oh!

*Bob.* Where’s the match I gave thee, Master *Kitely’s*  
 man?

*Cash.* ‘ Would his match and he, and pipe and all,  
 ‘ were at *Sancto Domingo*. I had forgot it;’ “ *here it*  
 ‘ *is, sir.*”

*Cob.* By gods me, I marvel what pleasure or feli-  
 city they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It’s good  
 for nothing but to choak a man, and fill him full of  
 smoke and embers: ‘ there were four died out of one  
 ‘ house last week with taking of it, and two more the  
 ‘ bell went for yesternight; one of them (they say)  
 ‘ will ne’er scape it; he voided a bushel of foot yester-  
 ‘ day, upward and downward. By the stocks, an  
 ‘ there were no wiser men than I, I’d have it present  
 ‘ whipping, man or woman, that should but deal  
 ‘ with a tobacco-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in  
 ‘ the end, as many as use it; its little better than  
 ‘ ratsbane or rosaker.’

[*Bob: beats him with a cudgel.*

*All.* Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

*Bob.* You base scullion, you.

*Cash.* ‘ Sir, here’s your match.’ Come thou must  
 needs be talking too, thou’rt well enough serv’d.

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*Cob.* 'Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you:' well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live.

*Bob.* Do you prate? do you murmur?

[*Bob. beats him off.*]

*E. Kno.* Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? 'away, knave.

'*Wel. Thomas, get him away.*'

*Bob.* A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' *Cæsar*, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabb'd him to the earth.

*Wel.* Marry, the law forbid, fir.

*Bob.* By *Pharaoh's* foot, I would ha' done it. [*Exit.*]

*Step.* O, he swears most admirably! (by *Pharaoh's* foot, body o' *Cæsar*) I shall never do it sure, (upon mine honour, and by *St. George*) No, I ha' not the right grace.

'*Mat.* Master *Stephen*, will you any? by this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk!

'*Step.* None, I thank you, fir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this air, as I am a gentleman: by——

'*Brain.* Master, glance, glance! Master *Well-bred.*

'*Step.* As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest——

[*Mr. Stephen is practising to the post.*]

'*Wel.* You are a fool, it needs no affidavit.

'*E. Kno.* Cousin, will you any tobacco?

'*Step.* Ay, fir! Upon my reputation——

'*E. Kno.* How now, cousin!

'*Step.* I protest, as I am a gentlemen, but no soldier, indeed——

'*Wel.* No, Master *Stephen*? as I remember, your name is entered in the artillery garden.

'*Step.* Ay, fir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

'*E. Kno.* O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

'*Step.* Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is divine tobacco.'

*Wel.* But soft, where's Mr. *Matthew* gone?

*Brain.*

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*Brain.* No, fir,; they went in here.

*Wel.* O let's follow them: Master *Matthew* is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnish'd. *Brainworm?*

*Step.* *Brain-worm?* where is this *Brain-worm?*

*E. Kno.* Ay Cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

*Step.* Not I, body of me, by this air, St. *George*, and the foot of *Pharaoh*.

*Wel.* Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

*E. Kno.* 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of French dressing, if you love it: "*come, let's in, come cousin.*"  
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *A Hall in Justice Clement's House.*

*Enter Kitely and Cob.*

*Kite.* Ha! How many are there say'st thou?

*Cob.* Marry, fir, your brother, Master *Well-bred*—

*Kite.* Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

*Cob.* Strangers? Let me see, one, two; mafs I know not well, there are so many.

*Kite.* How? so many?

*Cob.* Ay, there's some five, or six of them at the most.

*Kite.* A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head  
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, *Cob*,  
How long hast thou been coming hither, *Cob?*

*Cob.* A little while, fir.

*Kite.* Didst thou come running?

*Cob.* No, fir.

*Kite.* Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!  
Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to marry?  
I, that before was rank'd in such content,  
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

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Being free master of mine own free thoughts,  
And now become a slave? What, never ligh,  
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:  
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,  
Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,  
The *Cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But, *Cob*,  
What entertainment had they? I am sure  
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome! ha?

*Cob*. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

*Kite*. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and  
the voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy, at their arrival,  
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

*Cob*, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?  
(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha? who was it, say'st thou?

*Cob*. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

*Kite*. O! ay, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

*Cob*. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-  
well* than your worship's company, if I saw any body  
to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in  
the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all  
at their tobacco, with a pox.

*Kite*. How? where they not gone in then e'er thou  
cam'st?

*Cob*. O no, sir.

*Kite*. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?

*Cob*, follow me. [Exit.]

'*Cob*. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit;  
'I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and  
'fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: O  
'for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my  
'wits. Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mus-  
'tard revenge! Nay, an' he had not lain in my house,  
''twould never have griev'd me; but being my guest,  
'one that I'll be sworn my wife has lent him her  
'smock off her back, while his own shirt has been at  
'washing; pawn'd her Neck-kerchers for clean bands  
'for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him  
'tobacco;' "one that I'll be sworn I lov'd and trusted;"  
'and



‘and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his  
 ‘lawful host; Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury  
 ‘for’t.’ “*I’ll to Justice Clement for a warrant. Strike  
 “his lawful host.”* ‘Here comes Justice Clement.’

‘Enter Clement, Kno’well, and Formal.

‘Cob. What’s Master *Kitely* gone, *Roger*?

‘Form. Ay, sir.

‘Clem. ‘Heart o’ me! what made him leave us so  
 ‘abruptly! How now, *sirrah*? what make you here?  
 ‘what would you have, ha?’

‘Cob. An’t please your worship, I am a poor neigh-  
 ‘bour of your worship’s——

‘Clem. A poor neighbour of mine? Why, speak  
 ‘poor neighbour.

‘Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tank-  
 ‘ard, hard by the Green Lattice; I have paid scot and  
 ‘lot there any time this eighteen years.

‘Clem. To the Green Lattice?

‘Cob. No, sir, to the parish: marry, I have seldom  
 ‘scap’d scot-free at the Lattice.

‘Clem. O, well! What business has my poor neigh-  
 ‘with me?

‘Cob. An’t like your worship, I am come to crave  
 ‘the peace of your worship.

‘Clem. Of me, knave? Peace of me, knave? Did  
 ‘I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee? ha?

‘Cob. No, sir; but your worship’s warrant for one  
 ‘that has wrong’d me, sir: his arms are at too much  
 ‘liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty  
 ‘of peace, an’ my credit could compass it with your  
 ‘worship.

‘Clem. Thou goest far enough about for’t, I am  
 ‘sure.

‘Kno. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for  
 ‘him, friend?

‘Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death  
 ‘every hour, by his means; an’ I die within a twelve-  
 ‘month and a day, I may swear by the law of the  
 ‘land that he kill’d me.

‘ *Clem.* How? how knave? swear he kill’d thee?  
 ‘ and by the law? what pretence? what colour hast  
 ‘ thou for that?

‘ *Cob.* Marry, an’t please your worship, both black  
 ‘ and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have  
 ‘ it here to shew your worship.

‘ *Clem.* What is he that gave you this, firrah?

‘ *Cob.* A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is,  
 ‘ o’ the city here.

‘ *Clem.* A soldier o’ the city? What call you him?

‘ *Cob.* Captain *Bobadil*.

‘ *Clem.* *Bobadil*? And why did he bob and beat  
 ‘ you, firrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you,  
 ‘ ha? speak truly knave, I advise you.

‘ *Cob.* Marry, indeed, an’t please your worship,  
 ‘ only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco,  
 ‘ as I came by ’em when they were taking on’t; for  
 ‘ nothing else.

‘ *Clem.* Ha! you speak against tobacco? *Formall*,  
 ‘ his name.

‘ *Cob.* *Oliver*, fir, *Oliver Cob*, fir.

‘ *Clem.* Tell *Oliver Cob* he shall go to the goal,  
 ‘ *Formall*.

‘ *Form.* *Oliver Cob*, my master, justice *Clement*, says,  
 ‘ you shall go to the goal.

‘ *Cob.* O, I beseech your worship, for God’s sake,  
 ‘ dear master justice.

‘ *Clem.* Nay, God’s precious, an’ such drunkards  
 ‘ and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco  
 ‘ once, I have done! away with him.

‘ *Cob.* O, good master justice, sweet old gentle-  
 ‘ man.

‘ *Kno.* Sweet *Oliver*, would I could do thee any  
 ‘ good. Justice *Clement*, let me intreat you, fir.

‘ *Clem.* What? a thread-bare rascal! a beggar! a  
 ‘ slave, that never drunk out of better than piss-pot  
 ‘ metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the  
 ‘ virtue of an herb so generally receiv’d in the courts  
 ‘ of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of  
 ‘ sweet

‘ sweet ladies, the cabbins of soldiers! *Roger*, away with him, my God’s precious—I say, go too.

‘ *Cob.* Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv’d it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

‘ *Kno.* Alas poor *Oliver*!

‘ *Clem.* *Roger*, make him a warrant, (he shall not go) I but fear the knave.

‘ *Form.* Do not stink, sweet *Oliver*, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

‘ *Cob.* O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship.

‘ *Clem.* Away, dispatch him. How now, master *Kno’well*, in dumps! in dumps? Come, this becomes not.

‘ *Kno.* Sir, would I could not feel my cares——

‘ *Clem.* Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What? your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it’s the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: But, being none of these, mirth’s my witness, an’ I had twice so many cares as you have, I’d drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let’s try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*’

A C T IV.

SCENE *a room in Kiteley’s house.*

*Enter Down-right, and Dame Kiteley.*

*Down.* WELL sister, I tell you true; and you’ll find it so in the end.

*Dame.* Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings ’em in here; they are his friends.

*Down.* His friends? his friends? 'flud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em: They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, e'er they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, e'er they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

*Dame.* God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men? should I? Good faith you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason!

*Enter Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Matthew, Well-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, Brainworm, and Cash.*

*Brid.* Servant (in troth) you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth, Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

*Mat.* You say well mistress, and I mean as well.

*Down.* Hey-day, here is stuff!

*Well.* O, now stand close; pray heav'n, she can get him to read: He should do it of his own natural impudency.

*Brid.* Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

*Mat.* Marry, an *elegy*, an *elegy*, an odd toy—

*Down.* To mock an ape withal: O, I could 'sew up his mouth, now.

*Dame.* Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

*Down.* Are you rhyme-given too?

*Mat.* Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

*Brid.* Pray you do, servant.

*Down.* O, here's no foppery! Death, I can endure the stocks better.

*E. Kno.*

*E. Kno.* What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

*Wel.* O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

*Mat.* Faith, I did it in a humour, I know not how it is; but, please you come near, Sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a——pray you, sir, you can judge.

*Step.* Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of *Pbaraob*.

*Wel.* O, chide your cousin for swearing.

*E. Kno.* Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

*Bob.* Master *Matthew*, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister: Fye, while you live avoid this prolixity.

*Mat.* I shall, sir; *well, incipere dulce*.

*E. Kno.* How! *Incipere dulce*? a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed.

*Wel.* What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

*E. Kno.* You do not? you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motto.

*Wel.* O, the benchers phrase: *Pauca verba, pauca verba*.

*Mat.* Rare creature, let me speak without offence,  
Would heav'n my rude words had the influence  
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,  
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

*E. Kno.* This is in *Hero* and *Leander*.

*Wel.* O Ay, peace, we shall have more of this.

*Mat.* Be not unkind, and fair; misshapen stuff  
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

*Wel.* How like you that, sir?

[*Master Step.* answers with shaking his head.

*E. Kno.* Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

*Mat.* But observe the *catastrophe*, now;

And I in duty will exceed all other,  
As you in beauty do excel *Lowe's mother*.

*E. Kno.* Well, I'll have him free of the wit-

‘ brokers, for he utters nothing but stol’n remnants.

‘ *Wel.* O, forgive it him.

‘ *E. Kno.* A filching rogue, hang him. And from the dead? it’s worse than sacrilege.’

*Wel.* Sister, what ha’ you here? Verses? pray you let’s see: Who made these verses? they are excellent good!

*Mat.* O, Master *Well-bred*, ’tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i’ the morning; I made ’em *ex tempore*, this morning.

*Wel.* How? *ex tempore*?

*Mat.* I, would I might be hang’d else; ask Captain *Bobadil*: He saw me write them, at the———(pox on it) the Star, yonder.

‘ *Brain.* Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

‘ *E. Kno.* Faith, his are even with him; they ha’ curst him enough already.’

*Steph.* Cousin, how do you like this gentleman’s verses?

*E. Kno.* O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

*Step.* Body o’ *Cæsar*, they are admirable! The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier.

*Down.* I am vext, I can hold ne’er a bone of me still! heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

*Wel.* ‘ Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such *encomiums* and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drown’d over head and ears in the deep well of desire.’ Sister *Kiteley*, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

*Down.* O monster! impudence itself! tricks?

‘ *Dame.* Tricks, brother? what tricks?

‘ *Brid.* Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

‘ *Dame.* Ay, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks?

‘ *Brid.* Passion of my heart! do tricks?

‘ *Wel.*



Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied ! why, you monkies you, what a cater-wauling do you keep ? ha's he not given you rhimes, and verses, and tricks ?

Down. O, the fiend !

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so ! come and cherish this tame *poetical fury*, in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment : Go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a tuston at least. How now, gallants ? Mr. *Matthew* ? Captain ? What, all sons of silence ? no spirit ?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wufs ; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now ! whose cow has calv'd ?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter ; I'll tell you of it, ay, sir, you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions ?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither ; your hang-bys here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your *Soldado's* and *Foolado's* to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and flogs your fellow there, get you out, get you home ; or (by this steel) I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do ; cut off his ears ! cut a whetstone. You are an afs, do you see ; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.*]

Dame. O Jesu ! Murder. *Thomas, Gasper !*

*Brid.*

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*Brid.* Help, help, *Thomas*.

*E. Kno.* Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

*Bob.* Well, firrah, you *Holofores*; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will by this good heav'n: Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

*Cash.* Hold, hold, good gentleman.

*Down.* You whorson, bragging coystril!

*Enter Kiteley.*

*Kite.* Why how now? what's the matter? what's the stir here?

' Whence springs the quarrel, *Thomas*? where is he?' Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, *Thomas*? where is this knave?

*Cash.* Here, sir.

*Wel.* Come, let's go: This is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exeunt Wel. Mat. Bob. and E. Kno.*]

*Step.* I am glad nobody was hurt, by his ancient humour.

[*Exit.*]

*Kite.* Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

*Down.* A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God, nor the devil! And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em e'er I sleep perhaps; especially *Bob*, there; he that's all manner of shapes! and *songs* and *sonnets*, his fellow. "But I'll follow 'em."

*Brid.* Brother, indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour; 'and you know

' My brother *Well-bred*'s temper will not bear

' Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,

' Where every slight disgrace, he should receive,

' Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

' *Down.* Respect? what talk you of respect 'mong such,

' As ha' no spark of manhood, nor good manners?

' 'Sdains, I am ashamed to hear you! Respect?' [*Exit.*]

*Brid*

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' *Brid.* Yes,' there was one a civil gentleman,  
And very worthily demean'd himself!

*Kite.* O, that was some love of yours, sister!

*Brid.* A love of mine? I would it were no worse,  
brother,

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

[*Exit.*

*Dame.* Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an  
exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good  
parts! "*What a coil and stir is here.*"

[*Exit.*

*Kite.* Her love, by heav'n! my wife's minion!

' Fair disposition? excellent good parts?'

Death, these phrases are intolerable!

' Good parts? how should she know his parts?'

' His parts?' Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come hither.

What, are they gone?

*Cash.* Ay, fir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

*Kite.* Are any of the gallants within?

*Cash.* No, fir, they are all gone.

*Kite.* Art thou sure of it?

*Cash.* I can assure you, fir.

*Kite.* What gentleman was that they prais'd so,  
*Thomas*?

*Cash.* One, they call him Master *Kno'well*, a hand-  
some young gentleman, fir.

*Kite.* Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:  
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house  
Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me, *Thomas*,  
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*

' *Enter Cob and Tib.*

' *Cob.* What, *Tib*, *Tib*, I say.

' *Tib.* How now, what cuckold is that knocks so  
hard? O, husband, is't you? what's the news?

' *Cob.* Nay you have stun'd me, i' faith! you ha'  
' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me!  
' cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?

' *Tib.* Away you fool, did I know it was you that  
' knockt? Come, come, you may call me as bad  
' when you list.

' *Cob.*

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‘ *Cob.* May I? *Tib*, you are a whore.

‘ *Tib.* You lie in your throat, husband.

‘ *Cob.* How, the lie? and in my throat too? do  
‘ you long to be stab’d, ha?

‘ *Tib.* Why, you are no soldier, I hope?

‘ *Cob.* O, must you be stab’d by a soldier? Mafs;  
‘ that’s true! when was *Bobadil* here? your captain?  
‘ that rogue, that foist, that fencing *Burgullian*? I’ll  
‘ tickle him, i’ faith.

‘ *Tib.* Why, what’s the matter? trow!

‘ *Cob.* O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously!  
‘ but I have it here in black and white; for his black  
‘ and blue shall pay him. O, the justice! the honest  
‘ old brave *Trojan* in *London*! I do honour the very  
‘ flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put  
‘ me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanisht  
‘ away like the smoak of tobacco; but I was smoak’d  
‘ soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good an-  
‘ gel, my guest. Well, wife, or *Tib* (which you  
‘ will) get you in, and lock the door, I charge you  
‘ let no body in to you; wife, no body in to you;  
‘ those are my words. Not captain *Bob* himself, nor  
‘ the fiend in his likeness; you are a woman, you  
‘ have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted;  
‘ therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

‘ *Tib.* I warrant you there shall no body enter here  
‘ without my consent.

‘ *Cob.* Nor with your consent, sweet *Tib*, and so I  
‘ leave you.

‘ *Tib.* It’s more than you know, whether you leave  
‘ me so.

‘ *Cob.* How?

‘ *Tib.* Why, sweet.

‘ *Cob.* Tut, sweet or sow’r, thou art a flower.

‘ Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Moorfields.*

*Enter* Ed. Kno’well, Well-bred, and Brainworm.

*E. Kno.* Well, *Brainworm*, perform this business  
happily,

happily, and thou makest a-purchase of my love for ever.

*Wel.* I' faith, now let my spirits use thy best faculties: But, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

*Brai.* I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has wak'd all forces of my phant'sy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have posselt me withall, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

*Wel.* Forth, and prosper, *Brainworm.* Faith, *Ned*, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

*E. Kno.* Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

*Wel.* Take, man? why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: But, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister *Bridget* as thou pretend'st?

*E. Kno.* Friend, am I worth belief?

*Wel.* Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

*E. Kno.* Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no?

*Wel.* 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

*E. Kno.* Nay, do not swear.

*Wel.* By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

*E. Kno.* Hold, hold, be temperate.

*Wel.* Why, by — what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am —

*E. Kno.* Pr'ythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires compleat.

*Wel.*

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*Wel.* Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Formal, and Kno'well.*

*Form.* Was your man a soldier, fir,

*Kno.* Ay, a knave, I took him begging o' th' way,  
This morning, as I came over *Moorfields*!

O, here he is! yo' have made fair speed, believe me:

*Enter Brain-worm.*

Where, i' name of sloth, could you be thus?——

*Brai.* Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought  
I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

*Kno.* How so?

*Brai.* O, fir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge or my employment, are as open to your son, as to your self.

*Kno.* How should that be, unless that villain, *Brain-worm*,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd

All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis so!

*Brai.* I am partly o' that faith, 'tis so indeed.

*Kno.* But how should he know thee to be my man?

*Brai.* Nay, fir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, fir?

*Kno.* Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied  
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,  
I had just cause to weep my part in him,  
And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, *Fitz-Sword*?

*Brai.* You should rather ask where they found me, fir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls *Mr. Kno'well's* man; another cries, soldier: and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but 'they seem'd  
'men, and' out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employ'd,  
and



and about what ; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em) they lockt me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feast ; and your son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has pointed to meet her anon at one *Cob's* house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

*E. Kno.* Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with Justice *Clement's* man,  
And stay there for me. At one *Cob's* house, say'st thou ?

*Brai.* Ay sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes ? invisible ? much wench, or much son ! 'sight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at a length be deliver'd of air : O, the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst ! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. ' O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this ' Justice's novice.' [*aside.*] Sir, I make you stay some what long.

*Form.* Not a whit, sir. ' Pray you what do you mean sir ?

' *Brai.* I was putting up some papers——

' *Form.* You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.'

*Brai.* Marry have I, sir, to my loss ; and expence of all almost——

*Form.* Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

*Brai.* O, sir——

*Form.*

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*Form.* But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the *Roman* histories, or sees at *Mile-end*.

*Brai.* No I assure you, fir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: and more too somewhat. [*aside.*]

*Form.* No better time than now, fir; we'll go to the Wind-mill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, fir, let me request you to the Wind-mill.

*Brai.* I'll follow you, fir, and make grist of you, if I have good luck. [*Aside*] [*Exeunt*  
*Enter* Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, and Stephen.

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. *Well-bred's* half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel by this day-light.

*E. Kno.* We were now speaking of him: Captain *Bobadill* tells me he is fallen foul o'you too.

*Mat.* O, Ay, fir, he threatned me with the *Bastinado*.

*Bob.* Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that ——— You shall kill him beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick?

*Bob.* O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hey? [*He practises at a post.*

*Mat.* Rare captain!

*Bob.* Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a ——— punto!

*E. Kno.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

*Mat.* O good fir! yes I hope he has.

*Bob.* I will tell you, fir. 'Upon my first coming  
' to the city, after my long travel for knowledge (in  
' that mystery only) there came three or four of 'em  
' to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my  
' chance to be resident that time, to intreat my pre-  
' fence

‘ fence at their schools ; and withal so much importun’d me, that (I protest to you, as I am a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure : well, I told ’em that to come to a publick school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour ; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

‘ *E. Kno.* So, sir, then you tried their skill ?

‘ *Bob.* Alas, soon try’d ! you shall hear sir. Within two or three days after they came ; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac’d them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas’d ’em since a credit to admiration ! they cannot deny this : and yet now they hate me, and why ? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

‘ *E. Kno.* This is strange and barbarous ! as ever I heard.

‘ *Bob.* Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures ; but note, sir.’ They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk’d alone in divers skirts of the town, ‘ as *Turn-bull, White-chapel, Shoreditch*, which were then my quarters ; and since, upon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinary :’ where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen ; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for ’em : yet I hold it good policy not to go disarm’d, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress’d with multitudes.

‘ *E. Kno.* Ay, believe me, may you sir : and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Alas no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

*E. Kno.* O, but your skill, fir.

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, fir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but, where I known to his majesty and the lords (observe me) I would undertake (upon this poor head and life) for the publick benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire lives of his subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*E. Kno.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why thus, fir, I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would chuse them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverse, your Stoccata, your Imbroccato, your Passado, your Montanto; 'till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

*E. Kno.* Why are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Tut, never mis's thrust upon my reputation with you.

*E. Kno.* I would not stand in *Down-right's* state then; an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in *London*.

*Bob.* Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him (by the bright sun) where-ever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

*E. Kno.* Gods so, look where he is; yonder he goes.

[*Downright walks over the stage.*]

*Dow.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

*Bob.* It's not he? is it?

*E. Kno.* Yes faith, it is he.'

*Mat.* I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

*E. Kno.* Sir, keep you hanging good for some greater matter, for' I assure you that was he.

*Step.* Upon my reputation it was he,

*Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

*E. Kno.* That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

*Dow.* O, *Pharaoh's* foot, have I found you? Come, draw your tools; draw gipsy, or I'll thresh you.

*Bob.* Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

*Dow.* Draw your weapon then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. *Matthew*,

*Dow.* 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[*He beats and disarms him, Matthew runs away.*]

*Bob.* Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

*Dow.* Prate again, as you like this, you whorison foist

foist you. You'll controul the point, you? Your confort is gone? had he staid he had shar'd with you, fir.

"*E. Kno. Twenty and kill'em; twenty more, kill them too, ha! ha! ha!*"

*Bob.* Well gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

*E. Kno.* No faith, its an ill day Captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

*Bob.* I cannot tell, fir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace (by Heaven) sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

*E. Kno.* Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passadoes*, and your *montanto's*, I'll none of them.

"*Bob. I was planet struck certainly.*" [Exit.

*E. Kno.* O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leasure to make'em! Come Coz.

*Step.* Mafs I'll ha' this cloak.

*E. Kno.* God's will, 'tis *Downright's*.

*Step.* Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.

*E. Kno.* How an' he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

*Step.* Ay, but he shall not ha' it? I'll say, I bought it.

*E. Kno.* Take heed you buy it not to dear, Coz. [Ex.

' *A chamber in Kitley's House.*

' *Enter Kitley, Well-bred, Dame Kitley and Bridget.*

' *Kite.* Now, trust me brother, you were much to  
' blame,

' T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace  
' Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,  
' That every minute watch to give alarms,  
' Of civil war, without adjection

' Of



‘ Of your assistance or occasion.

‘ *Wel.* No harm done, brother, I warrant you :  
‘ since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man no-  
‘ thing; and a tall man is never his own man ’till he be  
‘ angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep  
‘ himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What’s a musician  
‘ unless he play? What’s a tall man unless he fight?  
‘ For indeed all this my wife brother stands upon ab-  
‘ solutely; and that made me fall in with him so re-  
‘ solutely.

‘ *Dame.* Ay, but what harm might have come of it,  
‘ brother?

‘ *Wel.* Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes  
‘ your husband wears be poison’d, for any thing he  
‘ knows; or the wholesome wine he drunk, even now  
‘ at the table——

‘ *Kite.* Now, God forbid; O me. Now I remember  
‘ my wife drunk to me last; and chang’d the cup,  
‘ and bade me wear this cursed suit to day.

‘ See, if Heav’n suffer murder undiscover’d!

‘ I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,

‘ Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;

‘ O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.

‘ If you will save my life, go, fetch it me.

‘ *Wel.* O strange humour! my very breath has poi-  
‘ son’d him.

‘ *Brid.* Good brother be content, what do you mean?  
‘ The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

‘ *Dame.* Beshrew your heart-blood, brother *Well-*  
‘ *bred*, now, for putting such a toy into his head.

‘ *Wel.* Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison’d with  
‘ a simile? Brother *Kiteley*, what a strange and idle  
‘ imagination is this? For shame, be wiser. O my  
‘ soul there’s no such matter.

‘ *Kite.* Am I not sick? how am I then, not poison’d?  
‘ am I not poison’d? how am I then so sick?

‘ *Dame.* If you be sick, your own thoughts make you  
‘ sick.

‘ *Wel.* His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

‘ *Brain.* Mr. *Kiteley*, my master Justice *Clement* salutes  
‘ you,

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' you ; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

' *Enter Brainworm disguis'd like Justice Clement's man.*

' *Kite.* No time but now ? when I think I am sick ? very sick ! well, I will wait upon his worship. *Thomas, Cob,* I must seek them out, and set'em sentinels till I return. *Thomas, Cob, Thomas.* [Exit calling.

' *Wel.* This is perfectly rare, *Brainworm* ! but how got'st thou this apparel of the Justice's man ?

' *Brain.* Marry sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Wind-mill, to hear some martial discourse ; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration ! and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return ; which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

' *Wel.* Well, thou art a successful merry knave, *Brainworm*, his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister *Bridget* at the Tower instantly ; for, here tell him the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say ; and than the Tower, I know no better air ; no, where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [Exit *Brainworm*.

' *Enter Kately and Cash.*

' *Kite.* Come hither, *Thomas*. Now my secret's ripe, And thou shalt have it : lay to both thine ears. Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, *Thomas*, Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch, Note every gallant, and observe him well, That enters in my absence to thy mistress : If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,

' Follow

‘ Follow ’em, *Thomas*, or else hang on him,  
 ‘ And let him not go after ; mark their looks ;  
 ‘ Note if she offer but to see his hand,  
 ‘ Or any other amorous toy about him ;  
 ‘ But praise his leg, or foot ; or if she say  
 ‘ The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,  
 ‘ How hot it is ; O, that’s a monstrous thing !  
 ‘ Note me all this, good *Thomas*, mark their sighs,  
 ‘ And, if they do but whisper, break ’em off.  
 ‘ I’ll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this ?  
 ‘ Wilt thou be true, my *Thomas* ?

‘ *Cash.* As truth’s self, sir.

‘ *Kite.* Why, I believe thee ; where is *Cob*, now ?

‘ *Cob* ? [Exit Kite.] [Exit Kite.]

‘ *Dame.* He’s ever calling for *Cob*, I wonder how  
 ‘ he employs *Cob* so !

‘ *Wel.* Indeed sister, to ask how he employs *Cob*, is a  
 ‘ necessary question, for you are his wife, and a thing  
 ‘ not very easy for you to be satisfied in : but this I’ll  
 ‘ assure you, *Cob*’s wife is an excellent bawd, sister,  
 ‘ and oftentimes your husband haunts her house ;  
 ‘ marry, to what end ; I cannot altogether accuse him,  
 ‘ imagine you what you think convenient. But I  
 ‘ have known fair hides have foul hearts, e’er now,  
 ‘ sister.

‘ *Dame.* Never said you truer than that, brother, so  
 ‘ much I can tell you for your learning. *Thomas*,  
 ‘ fetch your cloak and go with me, I’ll after him pre-  
 ‘ sently : I would to fortune I could take him there,  
 ‘ i’ faith, I’d return him his own, I warrant him.

‘ *Wel.* So let ’em go : this may make sport anor.  
 ‘ Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how  
 ‘ happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful ?

‘ [Exit with *Cash*.]

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N. B. This scene goes on again as it was written by Jonson,  
 at line 22, page 82.

The following scenes, between double commas, are the alterations  
 of Mr. Garrick : The foregoing ones, between single commas, are  
 as they were originally written by the author Ben Jonson.

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“ SCENE *A Chamber in Kiteley’s House.*

“ *Enter Kiteley and Cash.*

“ *Kite.* Art thou sure, *Thomas*, we have pry’d  
“ into all and every part throughout the house? Is  
“ there no by-place, or dark corner, has scap’d our  
“ searches?

“ *Cash.* Indeed, Sir, none; there’s not a hole or  
“ nook unsearch’d by us, from the upper loft unto the  
“ cellar.

“ *Kite.* They have convey’d him then away, or hid  
“ him in some privacy of their own——Whilst we  
“ were searching of the dark closet by my sister’s  
“ chamber, did’st thou not think thou heard’st a rust-  
“ ling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

“ *Cash.* Upon my truth, I did not, Sir; or if you  
“ did it might be only the vermin in the wainscot;  
“ the house is old, and over-run with ’em.

“ *Kite.* It is, indeed, *Thomas*—we should bane  
“ these rats—dost thou understand me—we will—  
“ they shall not harbour here; I’ll cleanse my house  
“ from ’em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not  
“ be tormented thus—They know my brain, and  
“ burrow in my heart——I cannot bear it.

“ *Cash.* I do not understand you sir! Good now,  
“ what is’t disturbs you thus? pray, be compos’d;  
“ these starts of passion have some cause I fear, that  
“ touches you more nearly.

“ *Kite.* Sorely, sorely, *Thomas*—it cleaves too close  
“ to me—Oh me—[Sighs] lend me thy arm—so,  
“ good *Cash*.

“ *Cash.* You tremble and look pale! let me call  
“ assistance.

“ *Kite.* Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas!  
“ ’tis not in med’cine to give me ease—here, here it  
“ lies.

“ *Cash.* What, sir?

“ *Kite.* Why,—nothing, nothing—I am not sick,  
“ yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my  
“ mind, and long for that, which having, would de-  
“ stroy me.

“ *Cash.*

“ *Cash.* Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition;  
 “ shut up your generous mind from such intruders—  
 “ I'll hazard all my growing favour with you: I'll  
 “ stake my present, my future welfare, that some base  
 “ whispering knave, nay, (pardon me, sir) hath in  
 “ the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and  
 “ evil nature! O, my master, should they take root,  
 [“ *Laughing within.*

“ *Kite.* Hark! hark! dost thou not hear! what  
 “ think'st thou now? are they not laughing at me?—  
 “ They are, they are. They have deceiv'd the wit-  
 “ tol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This  
 “ aggravation is not to be borne. (*Laughing again.*)  
 “ hark, again!—*Cash*, do thou unseen steal in upon  
 “ 'em and listen to their wanton conference.

“ *Cash.* I shall obey you, tho' against my will.

“ [*Exit.*

“ *Kite.* Against his will? ha! it may be so—He's  
 “ young, and may be brib'd for them—they've  
 “ various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so,  
 “ I'm lost, deceiv'd, betray'd, and my bosom, (my  
 “ full fraught bosom) is unlock'd and open'd to mock-  
 “ ery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be  
 “ that viper; sling the hand that rais'd and cherish'd  
 “ him! was this stroke added, I should be curs'd—  
 “ But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

“ *Enter Cash.*

“ *Cash.* You are musing, sir.

“ *Kite.* I ask your pardon, *Cash*,—ask me not why—  
 “ I have wrong'd you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

“ *Cash.* If you suspect my faith—

“ *Kite.* I do not - say no more—and for my sake  
 “ let it die and be forgotten—Have you seen your  
 “ mistress, and heard—whence was that noise?

“ *Cash.* Your brother, Master *Well-bred*, is with  
 “ 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on  
 “ a very truly ridiculous subject; it is one *Formal*,  
 “ as he styles himself, and he appertains (so he phrases  
 “ it) to Justice *Clement*, and wou'd speak with you.

“ *Kite.* With me! art thou sure it is the Justice's  
 “ clerk? where is he?

“ *Enter Brainworm (as Formal.)*

“ Who are you, friend?

“ *Brain.* An appendix to Justice *Clement*, vulgarly call’d his clerk.

“ *Kite.* What are your wants with me?

“ *Brain.* None.

“ *Kite.* Do you not want to speak with me?

“ *Brain.* No.—but my master does.

“ *Kite.* What are the Justice’s commands?

“ *Brain.* He doth not command, but intreats Master *Kitely* to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

“ *Kite.* What can it be! say, I’ll be with him instantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

“ *Brain.* I will. *Vale.* [Exit.

“ *Kite.* ’Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth——But first, come hither, *Thomas*—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shew’d thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch: wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

“ *Casb.* As truth’s self, fir——

“ But be assur’d you’re heaping care and trouble

“ Upon a sandy base; ill-plac’d suspicion

“ Recoils upon yourself—She’s chaste as comely!

“ Believ’t she is—Let her not note your humour;

“ Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be

“ As clear as her unsullied honour.

“ *Kite.* I will then, *Casb*—thou comfort’st me—

“ I’ll drive these

“ Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.

“ Think’st thou she has perceiv’d my folly? ’Twere

“ Happy if she had not—She has not—

“ They who know no evil will suspect none.

“ *Casb.* True, fir! nor has your mind a blemish now.

“ This change has gladdened me—Here’s my mistress

“ And the rest, settle your reason to accost ’em.

“ *Kite.* I will, *Casb*, I will——

“ *Enter*



“ Enter Well-bred, Dame Kitely, and Bridget.

“ *Wel.* What are you plotting, brother *Kitely*,

“ That thus of late you muse alone, and bear

“ Such weighty care upon your pensive brow? [*Laughs.*

“ *Kite.* My care is all for you, good sneering brother,

“ And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,

“ And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, bro-

“ ther,

“ You were to blame to raise commotions here,

“ And hurt the peace and order of my house.

“ *Wel.* No harm done, brother, I warrant you,

“ Since there is no harm done; anger costs

“ A man nothing, and a brave man is never

“ His own man 'till he be angry—To keep

“ His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,

“ As it were, in a cloak-bag: What's a brave

“ Musician unless he play?

“ What's a brave man unless he fight?

“ *Dame.* Ay, but what harm might have come of

“ it, brother?

“ *Wel.* What, school'd on both sides! Prithee,

“ *Bridget*, save me from the rod and lecture.

[*Brid. and Wel. retire.*

“ *Kite.* With what a decent modesty she rates him!

“ My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is—

“ How art thou, wife? thou look'st both gay and

“ comely

“ In troth thou dost—I am sent for out, my dear,

“ But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,

“ Business that forces me abroad grows irksome,

“ I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage

“ To have the more at home, indeed I cou'd.

“ *Dame.* Your doubts, as well as love, may breed

“ these thoughts.

“ *Kite.* That jar untunes me.

“ What dost thou say? doubt thee?

[*Aside.*

“ I shou'd as soon suspect myself—No, no,

“ My confidence is rooted in thy merit,

“ So fixt and settled, that, wert thou inclin'd

“ To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth

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“ Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais’d pulse  
 “ Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,  
 “ With heart’s ease and security—not but  
 “ I had rather thou should’st prefer thy home  
 “ And me, to toys and such like vanities.

“ *Dame.* But sure, my dear,  
 “ A wife may moderately more use these pleasures,  
 “ Which numbers, and the time give sanction to,  
 “ Without the smallest blemish on her name.  
 “ *Kite.* And so she may — And I’ll go with thee,  
 “ child

“ I will indeed — I’ll lead thee there myself,  
 “ And be the foremost reveller. — I’ll silence  
 “ The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;  
 “ Nor will I more be pointed at, as one  
 “ Disturb’d with jealousy —

“ *Dame.* Why, were you ever so?  
 “ *Kite.* What! — ha! never — ha, ha, ha!  
 “ She stabs me home. [*Afide*] jealous of thee!  
 “ No, do not believe it — speak low, my love,  
 “ Thy brother will overhear us — No, no, my dear,  
 “ It cou’d not be, it cou’d not be — for — for —  
 “ What is the time now? — I shall be too late —  
 “ No, no, thou may’st be satisfy’d  
 “ There’s not the smallest spark remaining —  
 “ Remaining! What do I say? there never was,  
 “ Nor can, nor ever shall be — so be satisfy’d —  
 “ Is *Cob* within there? — Give me a kiss,  
 “ My dear, there, there, now we are reconcil’d —  
 “ I’ll be back immediately — Good-bye, good-bye —  
 “ Ha! ha, jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing;  
 “ Ha, ha, *Cob*, where are you, *Cob*? Ha, ha! —

[*Exit.*

[*Well-bred and Bridget comes forward.*

“ *Wel.* What have you done to make your husband  
 “ part so merry from you? He has of late been little  
 “ given to laughter.

“ *Dame.* He laugh’d indeed, but seemingly without  
 “ mirth; his behaviour is new and strange: he is  
 “ much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head,  
 “ that puzzles mine to read it.

“ *Well.*

“ *Wel.* ’Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely  
 “ that the blind may read it ; have you not perceiv’d  
 “ it yet ?

“ *Dame.* If I have, ’tis not always prudent that  
 “ my tongue shou’d betray my eyes, so far my wis-  
 “ dom tends, good brother, and little more I boast  
 “ —But what makes him ever calling for *Cob* so ? I  
 “ I wonder how he can employ him.

“ *Wel.* Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs *Cob*,  
 “ is a necessary question for you, that are his wife,  
 “ and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfy’d in  
 “ —But this, I’ll assure, *Cob*’s wife is an excellent  
 “ bawd, sister ; and oftentimes your husband haunts  
 “ her house ; marry to what end, I cannot altogether  
 “ accuse him ; imagine you what you think conve-  
 “ nient. But I have known fair hides have foul  
 “ hearts, ’ere now, sister.

“ *Dame.* Never said you truer than that, brother ;  
 “ so much I can tell you for your learning, O, ho !  
 “ is this the fruit of’s jealousy ? I thought some game  
 “ was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but  
 “ now, but I’ll be quit with him.—*Thomas !*

*Enter Cash.*

“ Fetch your hat, and go with me ; I’ll get my hood,  
 “ and out the backward way.—I would to fortune I  
 “ could take him there, I’d return him his own, I  
 “ warrant him ! I’d fit him for his jealousy ! [*Exit.*

“ *Wel.* Ha, ha ! so, e’en let ’em go ; this may  
 “ make sport anon—What, *Brain-worm* ?

“ *Enter Brain-worm.*

“ *Brain.* I saw the merchant turn the corner, and  
 “ came back to tell you, all goes well ; wind and  
 “ tide, my master.

“ *Wel.* But how go’st thou this apparel of the  
 “ justice’s man ?

“ *Brain.* Marry, Sir. My proper fine penman  
 “ wou’d needs bestow the grist o’ me at the *Wind-*  
 “ *mill*, to hear some martial discourse, where I so  
 “ marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admi-  
 “ ration : and because too much heat was the cause of

“ his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay  
 “ along asleep, and borrow’d his suit to deliver this  
 “ counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and  
 “ an old brown bill, to watch him ’till my return ;  
 “ which shall be when I have pawn’d his apparel, and  
 “ spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

“ *Wel.* Well thou art a successful merry knave,  
 “ *Brain-worm* ; his absence will be subject for more  
 “ mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and  
 “ will him to meet me and my sister *Bridget* at the  
 “ *Tower* instantly ; for here, tell him, the house is so  
 “ stor’d with jealousy, there is no room for love to  
 “ stand upright in. We must get our fortunes com-  
 “ mitted to some large prison, say, and than the  
 “ *Tower*, I know no better air, nor where the liberty  
 “ of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit. Brain.*]

“ *Brid.* What, is this the engine that you told me  
 “ of ? What farther meaning have you in the plot ?

“ *Wel.* That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how  
 “ happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.”

*Brid.* That touches not me, brother.

*Wel.* That’s true ; that’s even the fault of it : for  
 indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it  
 procure her touching. ‘ But, sister, whether it touch  
 ‘ you or no, it touches your beauties ; and I am sure,  
 ‘ they will abide the touch ; an’ they do not, a plague  
 ‘ of all ceruse, say I ; and it touches me too in part,  
 ‘ though not in the’——Well, there’s a dear and re-  
 spected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and  
 worthily affected toward you, and hath vow’d to in-  
 flame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart in honour of  
 your perfections. I have already engag’d my promise  
 to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much  
 more. *Ned Kno’wel* is the man, sister. There’s no  
 exception against the party. You are ripe for a hus-  
 band ; and a minute’s loss to such an occasion, is a  
 great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister ?  
 On my soul he loves you, will you give him the meet-  
 ing ?

*Bridg.*

*Brid.* Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much methinks.

*Wel.* What's that, sister?

*Brid.* Marry, of the go-between.

*Wel.* No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see! who is return'd to hinder us?

*Enter Kite.*

*Kite.* What villainy is this? call'd out on a false message? This was some plot! I was not sent for. *Bridget*, where's your sister?

*Brid.* I think she be gone forth, sir.

*Kite.* How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

*Brid.* She's gone abroad with *Thomas*.

*Kite.* Abroad with *Thomas*? Oh, that villain cheats me!

He hath discover'd all unto my wife;  
Beast that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray  
You, went she?

*Brid.* I know not, sir.

*Wel.* I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

*Kite.* Whither, good brother?

*Wel.* To *Cob's* house, I believe: but keep my counsel.

*Kite.* I will, I will.—To *Cob's* house! Doth she haunt there?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me  
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,  
Hath told her all—"Why wou'd you let her go?

"*Wel.* Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd  
"keep her to her tether.

"*Kite.* So, so; now 'tis plain.—I shall go mad  
"With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents;  
"I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,  
"Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neigh-  
"bours,

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“ Despis’d by myself.—There is nothing left now  
 “ But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;  
 “ And then—all my cares will be over. [Exit.  
 “ *Brid.* He storms most loudly; sure you have  
 “ gone too far in this.  
 “ *Wel.* ’Twill all end right; depend upon’t.—But  
 “ let us lose no time; the coast is clear; away, away;  
 “ the affair is worth it and cries haste.  
 “ *Brid.* Ay trust me to your guidance brother, and  
 “ so fortune for us.  
 “ *Wel.* Come, he’s once more gone,  
 “ Sister, let’s lose no time; th’ affair is worth it.”  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE, *Stocks Market.*

*Enter Matthew and Bobadil.*

*Mat.* I wonder captain what they will say of my going away? ha?

*Bob.* Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick wary, respectful of nature’s fair lineaments? and that’s all.

*Mat.* Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

*Bob.* A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery us’d, laid on strongly, born most patiently; and that’s all.

‘ *Mat.* Ay, but would any man have offered it in  
 ‘ *Venice?* as you say?

‘ *Bob.* Tut, I assure you, no: you shall have there  
 ‘ your nobilis, your gentelezza, come in bravely  
 ‘ upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm,  
 ‘ stand you fair, save your reticato with his left leg,  
 ‘ come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave  
 ‘ steel, defy your base wood!’ But wherefore do I  
 awake th’s remembrance? I was fascinated by *Jupiter!*  
 fascinated; but I will be unwitch’d, and reveng’d  
 by law.

*Mat.* Do you hear? is’t not best to get a warrant,  
 and have him arrested and brought before justice *Clement?*

*Bob.*



*Bob.* It were not amiss, would we had it.

*Mat.* Why here comes his man, let's speak to him.

*Bob.* Agreed, do you speak.

*Enter Brainworm as Formal.*

*Mat.* 'Save you, fir.

*Brain.* With all my heart, fir.

*Mat.* Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abus'd this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well consider'd of, I assure you, fir.

*Brain.* Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

*Mat.* How is that, fir?

*Brain.* Faith, fir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

*Mat.* How shall we do captain? He asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

*Bob.* Not a cross by fortune.

*Mat.* Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

*Bob.* Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

*Mat.* O, yes, 'I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and 'you may pawn your silk-stockings, and pull up your 'boots, they will ne'er be mist: It must be done now.

'*Bob.* Well, an' there be no remedy: I'll step aside 'and pull 'em off.

'*Mat.* Do you hear, fir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; 'look you, fir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk-stockings, because we would have it dispatch'd e'er 'we went to our chambers. "I can pawn my ring "here.

"*Bob.*

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“ *Bob.* And harkee, he shall have my trusty Toledo too. I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

“ *Mat.* Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it dispatch’d.”

*Brain.* I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently; what’s his name, say you? *Down-right?*

*Mat.* Ay, ay, *George Down-right.*

“ *Brain.* What manner of man is he?

“ *Mat.* A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet-lace.

“ *Brain.* ’Tis very good, sir.

“ *Mat.* Here, sir, here’s my jewel.

“ *Bob.* And here are my stockings.”

*Brain.* Well, gentlemen, I’ll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

*Mat.* That’s true, captain, that must be consider’d.

*Bob.* Body o’me, I know not; ’tis service of danger.

*Brain.* Why, you were best get one o’the varlets o’the city, a serjeant: I’ll appoint you one, if you please.

*Mat.* Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

*Bob.* We’ll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

*Brain.* This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice’s man’s at the brokers, for a varlet’s suit, and be the varlet my self; ‘and get either more pawns, or more money of *Downright*, for the arreft,’ and so get money on all sides. [Exit.]

S C E N E *the Street before Cob’s House.*

*Enter Kno’well.*

*Kno.* Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Hoa? who is within here?

2

[*Tib appears at the window.*

*Tib.*

*Tib.* I am within, fir; what's your pleasure?

*Kno.* To know who is within besides yourself.

*Tib.* Why, fir, you are no constable, I hope?

*Kno.* O! fear you the constable? then I doubt not, You have some guests within deserve that fear; I'll fetch him straight.

*Tib.* O for Heav'ns sake, fir.

*Kno.* Go to. Come, tell me, is not young *Kno'*-well here?

*Tib.* Young *Kno'*-well? I know none such, fir, o' my honesty.

*Kno.* Your honesty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

*Tib.* The constable! The man is mad, I think.

*Enter Cash and Dame Kately.*

*Cash.* Hoa, who keeps house here?

*Kno.* O, this is the female copesmate of my son. Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*]

*Dame.* Knock, *Thomas*, hard.

*Cash.* Hoa, good wife?

*Tib.* Why, what's the matter with you?

*Dame.* Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door? belike you get something to keep it shut.

*Tib.* What mean these questions, pray ye?

*Dame.* So strange you make it? Is not my husband here?

*Kno.* Her husband! [*Aside.*]

*Dame.* My tried and faithful husband, Master *Kately*.

*Tib.* I hope he needs not to be tried here.

*Dame.* No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

*Tib.* Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

*Dame.* Come hither, *Cash*—I see my turtle coming to his haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*]

*Kno.* This is but a device to baulk me withal. Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my son disguis'd?

*I'll watch him, and surprize him.*

*Enter Kately muffled in a cloak.*

*Kite.* 'Tis truth, I see, there she skulks.

*But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—*

*I trem--*

"I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice

"Her infamy demands.

[*As Kately goes forward, Dame Kately and Kno'-*  
*"well lay bold of him.*

"*Kno.* Have I trapp'd you, youth? you can't 'scape  
 "me now."

*Dame.* O, fir, have I forestall'd your honest market,  
 Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd now, do  
 "Ah! hide, hide, your face for shame." [you?  
 I'faith (I am glad) I have smoakt you at last.

What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;  
 (Fetch forth the wanton dame) if she be fairer,  
 In any honest judgment than myself,

I'll be content with it: but, she is change,  
 She feeds you fat, she sooths your appetite,  
 And you are well! your wife, an honest woman,  
 Is meat twice sod to you, fir! O, you traitor!

*Kno.* 'She cannot counterfeit thus palably.'

"What mean you, woman? let go your hold.

"I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim  
 "him as my own.

"*Kite.* [*discovering himself.*] I am your cuckold,  
 "and claim my vengeance.

"*Dame.* What, do you wrong me, and insult me  
 "too?

"Thou faithless man!"

*Kite.* Out on thy more than strumpet impudence.  
 Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken  
 Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,  
 This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,

[*Pointing to Old Kno'well.*

Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it  
 With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent, dost not thou shame, [To him.

'When all thy power in chastity is spent,'

To have a mind so hot, and to entice,  
 And feed th'enticements of a lustful woman?

*Dame.* Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch.

*Kite.* Defy me, strumpet? ask thy pander here,  
 Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

*Kno.* Why, hear you, fir.

*Kite.*

*Kite.* Tut, tut, tut; never speak.

'Thy guilty conscience will discover thee,' "I fee  
"thro' ev'ry

"Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have

"Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.

"For you, fir, thus I demand my honour's due;

"Resolv'd to cool your last, or end my shame. [*Draws.*

"*Kno.* What lunacy is this, 'that haunts this man?'

"put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—no arm

"that e'er pois'd weapon can affright me. But I pity

"folly, nor cope with madness.

"*Kite.* I will have proofs—I will"—

So you, goodwife bawd, *Cob's* wife, and you,

That make your husband such a monster;

And you young pander, and old cuckold-maker;

I'll ha' you every one before the justice:

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

"Come forth thou bawd.

[*"Goes into the house, and brings out Tib."*]

*Kno.* Marry, with all my heart, fir, I go willingly;

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,

To punish my impertinent search, and justly,

And half forgive my son for the device.

*Kite.* Come, will you go?

*Dame.* Go, to thy shame believe it.

"*Kite.* Tho' shame and sorrow both my heart be-

"tide,

"Come on—I must, and will be satisfy'd."

[*Enter Cob.*]

'*Cob.* Why, what's the matter here? what's here  
'to do?

'*Kite.* O *Cob*, art thou come? I have been abus'd

'And i'thy house: never was man so wrong'd!

'*Cob.* 'Slid, in my house? my Master *Kitely*? who  
'wrongs you in my house? [*'here:*

'*Kite.* Marry, young lust in old, and old in young

'Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

'*Cob.* How? bawd? is my house come to that?

'am I preferr'd thither? did I charge you to keep your

'doors shut, *Isbel*? and do you let 'em lie open for

'all comers? [*He falls upon his wife, and beats her.*

'*Kno.*

' *Kno.* Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife. This's madness in thee.

' *Cob.* Why, is there no cause?

' *Kite.* Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, *Cob:* Come, let her go with me.

' *Cob.* Nay, she shall go.

' *Tib.* Nay, I will go. I'll see an' you may be allow'd to make a bundle o'hemp o'your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure.

' Why do you not go?

' *Kite.* A bitter quean! come we'll ha' you tam'd,'

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, *Stocks Market.*

*Enter Brain-worm.*

*Brain.* Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeants gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heav'n I come well off.

*Enter Bobadil and Mr. Matthew.*

*Mat.* See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his Gown.

' *Bob.* Let's go in quest of him.

' *Mat.* 'Save you, friend; are not you here by appointment of Justice *Clement's* man?

*Brain.* Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one *Down-right*.

*Mat.* It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

*Enter Mr. Stephen in Down-right's cloak.*

*Bob.* Bear back, Master *Matthew*.

*Brain.* Master *Down-right*, I arrest you in the king's name,



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name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

*Step.* Me, friend? I am no *Down-right*, I: I am *Master Stephen*: you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

*Brain.* Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

*Bob.* He wears such a cloak, and that deceiv'd us: But see, here a comes indeed; this is he, officer.

*Enter Down-right.*

*Down.* Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

*Step.* Your cloak, sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

*Brain.* Master *Down-right*, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

*Down.* These gentlemen? these rascals!

*Brain.* Keep the peace, I charge you in his majesty's name.

*Down.* I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

*Brain.* Go before Master Justice *Clement*, to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

*Mat.* Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain——— *[Exit.*

*Bob.* The varlet's a tall man, afore Heav'n! *[Exit.*

*Down.* Gull, you'll gi'me my cloak?

*Step.* Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

*Down.* You will?

*Step.* Ay, that I will.

*Down.* Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

*Brain.* Master *Stephen*, I must arrest you.

*Step.* Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

*Down.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

*Step.* Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

*Down—*

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*Down.* I'll ha' you answer it, fir.

*Brain.* Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

*Down.* I'll ha' no words: bring him along.

*Brain.* Sir, I may chuse to do that, I may take bail.

*Down.* 'Tis true, you may take bail, and chuse, at another time; but you shall not now. varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

*Brain.* Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here's your money again.

*Down.* 'Sdains, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

*Brain.* I warrant you he will go with you of himself, fir.

*Down.* Yet more ado?

*Brain.* I have made a fair mast on't.

*Step.* Must I go?

*Brain.* I know no remedy, Master *Stephen*.

*Down.* Come along, before me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

*Step.* Why, fir. I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

*Brain.* I think not, fir: it is but a whipping matter, sure.

*Step.* Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E, *A hall in Justice Clement's house.*

*Enter* Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cash, Cob, and Servants.

*Clem.* **N**AY, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, firrah. You, Master *Kno'well*, say went thither to meet your son?

*Kno.* Ay, fir.

*Clem.* But who directed you thither?

*Kno.* That did mine own man, fir.

*Clem.*

*Clem.* Where is he?

*Kno.* Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

*Clem.* My clerk? About what time was this?

*Kno.* Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

*Clem.* And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master *Kitely*?

*Kite.* After two, sir.

*Clem.* Very good: but, Mistress *Kitely*, how chance it that you were at *Cob's*? ha?

*Dame.* An' please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother *Well-bred* told me, that *Cob's* house was a suspected place——

*Clem.* So it appears, methinks; but on.

*Dame.* And that my husband us'd thither, daily.

*Clem.* No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

*Dame.* True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

*Clem.* I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress *Kitely*: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

*Kite.* I found her there, sir.

*Clem.* Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

*Kite.* Marry, that did my brother *Well-bred*.

*Clem.* How? *Well-bred* first tell her; then tell you after? Where is *Well-bred*?

*Kite.* Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

*Clem.* Why, this is a meer trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench, wert thou suspected for this?

*Tib.* Yes, 'most pitifully,' and't please you.

'*Cob.* And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.'

*Clem.* 'Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.'

*Enter Servant.*

How now, sir? what's the matter

*Ser.* Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

*Clem.* A gentleman? what's he?

*Ser.* A soldier, sir, he says.

*Clem.* A soldier? 'Take down my armour,' my sword,

sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! 'why, when, knaves? Come on, come on. [*He arms himself.*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword:' stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter. Now, fir, what ha' you to say to me?

*Enter Bobadil and Matthew.*

*Bob.* By your worship's favour—

*Clem.* Nay, keep out, fir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, fir, you are a soldier: why, fir, you shall be answer'd here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

*Bob.* Faith, fir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one *Down-right*, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

*Clem.* O, God's precious! Is this the soldier? 'Here, take my armour off quickly.' "*Lie there my sword,*" 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

*Mat.* An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

*Clem.* Why, an' he were, fir, his hands were not bound, were they?

*Ser.* There's one of the varlets of the city, fir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

*Clem.* My warrant?

*Ser.* Yes, fir; the officer says, procur'd by these two.

*Clem.* Bid him come in. Set by this picture.

*Enter Down-right, Stephen and Brain-worm.*  
What, Mr. *Down-right*! are you brought at Mr. *Fresh-water*'s suit here?

*Down.* Ay faith, fir. And here's another brought at my suit.

*Clem.*

*Clem.* What are you, fir?

*Step.* A gentleman, fir. O, uncle!

*Clem.* Uncle! who? Master *Kno'well*?

*Kno.* Ay, fir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

*Step.* God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

*Down.* O, did you find it now? you said you bought it e'er while.

*Step.* And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

*Clem.* Well, let this breathe awhile: you that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

*Bob.* Ay, an't please your worship.

*Clem.* Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

*Bob.* Of your clerk, fir.

*Clem.* That's well! an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

*Brain.* No, fir, your worship's man, Master *Formal*, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

*Clem.* Why, Master *Down-right*, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

*Down.* Sir, he did not serve it on me.

*Clem.* No? how then?

*Down.* Marry, fir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

*Clem.* O God's pity, was it so, fir? he must serve it? 'Give me my long sword there, and help me off. 'So, come on, fir varlet, I must cut off your legs, 'firrah: nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must 'cut off your legs, I say.

[*He flourishes over him with his long sword.*]

*Brain.* O, good fir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice.

*Clem.* I must do it, there is no remedy, I must cut off your legs, firrah, I must cut off your ears, you  
' rascal,

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‘ rascal, I must do it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

‘ *Brain.* O, good your worship.

‘ *Clem.* Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

‘ *Brain.* No, I thank your good worship, sir.

‘ *Clem.* Why, so? I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. “ Give me a warrant, I must serve one too.” You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah? away with him to the goal, I’ll teach you a trick, for your must, sir.

*Brain.* Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

*Clem.* Tell him he shall to the goal, away with him, I say.

*Brain.* Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this; I will not lose by my travel, any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Clem.* How is this?

*Kno.* My man *Brain-worm*?

*Step.* O yes, uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my cousin *Edward* and I all this day.

*Clem.* I told you all, there was some device.

*Brain.* Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

*Clem.* Body o’ me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you Master *Kno’well*, I bespeak your patience.

*Brain.* That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you’ll pardon me only, I’ll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

*Kno.* Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

*Brain.* Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain’d me



me doubly this morning for yourself: first as *Brain-worm*; after, as *Fitz-Sword*. I was your reform'd foldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to *Cob's* upon the errand without end.

*Kno.* Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

*Brain.* O sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis! it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought 'this gentleman,' Mr. *Kitely*, a message too, in the form of Mr. Justice's man here, to draw him out o' th' way, as well as your worship, while Master *Well-bred* might make a conveyance of Mistress *Bridget* to my young master.

'*Kitc.* How! my sister stol'n away?'

*Kno.* My son is not married, I hope!

*Brain.* Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds (which is her portion) can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Wind-mill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

*Clem.* Marry that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on't) firrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. 'Here, I drink to thee for thy good news.' But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man *Formal*?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness) and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

*Clem.* And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee; which having drunk off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to do nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o'the offence. "Go into the next room; let master *Kitely* into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth

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“ *in him, than an honest man ought to have.*” ‘ If thy  
 ‘ master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall  
 ‘ suspect his engine while I know him for’t. How  
 ‘ now, what noise is that ?

‘ *Serv.* Sir, it is *Roger* is come home.

‘ *Clem.* Bring him in, bring him in. What ! drunk  
 ‘ in arms against me ? your reason, your reason for this.’

‘ *Enter Formal.*

‘ *For.* I beseech your worship to pardon me ; I hap-  
 ‘ pen’d into ill company by chance that cast me into  
 ‘ a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes————’

‘ *Clem.* Well, tell him I am justice *Clement*, and  
 ‘ do pardon him : but what is this to your armour ?  
 ‘ what may that that signify ?

‘ *Form.* An’t please you, sir, it hung up i’the room  
 ‘ where I was stript ; and I borrow’d it of one o’the  
 ‘ drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do  
 ‘ penance through the street i’my shirt.’

*Clem.* ‘ Well, stand by a while.’ How now, who  
 are these ?

*Enter Ed. Kno’well, Well-bred, and Bridget.*

“ O, the young company. *Welcome, welcome.* Give  
 “ you joy. Nay, Mrs. Bridget, blush not, you are not  
 “ so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither be-  
 “ fore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace,  
 “ give me your hand. So will I for the rest, ere you for-  
 “ sake my roof.”

*All.* We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

*Clem.* Only these two have so little of man in ’em  
 they are no part of my care.

‘ *Wel.* Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman,  
 ‘ he belongs to my sister the bride.

‘ *Clem.* In what place, sir ?

‘ *Wel.* Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in  
 ‘ publick : her poet, sir,

‘ *Clem.* A poet ? I will challenge him myself pre-  
 ‘ sently at extempore.

‘ *Mount up the Phlegon muse, and testify,*

‘ *How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,*

‘ *Disrob’d his pedex white as ivory,*

‘ *And through the welkin thundred all aloud.*

‘ *Wel.*

‘ *Wel.* He is not for *extempore*, sir. He is all for the pocket-muse: please you command a sight of it.

‘ *Clem.* Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

‘ *Wel.* You must not deny the king’s justice, sir, under a writ o’ rebellion.

‘ *Clem.* What! all this verse? body o’ me, he carries a whole realm, a common-wealth of paper in’s hose! let’s see some of his subjects.

‘ *Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,*

‘ *Runs this poor river charg’d with streams of eyes.*

‘ How? this is stoln!

‘ *E. Kno.* A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

‘ *Clem.* Is all the rest of this batch? bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time! see, see, how our poet’s glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it’s at the highest: and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi*.

‘ *Kno.* There’s an emblem for you ion, and your studies!

‘ *Clem.* Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Mr. *Kitely*, you look upon me! though I live i’ the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlers! these ink-dablers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach. They have it with the fact.

‘ *E. Kno.* Sir, you have sav’d me the labour of a defence.

‘ *Clem.* It shall be discourse for supper, between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o’ the soldier, and picture o’ the poet (but both so false, I will not ha’ you hang’d out at my door till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in

‘ my court without; and, if you will, you may pray  
 ‘ there that we may be so merry within as to forgive  
 ‘ or forget you, when we come out. Here’s a third,  
 ‘ because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he  
 ‘ is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge,  
 ‘ fr. [Exeunt Bob. Math. and Brainworm.]

*Step.* And what shall I do?

*Clem.* O! I had lost a sheep an’ he had not bleated! why, fir, you shall give Mr. *Down-right* his cloak, and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i’ the buttery, and keep *Cob* and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil’d; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep ’em so.

*Step.* I’ll do my best.

‘ *Cob.* Why, now I see thou art honest, *Tib*, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

‘ *Tib.* And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

*Clem.* ‘ Good complement! it will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. “ Call Master Kately, and his wife, there.

“ Enter Mr. Kately and Dame Kately.

“ Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? Did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? have not you traced, have you not found it, eh, master Kately?

“ Kite. I have---I confess my folly, and own I have deserw’d what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

“ Kite. That will depend upon yourself, Master Kately; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside.” You, Mr. *Down-right*, your anger; you, master *Kno’well*, your cares; Master *Kately* and his wife, their jealousy.

‘ For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,  
 ‘ Horns i’ the mind are worse than o’ the head.’

*Kite.*

*Kite.* Sir, thus they go from me ; kiss me, sweet wife.

*See what a drove of horns flie in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath !  
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.  
See, see ! on heads, that think th' have none at all !  
O, what a plenteous world of this will come !  
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*

' I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's  
' part in a play.

' *Clem.* 'Tis well ! 'tis well ! this night we'll dedi-  
' cate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master  
' bridegroom, take your bride and lead ; every one a  
' fellow. Here is my mistress, *Brainworm* ! to whom  
' all my addressees of courtship shall have their refer-  
' ence. Whose adventures this day, when our grand-  
' children shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not  
' but it shall find both spectators and applause.'

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 ber  
 Catiline, by Ben Johnson  
 Cato, by Addison  
 Chances, by D. Bucking-  
 ham  
 Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez  
 Cleomenes, by Dryden  
 Cobler of Preston  
 Comedy of Errors, by  
 Shakespeare  
 Conscious Lovers, by Cib-  
 ber  
 Committee, by Sir R.  
 Howard  
 Confederacy, by Vanbrugh  
 Conscious Lovers, by Steele  
 Constant Couple, by Far-  
 quhar  
 Contrivances, by Carey  
 Country Lasses, by C. John-  
 son  
 Country Wife, by Wycherly  
 Cymbeline, altered by Mr.  
 Garrick  
 Damon and Phillida, by  
 Mr. Dibden  
 Devil of a Wife  
 Devil to pay, by Coffey  
 Distressed Mother, by  
 Amb. Phillips  
 Don Carlos, by Otway  
 Double Dealer, by Con-  
 greve  
 Double Gallant, by Cibber  
 Dragon of Wantley  
 Drummer, by Addison  
 Duke and no Duke, by Sir  
 A. Cockain  
 Duke of Guise, by Dryden  
 Earl of Essex, by Banks



# PLAYS *for* T. LOWNDES *and* PARTN

Every Man in his Humour	Man of Mode, by Etherege
Fair Penitent, by Rowe	Marianne, by Fenton
Fair Quaker of Deal, by C. Shadwell	Measure for Measure, by Shakespeare
False Friend	Merchant of Venice, by Shakespeare
Fatal Curiosity	Mistake, by Vanbrugh
Fatal Secret, by Theobald	Mourning Bride, by Con- greve
Flora, or Hob in the Well	Much ado about Nothing
Fox, by Ben Johnson	Mustapha, by Lord Orrery
Friendship in Fashion, by Otway	Nonjuror, by C. Cibber
Funeral, by Sir R. Steele	Oedipus, by Dryden
Gamester, by Mrs Centlivre	Old Bachelor, by Congreve
Gentle Shepherd	Oroonoko, by Southern
George Barnwell, by Lillo	Orphan, by Otway
Gloriana	Othello, by Shakespeare
Greenwich Park	Perjured Husband
Hamlet, by Shakespear	Perolla and Isidora, by C. Cibber
Henry IV. 2 Parts, by ditto	Phædra and Hippolitus, by Smith
Henry V. by ditto	Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher
Henry VI. 3 Parts, by ditto	Polly, by Mr. Gay
Henry VIII. by ditto	Prophetess, by Beaumont
Henry V. by Aaron Hill	Provok'd Husband, by C. Cibber
Honest Yorkshireman	Provok'd Wife, by Van- brugh
Jane Gray, by Rowe	Recruiting Officer, by Far- quhar
Jane Shore, by Rowe	Refusal, by Cibber
Inconstant, by Farquhar	Rehearsal, by D. of Bucks
King John, by Shakespeare	Relapse, by Vanbrugh
King Lear, by ditto	Revenge, by Dr. Young
King Lear, by Tate	Richard III. by C. Cibber
Limberham, by Dryden	Rival Fools, by Cibber
Love for Love, by Con- greve	Rival Ladies, by Dryde
Love in a Mist	Rival Queens, by Lee
Love in a Tub, by Etherege	
Love makes a Man, by C. Cibber	
Love's Last Shift, by ditto	
Lying Lover, by Steele	
Macbeth, by Shakespeare	

PLAYS *for* T. LOWNDES *and* PARTNERS.

- |                                              |                                                               |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Romeo and Juliet, altered<br>by Mr. Garrick  | Titus and Berenice, with<br>the Cheats of Scapin,<br>by Otway |
| Royal Merchant, by Beau-<br>mont             | Twelfth Night, by Shake-<br>speare                            |
| Rule a Wife and have a<br>Wife               | Twin Rivals, by Far-<br>quhar                                 |
| School Boy, by Cibber                        | Two Gentlemen of Ve-<br>rona                                  |
| Scornful Lady, by Beau-<br>mont and Fletcher | Venice Preserved, by Ot-<br>way                               |
| She would and she would<br>not, by Cibber    | Ulysses, by Rowe                                              |
| She would if she could, by<br>Etherege       | Way of the World, by<br>Congreve                              |
| Siege of Damascus, by<br>Hughes              | What d'ye call it? by Gay                                     |
| Silent Woman, by B. John-<br>son             | Wife to be let                                                |
| Sir Courtly Nice, by<br>Crown                | Wife's Relief, or Hus-<br>band's Cure                         |
| Sir Harry Wildair, by<br>Farquhar            | Wild Gallant, by Dryden                                       |
| Sir Martin Mar-All, by<br>Dryden             | Wit without Money                                             |
| Sir Walter Raleigh, by<br>Dr. Sewell         | Woman's a Riddle                                              |
| 'Squire of Alsatia, by T.<br>Shadwell        | Wonder, a Woman keeps<br>a Secret, by Centlivre               |
| Stage Coach, by Farquhar                     | Zara, with the Interlude,<br>by A. Hill Esq;                  |
| State of innocence, by<br>Dryden             | Agis, - 1s                                                    |
| Strollers                                    | Arden of Feversham, 1s.                                       |
| Suspicious Husband, by<br>Dr. Hoadley        | Douglas, 1s                                                   |
| Tamerlane, by Rowe                           | Eastward Hoe, 1s                                              |
| 'Tempest, by Shakespeare                     | Gentleman Dancing Mas-<br>ter, 1s                             |
| Tender Husband, by Steele                    | Love in a Wood, 1s                                            |
| Theodosius, or the Force<br>of Love          | Pasquin, 1s                                                   |
| Timon of Athens, by<br>Shakespeare           | Perkin Warbeck, 1s                                            |
|                                              | Plague of Riches, French<br>and English, 1s                   |
|                                              | Plain Dealer, 1s                                              |
|                                              | Siege of Aquileia, 1s                                         |



# STRATAGEM.



*Barrault ad viv. del.*

*Walker sculp.*

**M<sup>rs</sup> LESSINGHAM as M<sup>rs</sup> SULLEN.**

*Sull. The Devil take his impudence.*

*Published, Nov. 16. 1776. by T. Lowndes, & Partners.*

THE  
*BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

A  
C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY  
MR. FARQUHAR.


Marked with the Variations in the  
M A N A G E R ' s   B O O K ,  
AT THE  
*Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON; W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON

M.DCC.LXXVI.

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as from Line 3 to 26, in Page 9.



# P R O L O G U E.

*WHEN* strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,  
Keen satyr is the business of the stage.  
*When* the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes  
Which then infested most—the modish times :  
*But now*, when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,  
And all our youth in active fields are bred ;  
*When* thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive round,  
The trumps of fame, the notes of UNION sound ;  
*When* ANNA's sceptre points the laws their course,  
And her example give her precepts force ;  
There scarce is room for satyr ; all our lays  
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.  
*But* as in grounds best cultivated, tares  
And poppies rise among the golden ears ;  
Our product so, fit for the field or school,  
Must mix with nature's favourite plant—a fool.  
*A weed* that has to twenty summers run,  
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.  
*Simpling* our author goes from field to field ;  
And culls such fools as may diversion yield ;  
*And*, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,  
For rain or shine, the thriving coxcomb grows.  
*Follies* to-night we shew, ne'er lash'd before,  
Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour ;  
*Nor* can the pictures give a just offence,  
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Aimwell,	{ <i>Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes,</i>	
Archer,		
Sullen, <i>A Country Blockhead,</i>	—	
Freeman, <i>a Gentleman from London,</i>	—	
Foigard, <i>a French Priest,</i>	—	
Gibbet, <i>a Highwayman,</i>	—	
Hounslow and Bagshot, <i>his Companions,</i>	—	
Boniface, <i>Landlord of the Inn,</i>	—	
Scrub, <i>Servant to Mr. Sullen,</i>	—	

At COVENT-GARDEN.	At DRURY-LANE.
Mr. WROUGHTON:	Mr. PACKER.
Mr. LEWES.	Mr. GARRICK.
Mr. CLARK.	Mr. HURST.
Mr. YOUNG.	Mr. BRERETON.
Mr. FOX.	Mr. MOODY.
Mr. MAHON.	Mr. BRANSBY.
Mr. DUNSTALL.	Mr. USHER.
Mr. WOODWARD.	Mr. YATES.

## W O M E N.

Lady Bountiful, *an old, civil, country Gentlewoman, that cures all Distempers,* —

Dorinda, *Lady Bountiful's Daughter,* —

Mrs. Sullen, *her Daughter-in-law,* —

Gipsy, *Maid to the Ladies,* —

Cherry, *Boniface's Daughter,* —

Mrs. PITT.	Mrs. CROSS.
Mrs. BULKLEY.	Miss SHERRY.
Mrs. LESSINGHAM.	Mrs. ABINGTON.
Mrs. WILLEMS.	Miss PLATT.
Miss BROWN.	Miss JARRATT.

S C E N E, L I T C H F I E L D.

# THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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## ACT I. SCENE, *An Inn.*

*Enter Boniface running. [Bar-bell rings.]*

*Bon.* Chamberlain, Maid, Cherry, Daughter  
Cherry; all asleep? all dead?

*Enter Cherry running.*

*Cher.* Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so; father?  
d'ye think we have no ears?

*Bon.* You deserve to have none, you young minx :  
—The company of the *Warrington* coach has stood in  
the hall this hour, and no body to shew them to their  
chambers.

*Cher.* And let 'em wait, father; there's neither  
red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

*Bon.* But they threaten to go to another inn to-  
night.

*Cher.* That they dare not, for fear the coachman  
shou'd overturn them to-morrow.—[*Ringing*] Com-  
ing, coming : here's the *London* coach arriv'd.

*Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, with other  
luggage, and cross the stage.*

*Bon.* Welcome, ladies.

*Cher.* Very welcome, gentlemen——Chamberlain,  
shew the *Lion* and the *Rose*. [*Exit with the company.*]

*Enter Aimwell in a riding habit, Archer as footman  
carrying a portmanteau.*

*Bon.* This way, this way, gentlemen.

*Aim.* Set down the things; go to the stable, and  
see my horses well rubb'd.

*Arch.* I shall, sir, [*Exit.*]

*Aim.* You're my landlord, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well  
known upon this road, as the saying is.

A. 3. *Aim.*

6 THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

*Aim.* O! Mr. *Boniface*, your servant.

*Bon.* O! sir,—what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

*Aim.* I have heard your town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for ale, I think; I'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the 5th day of next *March*, old style.

*Aim.* You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale—here, tapster, breach number 1706, as the saying is;—sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*—I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, man and boy, above eight and fifty years, and I believe have not consum'd eight and fifty ounces of meat.

*Aim.* At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

*Bon.* Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

*Enter Tapster with a Tankard.*

Now, sir, you shall see, your Worship's health: ha! delicious, delicious—fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

*Aim.* [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

*Bon.* Strong! It must be so, or how wou'd we be strong that drink it?

*Aim.* And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, landlord?

*Bon.* Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* How came that to pass?

*Bon.* I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a present of of a dozen bottles of *Uisquebaugh*—but the poor woman was never well after

after : But, however, I was oblig'd to the gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the *Usquebaugh* that kill'd her ?

*Bon.* My Lady *Bountiful* said so—she, good lady, did what could be done ; she cur'd her of three tympanies, but the fourth carry'd her off ; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd ?

*Bon.* 'Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of women : her last husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours ; she cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men ; 'green-sickneis, 'obstructions, and fits of the mother in women : '—The king's evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children : in short, she has cured more people in and about *Litchfield* within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

*Aim.* Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune : She has a son too, by her first husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine lady from *London* t'other day ; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

*Aim.* What sort of a man is he ?

*Bon.* Why, sir, the man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith : but he's a man of great estate and values nobody.

*Aim.* A sportsman, I suppose ?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure ; he plays at whist, and smoaks his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* A fine sportsman, truly ! and marry'd, you say ?

*Bon.* Ay, and to a curious woman, sir—but he's a—He wants it here, sir.

[*Pointing to his forehead.*

## 3 THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

*Aim.* He has it there, you mean.

*Bon.* That's none of my business, he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, wou'd not—but I-cod, he's no better than—fir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running-trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray, what other company have you in town?

*Bon.* A power of fine ladies; and then we have the *French* officers.

*Aim.* O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em; they are full of money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, fir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

*Bon.* I'll wait on 'em——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is. [*To Archer.*

*Arch.* I can't tell, as the saying is.

*Bon.* Come from *London*?

*Arch.* No!

*Bon.* Going to *London*, may hap!

*Arch.* No!

*Bon.* An odd fellow this; [*Bar-bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*

*Aim.* The coast's clear, I see——Now my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

*Arch.* I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

*Aim.* Iniquity! prithee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your drefs.

*Arch.* Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my maxim,



maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crimes so shameful as poverty.

*Aim.* The world confesses it every day in its practice, tho' men won't own it for their opinion: who did that worthy lord, my brother, single out of the side-box to sup with him t'other night?

*Arch.* *Jack Handicraft*, a handsome, well-dress'd, mannerly, sharpening rogue, who keeps the best company in town.

*Aim.* Right; and pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manslaughter* t'other day, the great fortune?

*Arch.* Why, *Nick Marrowbone*, a profess'd pick-pocket, and a good bowler; but he makes a handsome figure, and rides in his coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

*Aim.* But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last week?

*Arch.* Yes, with his autumnal periwig, shading his melancholy face, his coat older than any thing but its fashion, with one hand idle in his pocket, and with the other picking his useless teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a lion in a desert.

*Aim.* And as much avoided, for no crime upon earth but the want of money.

*Arch.* And that's enough; men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

*Aim.* Upon which topick we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: wou'd not any man swear now that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when if our intrinsic value were known——

*Arch.* Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

*Aim.* As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can

have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my servant.

*Arch.* That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what money have we left?

*Aim.* But two hundred pounds.

*Arch.* And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent — Our friends indeed began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, shew'd no signs of want either in word or deed.

*Aim.* Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a volunteering.

*Arch.* Why, 'faith if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

*Aim.* With all my heart, and we have liv'd justly; *Archer*; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

*Arch.* Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our penny-worths; and had I millions, I wou'd go to the same market again, O *London, London!* well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us.

*Aim.* It has often griev'd the heart of me, to see how  
 ' some inhuman wretches murder their kind fortunes;  
 ' those that by sacrificing all to one appetite, shall starve  
 ' all the rest—You shall have some that live only in their  
 ' palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the other  
 ' four: others are only epicures in appearances, such who  
 ' shall starve their nights to make a figure a days, and  
 ' famish

‘ famish their own, to feed the eyes of others : a contrary  
‘ sort confine their pleasures to the dark, and contract  
‘ their spacious acres to the circuit of a muff-string.

‘ *Arch.* Right ; but they find the *Indies* in that spot  
‘ where they consume ’em, and, I think, your kind  
‘ keepers have much the best on’t ; for they indulge the  
‘ most senses by one expence, there’s the seeing, hear-  
‘ ing and feeling, amply gratify’d ; and some philo-  
‘ sophers will tell you, that from such a commerce,  
‘ there arises a sixth sense, that gives infinitely more  
‘ pleasure than the other five put together.

‘ *Aim.* And to pass to the other extremity, of all  
‘ keepers, I think those the worst that keep their money.

‘ *Arch.* Those are the most miserable wights in being :  
‘ they destroy the rights of nature, and disappoint the  
‘ blessings of Providence : give me a man that keeps his  
‘ five senses keen and bright as his sword, that has ’em,  
‘ always drawn out in their just order and strength,  
‘ with his reason, as commander at the head of ’em,  
‘ that detaches ’em by turns upon whatever party of plea-  
‘ sure agreeably offers, and commands ’em to retreat  
‘ upon the least appearance of disadvantage, or danger :  
‘ For my part, I can stick to my bottle, while my wine,  
‘ my company, and my reason, hold good ; I can be  
‘ charm’d with *Sappho*’s singing, without falling in love  
‘ with her face ; I love hunting, but would not, like  
‘ *Actæon*, be eaten up by my own dogs ; I love a fine  
‘ house, but let another keep it ; and just so I love a  
‘ fine woman.

‘ *Aim.* In that last particular you have the better of me.

‘ *Arch.* Ay, you’re such an amorous puppy, that I’m  
‘ afraid you’ll spoil our sport ; you can’t counterfeit the  
‘ passion without feeling it.

‘ *Aim.* Tho’ the whining part be out of doors in  
‘ town, ’tis still in force with the country ladies :—  
‘ And let me tell you, *Frank*, the fool in that passion  
‘ shall outdo the knave at any time.

‘ *Arch.* Well, I won’t dispute it now ;’ but you  
‘ command for the day, and so I submit :—At *Notting-*  
*ham*, you know, I am to be master.

*Aim.*

*Aim.* And at *Lincoln*, I again.

*Arch.* Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

*Aim.* A match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

*Bon.* What will your worship please to have for supper?

*Aim.* What have you got?

*Bon.* Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

*Aim.* Good supper-meat, I must confess—I can't eat beef, landlord.

*Arch.* And I hate pig.

*Aim.* Hold your prating, firrah! do you know who you are? [*Aside.*]

*Bon.* Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

*Aim.* Have you any veal?

*Bon.* Veal! Sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on *Wednesday* last.

*Aim.* Have you got any fish, or wild-fowl?

*Bon.* As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild-fowl!—We have a delicate couple of rabbits.

*Aim.* Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

*Bon.* Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

*Arch.* Pshaw! Rot your onions.

*Aim.* Again firrah;—Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, firrah, reach me the strong box.

*Arch.* Yes, sir,—this will give us reputation.

[*Aside.* Brings the box

*Aim.* Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper: But be sure you lay it where I may

may have it at a minute's warning ; for my affairs are a little dubious at present ; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent ; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses ready saddled : but one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it ;—— for he's the most insufferable sot——Here, firrah, light me to my chamber.

*Arch.* Yes, Sir ! [Exit, lighted by Archer.

*Bon.* Cherry, Daughter Cherry.

*Enter Cherry.*

*Cher.* D'ye call, father ?

*Bon.* Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

*Cher.* Money ! all that money ! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he ?

*Bon.* I don't know what to make of him ; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

*Cher.* Ay ! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

*Bon.* A highwayman ! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new-purchased booty.—— Now, cou'd we find him out, the money were ours.

*Cher.* He don't belong to our gang.

*Bon.* What horses have they ?

*Cher.* The master rides upon a black.

*Bon.* A black ! ten to one the man upon the black mare ; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience : I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look'e child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work ; proofs we must have ; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a wench ; you must work him t'other way.

*Cher.* Father, wou'd you have me give my secret for his ?

*Bon.* Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to

to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming—— child, mind your business.

*Cher.* What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain,——by a footman too!

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

*Cher.* Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

*Arch.* I hope so, for, I'm sure, you did not think of me.

*Cher.* Suppose I had?

*Arch.* Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

*Cher.* Love to me, friend!

*Arch.* Yes, child.

*Cher.* Child! manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better,

*Arch.* Distance! good night, saucebox. [*Going.*

*Cher.* A pretty fellow; I like his pride.—Sir, pray, sir, you see, sir, [*Archer returns*] I have the credit to be intrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman; I hope, sir, you an't affronted.

*Arch.* Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.——'Sdeath child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

*Cher.* Why sir, don't I see every body?

*Arch.* Ay, but if some women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—Prithee instruct me, I wou'd fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

*Cher.* Why, did you never make love to any body before?

*Arch.* Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you,



you, madam; my addressees have been always confin'd to people within my own sphere, I never aspir'd so high before.

[Archer sings.

*But you look so bright,  
And are dress'd so tight,  
That a man wou'd swear you're right,  
As arm was e'er laid over.*

*Such an air  
You freely wear  
To ensnare,  
As makes each guest a lover :*

*Since then, my dear, I'm your guest.  
Prithee give me of the best  
Of what is ready dress'd :  
Since then my dear, &c.*

*Cher.* 'What can I think of this man? [*Aside.*]  
Will you give me that song, sir?

*Arch.* Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm.  
[*Kisses her*] Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

*Cher.* And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

*Arch.* There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the business much better.

*Cher.* This fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aside.*]  
What's your name, sir?

*Arch.* Name! egad I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh?  
*Martin.*

*Cher.* Where were you born?

*Arch.* In *St. Martin's* parish.

*Cher.* What was your father?

*Arch.* Of—of — *St. Martin's* parish.

*Cher.* Then friend, good-night,

*Arch.* I hope not.

*Cher.* You may depend upon't.

*Arch.* Upon what?

*Cher.* That you're very impudent.

*Arch.*

*Arch.* That you're very handsome.

*Cher.* That you're a footman.

*Arch.* That you're an angel.

*Cher.* I shall be rude.

*Arch.* So shall I.

*Cher.* Let go my hand.

*Arch.* Give me a kiss.

[*Kisses her.* Boniface calls without Cherry, Cherry.

*Cher.* I'm—My father calls; you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit.*

*Arch.* A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide. [*Exit.*

## A C T II.

S C E N E *a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

*Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.*

*Dor.* **M**orrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

*Mrs. Sul.* Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: but I think, *Dorinda*, there's no form of prayer in the Liturgy against bad husbands.

*Dor.* But there's a form of law at *Doctors Commons*; and I swear, sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I wou'd advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life—But supposing, madam; that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? my brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

*Mrs. Sul.* The most constant husband, I grant ye.

*Dor.* He never sleeps from you.

*Dor.*

Mrs. *Sul.* No, he always sleeps with me.

*Dor.* He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. *Sul.* A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down, and bless my benefactors, for meat, drink, and cloaths? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, call'd pleasures.

*Dor.* You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. *Sul.* Country pleasures! racks and torments! dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambring over stiles; or that my parents wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoaking tobacco with my husband; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

*Dor.* I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refin'd: but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. *Sul.* Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town: Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? if you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every *Phyllis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring stream, and every flow'ry mead give fresh alarms to love—Besides, you'll find, that their couples were never marry'd:—But yonder, I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best judge.

*Mrs. Sul.* O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I wou'd have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see; but take this by the way, he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, waken'd me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he has rowl'd about the room like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap—Oh matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the cloaths with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole oeconomy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.—O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

*Enter Sullen*

*Sul.* My head akes consumedly.

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

*Sul.* No.

*Dor.* Coffee, brother?

*Sul.* Pshaw!

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

*Sul. Scrub.*

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub.* Sir!

*Sul.* What day o'th' week is this?

*Scrub.* Sunday, an't please your worship.

*Sul.*

*Sul.* *Sunday!* bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, set out the venison-pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall-table, I'll go to breakfast. [*Going.*]

*Dor.* Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

*Sul.* For what?

*Dor.* For being drunk last night.

*Sul.* I can afford it, can't I?

*Mrs. Sul.* But I can't, sir.

*Sul.* Then you may let it alone.

*Mrs. Sul.* But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

*Sul.* I'm glad on't.

*Mrs. Sul.* What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

*Sul. Scrub!*

*Scrub.* Sir!

*Sul.* Get things ready to shave my head. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* Have a care of coming near his temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit. Scrub.*] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I get him to town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

*Dor.* And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

*Mrs. Sul.* No, no, child, 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man wou'd enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town—A man dare not play the tyrant in *London*, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda!* a fine woman may do any thing in *London*: O' my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

*Dor.* I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your colours already.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some *English* that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter ; I think, one way to rouse my lethargick, sottish husband, is to give him a rival ; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty : women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinc'd into a passion for you ; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion of his side, and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it ; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I cou'd be contented with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury ?

Mrs. Sul. Let him :—If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye ?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother ?

Mrs. Sul. He is but a half brother, and I'm your entire friend : If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me ; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing ; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine—The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your time is not come ; love and death have their fatalities, and strike home  
one.



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one time or other:—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time. [Exit.

## SCENE, the Inn.

*Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.*

*Aim.* And was she the daughter of the house?

*Arch.* The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

*Aim.* Why dost think so?

*Arch.* Because the baggage has a pert *Je-ne-sçai-quoi*, she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

*Aim.* By which discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

*Arch.* Not yet, 'faith; the lady gives herself airs, forsooth, nothing under a gentleman.

*Aim.* Let me take her in hand.

*Arch.* Say one word more o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwell*, every man in his own sphere.

*Aim.* Right, and therefore you must pimp for your master.

*Arch.* In the usual forms, good sir, after I have serv'd myself—But to our business—You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

*Aim.* There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger in a country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment:—Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him—Then, I, sir, tips the verger half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church, I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop, or the Dean,

if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a dying for her, the tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

*Arch.* There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

*Aim.* Pshaw, no woman can be a beauty without a fortune.—Let me alone for a mark's-man.

*Arch.* *Tom!*

*Aim.* Ay!

*Arch.* When were you at church before, pray?

*Aim.* Um—I was there at the coronation.

*Arch.* And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

*Aim.* Blessing? nay *Frank*, I ask but for a wife!

[*Exit.*

*Arch.* Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands.

[*Exit at the opposite door.*

*Enter Boniface and Cherry.*

*Bon.* Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

*Cher.* Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

*Bon.* Young! why you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five and twenty! Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highway-man.

*Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.*

*Gib.* Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

*Bon.*

*Bon.* O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the news?

*Gib.* No matter, ask no questions, all fair and honourable; here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a bag.*] Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest, and here—Three wedding—or mourning rings, 'tis much the same you know—Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts: here is a diamond necklace which the lady hid in the privatest place in the coach, but I found it out: this gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife, it was left in her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms upon the case.

*Cher.* But who had you the money from?

*Gib.* Ah! poor woman! I pitied her;—From a poor lady just eloped from her husband, she had made up her cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so faith I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a present for you.

*Cher.* What is't?

*Gib.* A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

*Cher.* What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint!

*Gib.* Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief.—Here, take my cloak, and go, secure the premises.

*Cher.* I will secure 'em. [*Exit.*]

*Bon.* But heark'e, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

*Gib.* They'll be here to-night.

*Bon.* D'ye know of any other gentlemen o'the pad on this road?

*Gib.* No.

*Bon.* I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

*Gib.* The devil! how d'ye smook 'em?

*Bon.* Why, the one is gone to church.

*Gib.*

*Gib.* To church! that's suspicious, I must confess.

*Bon.* And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other, we'll call him out and pump him a little.

*Gib.* With all my heart.

*Bon.* Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

*Enter Archer combing a Periwig, and singing.*

*Gib.* The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas——A good pretty fellow; who's servant are you, friend?

*Arch.* My master's.

*Gib.* Really?

*Arch.* Really.

*Gib.* That's much——The fellow has been at the bar by his evasions:—But, pray, sir, what is your master's name?

*Arch.* Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Periwig.*] This is the most obstinate curl——

*Gib.* I ask you his name?

*Arch.* Name, sir——Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his name in my life. Tall, all, dall.

*Bon.* What think you now?

*Gib.* Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a judge: but pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

*Arch.* A horseback.

*Gib.* Very well again, an old offender right——But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

*Arch.* Downwards, I fear, sir! Tall, all.

*Gib.* I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

*Bon.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch——This gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your company, that's all——Come, captain, you'll stay to night, I suppose; I'll shew you a chamber——Come, captain.

*Gib.* Farewel friend——

[*Exit.*]

*Arch.* Captain, your servant——Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

*Enter*

*Enter Cherry.*

*Cher.* Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] *Mr. Martin*, who was that man with my father?

*Arch.* Some recruiting fearjeant, or whip'd out trooper, I suppose.

*Cher.* All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*]

*Arch.* Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the catechize I taught you last night?

*Cher.* Come, question me.

*Arch.* What is love?

*Cher.* Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

*Arch.* Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the chin.*] Where does love enter?

*Cher.* Into the eyes.

*Arch.* And where go out.

*Cher.* I won't tell you.

*Arch.* What are the object of that passion?

*Cher.* Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

*Arch.* The reason?

*Cher.* The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

*Arch.* That's my dear: What are the signs and token of that passion?

*Cher.* A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

*Arch.* That's my good child, kiss me.—What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

*Cher.* He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!—He must, he must—

*Arch.* Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his—

*Cher.* O! ay, he must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more;

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he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

*Arch.* Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine? Come, my Dear, why is love call'd a riddle?

*Cher.* Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a child, he governs a man.

*Arch.* Mighty well——And why is love pictur'd blind?

*Cher.* Because the painters out of their weakness, or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

*Arch.* That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again.——And why shou'd love, that's a child, govern a man?

*Cher.* Because that a child is the end of love.

*Arch.* And so ends love's catechism——And now, my dear, we'll go in and make my master's bed.

*Cher.* Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*——You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it?

*Arch.* What?

*Cher.* That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

*Arch.* Oons, what a witch it is!

*Cher.* Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to servitude, I hate it:——Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

*Arch.* And then we shall go make my master's bed?

*Cher.* Yes.

*Arch.* You must know then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money, my friends disown'd me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

*Cher.* Then take my hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

*Arch.*



*Arch.* How!

*Cher.* Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw off your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson?

*Arch.* What said you? a parson.

*Cher.* What! Do you scruple?

*Arch.* Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds you say?

*Cher.* And better.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, what shall I do?——But heark'e, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

*Cher.* Then you won't marry me?

*Arch.* I would marry you, but——

*Cher.* O sweet Sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you persuade me that any gentleman who cou'd bear the scandal of wearing a livery, wou'd refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir,—but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you, [Going.

*Arch.* Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*—Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand pounds?

*Cher.* Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will—In the mean while be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father—— [Exit.

*Arch.* So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his——Let me see—two thousand pounds! if the wench wou'd promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one wou'd marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live——Lord knows how long! then an inn-keeper's daughter; ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the sages charge on pride,  
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside,  
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,  
Pride saves man oft, and woman too from falling.*

[Exit.]

### ACT III.

SCENE, *Lady Bountiful's House.*

*Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.*

Mrs. Sul. **H**A, ha, ha! my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all, why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you the gentleman has got to his confident already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's breeding already—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narcissus*, a star, the man i' the moon?

Dor. O sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little of her cephalick plaister to put to the soles of your feet? or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you.——Come, 'unlace your stays,' unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow, I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

M. s.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well said, up with it.

*Dor.* No forward coquet behaviour, no airs to set him off, no study'd looks, nor artful posture,——but nature did it all——

Mrs. *Sul.* Better and better—One touch more—come——

*Dor.* But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, I did——his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

*Dor.* Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with pride die at my feet, tho' he scorn'd slavery any where else.

Mrs. *Sul.* The physic works purely——How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

*Dor.* Hem! much better, my dear—O here comes our *Mercury*! [*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, what news of the gentleman?

*Scrub.* Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

*Dor.* Open it quickly, come.

*Scrub.* In the first place I enquir'd who the gentleman was? They told me he was a stranger. *Secondly*, I ask'd what the gentleman was? They answer'd and said, That they never saw him before. *Thirdly*, I enquir'd what countryman he was? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. *Fourthly*, I demanded whence he came? Their answer was, they cou'd not tell. And *Fifthly*, I ask'd whither he went? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the matter.—And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. *Sul.* But what do the people say? can't they guess?

*Scrub.* Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit?

*Dor.* A jesuit! Why a jesuit?

*Scrub.* Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks *French*.

Mrs. Sul. His footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lacc, and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid leg, a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles—he carries his hands in his pockets and walks just so—[*Walks in a French air.*] and has a fine long periwig ty'd up in a bag——Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, sister!

Dor. I have it——This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance——Scrub.

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave sister! o' my conscience, you understand the mathematicks already—'Tis the best plot in the world; your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own——so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh! madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life.

*Enter*

# THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

21

*Enter Gipsy.*

*Gip.* Ladies, dinner's upon table.

*Dor.* *Scrub*, we'll excuse your waiting———Go where we order'd you.

*Scrub.* I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Inn.

*Enter Aimwell and Archer.*

*Arch.* Well, *Tom*, I find you're a marksman.

*Aim.* A marksman! who so blind cou'd be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

*Arch.* Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell*.

*Aim.* *Aimwell*! call me *Orcondates*, *Cesario*, *Amadis*, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer*, I read her thousands in her looks, she look'd like *Ceres* in her harvest, corn, wine and oil, milk and honey, gardens, groves and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

*Arch.* Her face! her pocket, you mean: the corn, wine and oil, lies there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the *English* on't.

*Aim.* Her eyes———

*Arch.* Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery.

[*Going.*]

*Aim.* Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent.

*Arch.* Passion! what a plague. d'ye think these romantick airs will do your business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantick by half.

*Aim.* Your adventures!

*Arch.* Yes.

*The nymph, that with her twice ten hundred pounds,  
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,  
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed——*

There's a touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter: I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down

the stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

*Enter Boniface.*

*Bon.* Mr. *Martin*, as the saying is——yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* butler, who begs the honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his cellar.

*Arch.* Do my *Bassemains* to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

*Bon.* I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. *[Exit, bowing obsequiously.]*

*Aim.* What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toftida* sing?

*Arch.* Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say, there's another lady very handsome there.

*Aim.* Yes faith.

*Arch.* I'm in love with her already.

*Aim.* Can't you give me a bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time.

*Arch.* No, no, friend, all her corn, wine and oil, is ingross'd to my market——And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom.——What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the craife for you. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Boniface.*

*Aim.* Well, well, I won't——Landlord; have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

*Bon.* Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arriv'd about an hour ago.

*Aim.* Gentlemen of his coat are welcome everywhere; will you make him a complement from me, and tell him I should be glad of his company?

*Bon.* Who shall I tell him. sir, wou'd——

*Aim.* Ha! that stroke was well thrown in——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and wou'd be glad of his company, that's all.

*Bon.*



*Bon.* I obey your commands, as the saying is. [*Exit.*

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what title will you give yourself?

*Aim.* My brother's, to be sure; he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout—you know the rest of your cue.

*Arch.* Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

*Enter Gibbet.*

*Gib.* Sir, I'm yours.

*Aim.* 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

*Gib.* I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

*Aim.* And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

*Gib.* Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord——

*Aim.* O, sir, I ask you're pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

*Gib.* At your service, sir.

*Aim.* What regiment? may I be so bold?

*Gib.* A marching regiment, sir, an old corps.

*Aim.* Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.*] You have serv'd abroad, sir?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's country——I'm a *Roman* for that.

*Aim.* One of the first, I'll lay my life [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, sir.

*Gib.* Ay, sir, too hot for me.

*Aim.* Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, and at *White's* too.

*Aim.* And where is your company now, Captain?

*Gib.* They an't come yet.

*Aim.* Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

B 5 *Gib.*

*Gib.* They'll be here to night, fir.

*Aim.* Which way do they march?

*Gib.* A-crofs the country—The devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about [*Aside.*

*Aim.* Is your company to quarter at *Litchfield*?

*Gib.* In this house, fir.

*Aim.* What! all?

*Gib.* My company's but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha!

*Aim.* You're merry, fir.

*Gib.* Ay, fir, you must excuse me, fir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, fir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

*Aim.* Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

*Gib.* I am credibly inform'd that there are highway-men upon this quarter; not, fir, that I cou'd suspect a gentleman of your figure—But truly, fir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

*Aim.* Your caution may be necessary—then I presume you're no captain.

*Gib.* Not I, fir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient—And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

*Aim.* And pray, fir, what is your true profession?

*Gib.* O, fir, you must excuse me—upon my word, fir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

*Aim.* Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, I commend you.

*Enter Boniface.*

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the news?

*Bon.* There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

*Aim.*

*Aim.* What is he?

*Bon.* A clergyman, as the saying is.

*Aim.* A clergyman! is he really a clergyman? or, is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

*Bon.* O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

*Aim.* Is he a Frenchman?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, born at *Brussels*.

*Gib.* A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir, I have a value for my reputation, sir.

*Aim.* Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves—can he speak *English*, landlord?

*Bon.* Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

*Aim.* Then he has been in *England* before?

*Bon.* Never, sir, but he's a master of languages, as the saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

*Aim.* Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*.

*Bon.* Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

*Aim.* Pray desire him to walk up.

*Bon.* Here he is, as the saying is.

*Enter Foigard.*

*Foig.* Save you, gentlemen's bote.

*Aim.* A Frenchman! sir, your most humble servant.

*Foig.* Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours alsho.

*Gib.* Doctor, you talk very good *English*; but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

*Foig.* My *English* is very well for the vords, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

*Aim.* A foreigner! a downright teague, by this sight. [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

*Foig.*

*Foig.* I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels*: I am a subject of the King of *Spain*, joy.

*Gib.* What King of *Spain*, sir? speak.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

*Aim.* Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor, he's a stranger.

*Foig.* O let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

*Aim.* Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute——  
Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

*Bon.* Upon the table, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Gentlemen—pray——that door.——

*Foig.* No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

*Aim.* No, doctor, the church is our guide.

*Gib.* Ay, ay, so it is——

[*Exit Foigard foremost, they follow.*]

SCENE changes to a gallery in *Lady Bountiful's house*.

*Enter Archer and Scrub singing and hugging one another; Scrub with a tankard in his hand, Gipsy listening at a distance.*

*Scrub.* Tal, all, dall——come, my dear boy——let us have that song once more.

*Arch.* No, no, we shall disturb the family:—But will you be sure to keep the secret?

*Scrub.* Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

*Arch.* 'Tis enough—you must know then, that my master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a duel t'other day in *London*, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

*Gip.* And that's enough for me. [Exit.

*Scrub.* And where were you when your master fought?

*Arch.* We never know of our masters quarrels.

*Scrub.* No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their

their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour, you shall have the whole country up in arms.

*Arch.* To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for—but if you should chance to talk now of this business?

*Scrub.* Talk! ah, sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family.

*Arch.* Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

*Scrub.* Secrets, O lud!—but I'll say no more—come sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard: Here——

*Arch.* With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh?—Here's your ladies health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

*Scrub.* Secrets! ah! friend, friend, I wish I had a friend.——

*Arch.* Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

*Scrub.* Shall we?

*Arch.* From this minute——give me a kiss——And now brother *Scrub.*——

*Scrub.* And now brother *Martin*, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end:——You must know that I am consumedly in love.

*Arch.* That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

*Scrub.* That jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha!—are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother *Scrub*?

*Scrub.* I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long, and many a day after they have lost it.

*Arch.* In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

*Scrub.* Ay, cou'd I bring her to a bastard, I shou'd have

have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay for fear of being sent for a soldier.—Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in *London* like that same pressing-act?

*Arch.* Very ill, brother *Scrub*;—'tis the worst that ever was made for us;—formerly I remember the good days when we cou'd dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

*Scrub.* And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a fury—once I had the better end of the staff.

*Arch.* And how comes the change now?

*Scrub.* Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

*Arch.* A priest!

*Scrub.* Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say grace to the *French* officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

*Arch.* How came he so familiar in the family?

*Scrub.* Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

*Arch.* And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affection of your *Gipsy*.

*Scrub.* Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for, I'm afraid, he has made her a whore and a papiſt—but this is not all; there the *French* Count and Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own too, to be sure.

*Arch.* A very hopeful family yours, brother *Scrub*; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

*Scrub.*



*Scrub.* Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I'm a perfect slave—What d'ye think is my place in this family?

*Arch.* Butler, I suppose.

*Scrub.* Ah, lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a *Monday* I drive the coach, of a *Tuesday* I drive the plough, on *Wednesday* I follow the hounds, a *Thursday* I dun the tenants, on *Friday* I go to market, on *Saturday* I draw warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw beer.

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother—but what ladies are those?

*Scrub.* Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda—don't mind 'em, sit still man—

*Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.*

*Mrs. Sul.* I have heard my brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

*Dor.* That's impossible, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* He's vastly rich, and very close they say.

*Dor.* No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants; I cou'd wish we might talk to that fellow.

*Mrs. Sul.* So do I; for I think he's a very pretty fellow: come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[*They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the stage, Mrs. Sullen drops her fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*]

*Arch.* Corn, wine and oil indeed—but, I think, the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—madam, —your ladyship's fan.

*Mrs. Sul.* O sir, I thank you—What a handsome bow the fellow made!

*Dor.* Bow! why I have known several footmen come down from *London* set up here for dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

*Arch.* [*Aside.*] That project, for ought I know, had been better than ours—Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me?

*Scrub.* Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day; I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

*Dor.* And I hope you have made much of him?

*Arch.* O yes, madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

*Mrs. Sul.* What, then you don't usually drink ale?

*Arch.* No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescribed me by the physician for a remedy against the spleen.

*Scrub.* O la! O la!—A footman have the spleen—

*Mrs. Sul.* I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

*Arch.* Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

*Dor.* How affectedly the fellow talks—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master?

*Arch.* Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

*Mrs. Sul.* And pray, which service do you like best?

*Arch.* Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

*Mrs. Sul.* That flight was above the pitch of a livery; and sir, wou'd not you be satisfy'd to serve a lady again?

*Arch.* As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs.

*Mrs. Sul.* I suppose you serv'd as footman before?

*Arch.* For that reason I wou'd not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: my Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopt 'till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance.—

*Mrs. Sul.* } Ha, ha! where are you going, sir?  
*Dor.*

*Arch.* Why, I han't half done——The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so happen'd to misplace two syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable——

*Dor.* The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw.—But, friend, if your master be marry'd,—I presume you still serve a lady.

*Arch.* No, madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

*Dor.* There's a main point gain'd.—My lord is not marry'd, I find. [Aside.

*Mrs. Sul.* But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

*Arch.* I don't know how, madam.—'I had a lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not bread, madam—I am very well as I am—I live much better as I do.

*Scrub.* Madam, he sings rarely—I was thought to do

• do pretty well here in the country till he came ; but :  
 • alack a-day, I'm nothing to my brother *Martin*.

• *Dor.* Does he? pray sir, will you oblige us with  
 • a song?

• *Arch.* Are you for passion or humour?

• *Scrub.* O la! He has the purest ballad about a  
 • trifle——

• *Mrs. Sul.* A trifle! pray, sir, let's have it.

• *Arch.* I'm a sham'd to offer you a trifle, madam :  
 • but since you command me.——

[Sings to the tune of *Sir Simon the King*.]

• *A* Trifling song you shall hear,  
 • Begun with a trifle and ended :  
 • All trifling people draw near,  
 • And I shall be nobly attended.

• Were it not for trifles, a few,  
 • That lately have come into play ;  
 • The men wou'd want something to do,  
 • And the women want something to say.

• What makes men trifle in dressing ?  
 • Because the ladies (they know.)  
 • Admire, by often possessing,  
 • That eminent trifle a beau.

• When the lover his moments has trifled,  
 • The trifle of trifles to gain :  
 • No sooner the virgin is rifled,  
 • But a trifle shall part 'em again.

• What mortal man wou'd be able  
 • At White's half an hour to sit ?  
 • Or who cou'd bear a tea-table,  
 • Without talking of trifles for wit ?

• The court is from trifles secure,  
 • Gold keys are no trifles, we see :  
 • White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,  
 • Whatever their bearers may be.

• But

- But if you will go to the place,
- Where trifles abundantly breed,
- The levee will shew you his grace
- Makes promises trifles indeed.
  
- A coach with six footmen behind,
- I count neither trifle nor sin :
- But, ye gods ! how oft do we find
- A scandalous trifle within ?
  
- A flask of Champaign, people think it
- A trifle, or something as bad :
- But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
- You'll find it no trifle egad.
  
- A parson's no trifle at sea,
- A widow's a trifle in sorrow :
- A peace is a trifle to-day,
- Who knows what may happen to-morrow.
  
- A black coat a trifle may cloak,
- Or to hide it, the red may endeavour :
- But if once the army is broke,
- We shall have more trifles than ever.
  
- The stage is a trifle, they say,
- The reason, pray carry along,
- Because at ev'ry new play,
- The house they with trifles so throng.
  
- But with people's malice to trifle,
- And to set us all on a foot :
- The author of this is a trifle,
- And his song is a trifle to boot.

Mrs. Sul. ' Very well, sir, we're oblig'd to you'—  
something for a pair of gloves.

[Offering him money.

Arch. I humbly beg 'eave to be excused : my master, madam, pays me ; nor dare I take money from any  
other

other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

"*Scrub.* Brother Martin, brother Martin.

"*Arch.* What do you say, brother Scrub?

"*Scrub.* Take the money, and give it to me."

[*Exeunt Arch. and Scrub.*]

*Dor.* This is surprizing: did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow?

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil take him for wearing that livery.

*Dor.* I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

*Mrs. Sul.* It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so — For I like him.

*Dor.* What! better than the count?

*Mrs. Sul.* The count happen'd to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband — But I shou'd like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

*Dor.* But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

*Mrs. Sul.* Patience! you country ladies give no quarter, 'if once you be enter'd' — Wou'd you prevent their desires, and give the fellows no wishing time. — Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it. — My business comes now upon the tapis — Have you prepar'd your brother?

*Dor.* Yes, yes.

*Mrs. Sul.* And how did he relish it?

*Dor.* He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promis'd to be guided by me: but here he comes. —

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sul.* What singing was that I heard just now?

*Mrs. Sul.* The singing in your head, my dear, you complain'd of it all day.

*Sul.*



*Sul.* You're impertinent.

*Mrs. Sul.* I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

*Sul.* One flesh! rather two carcases join'd unnaturally together.

*Mrs. Sul.* Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

*Dor.* So, this is fine encouragement for me!

*Sul.* Yes, my wife shews you what you must do!

*Mrs. Sul.* And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

*Sul.* 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

*Mrs. Sul.* 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

*Sul.* Do you talk to any purpose?

*Mrs. Sul.* Do you think to any purpose?

*Sul.* Sister, heark'e—[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Sul.* What did he whisper to ye?

*Dor.* That he wou'd go round the back-way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

*Mrs. Sul.* I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. away.

[Exeunt.]

# A C T IV.

## S C E N E continues.

*Enter Mrs. Sullen.*

' *Mrs. Sul.* **W**ERE I born an humble *Turk*, where  
' women have no soul nor property,  
' there I must sit contented——But in *England*, a  
' country whose women are its glory, must women be  
' abus'd? where women rule, must women be enslav'd?  
' nay, cheated into slavery? mock'd by a promise of  
' com-

‘ comfortable society into a wilderness of solitude?—  
 ‘ I dare not keep the thought about me——O! here  
 ‘ comes something to divert me——

‘ *Enter a Country Woman.*

‘ *Wom.* I come, an’t please your ladyship—you’re my  
 ‘ Lady *Bountiful*, an’t ye?

‘ *Mrs. Sul.* Well, good woman, go on.

‘ *Wom.* I come seventeen long mile to have a cure  
 ‘ for my husband’s fore leg.

‘ *Mrs. Sul.* Your husband! what, woman, cure your  
 ‘ husband!

‘ *Wom.* Ay, poor man, for his fore leg won’t let him  
 ‘ stir from home.

‘ *Mrs. Sul.* There, I confess, you have given me a  
 ‘ reason. Well, good woman, I’ll tell you what you  
 ‘ must do—You must lay your husband’s leg upon a  
 ‘ table, and with a chopping-knife you must lay it  
 ‘ open as broad as you can, then you must take out the  
 ‘ bone, and beat the flesh soundly with a rowling-pin,  
 ‘ then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace and ginger, some  
 ‘ sweet-herbs, and season it very well, then roll it up  
 ‘ like brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.

‘ *Wom.* Heaven reward your ladyship—I have two  
 ‘ little babies too that are pitious bad with the graips,  
 ‘ an’t please ye

‘ *Mrs. Sul.* Put a little pepper and salt in their bellies,  
 ‘ good woman. [*Enter Lady Bountiful*] I beg your  
 ‘ ladyship’s pardon for taking your business out of your  
 ‘ hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one  
 ‘ of your patients.

‘ *L. Boun.* Come, good woman, don’t mind this  
 ‘ mad creature; I am the person that you want, I sup-  
 ‘ pose—What wou’d you have, woman?

‘ *Mrs. Sul.* She wants something for her hus-  
 ‘ band’s fore leg.

‘ *L. Boun.* What’s the matter with his leg, goody?

‘ *Wom.* It come first, as one might say, with a sort of  
 ‘ dizziness in his foot, then he had a kind of laziness  
 ‘ in his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it  
 ‘ swell’d, and then it clos’d again, and then it broke out  
 ‘ again,

again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better,  
and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sul. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Boun. How can you be merry with the misfortunes of other people?

Mrs. Sul. Because my own make me sad, madam.

L. Boun. The worst reason in the world, daughter; your own misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity others.

Mrs. Sul. But the woman's misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in health.

L. Boun. What! wou'd you wish your husband sick?

Mrs. Sul. Not of a sore leg of all things.

L. Boun. Well, good woman, go to the pantry, get your belly full of victuals, then I'll give you a receipt of diet drink for your husband——But, d'ye hear, goody, you must not let your husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, madam, the poor man's inclinable enough to lie still. [Exit.]

L. Boun. Well, Daughter Sullen, tho' you laugh, I have done miracles about the country here with my receipts.

Mrs. Sul. Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but I believe, madam, the patient's faith goes farther towards the miracle than your prescription.

L. Boun. Fancy helps in some cases; but there's your husband, who has as little fancy as any body, I brought him from death's door.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose, madam, you made him drink plentifully of ass's milk.

Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs. Sullen.

Dor. News, dear sister, news, news!

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?——Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O madam, the fame of your Ladyships charity, goodness, benevolence, skill and ability, have drawn

drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is at this moment breathing his last.

*L. Boun.* Your master! where is he?

*Arch.* At your gate, madam, drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue within five paces of the courtyard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

*L. Boun.* Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

*Arch.* Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable act.

*L. Boun.* Is your master us'd to these fits?

*Arch.* O yes, madam, frequently—I have known him have five or six of a night.

*L. Boun.* What's his name,

*Arch.* Lord, madam, he's a dying; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

*L. Boun.* Ah, poor gentleman! come, friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[*Exit with Archer.*]

*Dor.* O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

*Mrs. Sul.* And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it: did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all you charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

*Dor.* O, sister, I'm but a young gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

*Mrs. Sul.* Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

*Dor.* No, no, dear sister, you have miss'd your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

*Enter*

# THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

49

*Enter Aimwell in a chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy. Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.*

*L. Boun.* Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops—*Gipsy*, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his hands are clinch'd!

*Arch.* For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?——Pray, madam, [*To Dorinda*] take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [*Dorinda takes his hand.*]

*Dor.* Poor gentleman—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

*L. Boun.* 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

*Arch.* O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases—he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

*Dor.* Oh, my hand! my hand!

*L. Boun.* What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open you see with a great deal of ease.

*Arch.* Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

*Mrs. Sul.* I find, friend, you're very learned in these sort of fits.

*Arch.* 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find myself extreamly ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

*L. Boun.* His fit holds him very long.

*Arch.* Longer than usual, madam——'Pray, young lady, open his breast and give him air.'

*L. Boun.* Where did his illness take him first, pray?

*Arch.* To day at church, madam.

*L. Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

*Arch.* Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

*L. Boun.* Wind, nothing but wind.

C

'Arch

*Arch.* By soft degrees it grew and mounted to his brain, there his fancy caught it : there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing colours, that his transported appetite seiz'd the fair idea, and straight convey'd it to his heart. That hospitable seat of life sent all its sanguine spirits forth to meet it, and open'd all it's sluicy gates to take the stranger in.'

*L. Boun.* Your master shou'd never go without a bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the the lavender-water——some feathers to burn under his nose——Hungary-water to rub his temples——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem——*Gipsy*, bring the cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*]

*Dor.* How do you, sir?

*Aim.* Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent death,  
And now am landed on the *Elysian* shore—  
Behold the goddess of those happy plains,  
Fair *Proserpine*—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* So, so, so, I knew where the fit wou'd end.

*Aim.* *Eurydice* perhaps——

How cou'd thy *Orpheus* keep his word,  
And not look back upon thee;  
No treasure but thyself cou'd sure have brib'd him  
To look one minute off thee.

*L. Boun.* Delirious, poor gentleman.

*Arch.* Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

*Aim.* *Martin's* voice, I think.

*Arch.* Yes, my lord—How does your lordship?

*L. Boun.* Lord! did you mind that, girls?

*Aim.* Where am I?

*Arch.* In very good hands, sir—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see——

*Aim.*



*Aim.* I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon———And refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care till an opportunity offers of making some amends—I dare be no longer troublesome—*Martin*, give two guineas to the servants. [Going.]

*Dor.* Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb shew.]

*Aim.* That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

'*Mrs. Sul.* Don't despair, sir; I have known several in your distemper shake it off, with a fortnight's physick.'

*L. Boun.* Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, sir:——Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country——“*Here Gipsey bring the cordial water.*”——Here, sir, my service t'ye——You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial I can assure you, and of my own making—Drink it off, sir: [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, sir:

*Aim.* Somewhat better——tho' very faint still.

*L. Boun.* Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family-building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air———You'll find some tolerable pictures—*Dorinda*, shew the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below.

[Exit.]

*Dor.* This way, sir.

*Aim.* Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir, we understand originals, as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.]

*Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.*

*Foig.* Save you, master *Scrub*.

*Scrub.* Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the devil—Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

*Foig.* Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in politicks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

*Scrub.* Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

*Enter Gipsy.*

*Gip.* How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of *England* are not so civil to strangers, as——

*Scrub.* You lie, you lie;—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civillest to strangers.

*Gip.* Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say!

*Scrub.* I won't!

*Gip.* You won't, sauce-box—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

*Scrub.* The captain! ah, the devil, there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other:—So between the gown and sword, I have a fine time on't—But, *cedant arma togæ*. [Going.]

*Gip.* What, sirrah, won't you march?

*Scrub.* No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-scene, and listens.]

*Gip.* Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

*Foig.* Ah, Mrs. *Gipsy*, upon my shoul, now *Gra*, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he creeps, and he dances, and he fiftles, and he swears, and

and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings : in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

*Gip.* What wou'd you have me do, doctor?

*Foig.* Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. *Sullen*'s closet, when it is dark.

*Gip.* Nothing ! Is that nothing ? it wou'd be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

*Foig.* Here is twenty *louisderes*, joy, for your shame ; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

*Gip.* But won't that money look like a bribe ?

*Foig.* Dat is according as you shall taak it—If you receive the money before hand, 'twill be *logicè*, a bribe ; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

*Gip.* Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*—But what must I do with my conscience, sir ?

*Foig.* Leave dat wid me, joy ; I am your priest, *Gra* ; and your conscience is under my hands.

*Gip.* But shou'd I put the count into the closet—

*Foig.* Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closet ? one may go to prayers in a closet.

*Gip.* But if the lady shou'd come into her chamber and go to bed ?

*Foig.* Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy ?

*Gip.* Ay, but if the parties shou'd meet, doctor ?

*Foig.* Vel den—the parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone after putting the count in the closet ; and leave the shins wid themselves—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

*Gip.* Well, doctor, your religion is so pure, 'me thinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security,' that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't—Here's the key of the garden-door ; come in the back-way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you ; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand ; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [Exeunt,

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub.* What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty *Louisdores*; I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters. [Exit.

*Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making love in dumb show. Mrs. Sullen and Archer.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, [*to Archer*] how d'ye like that piece?

*Arch.* O, 'tis *Leda*—You find, madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make love—

' *Mrs. Sul.* But what think you there of *Alexander's* battles?

' *Arch.* We want only a *Le Brun*, madam, to draw greater battles, and a greater general of our own—  
' The *Danube*, madam, wou'd make a greater figure  
' in a picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our  
' *Ramelies* to match their *Arbela*.'

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

*Arch.* O, madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his exile.

*Mrs. Sul.* What was he banish'd for?

*Arch.* His ambitious love, madam, [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

*Mrs. Sul.* Was he successful in his amours?

*Arch.* There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a gentleman to tell,

*Mrs. Sul.* If he were secret, I pity him.

*Arch.* And if he were successful, I envy him.

*Mrs. Sul.* How d'ye like that *Venus* over the chimney?

*Arch.* *Venus*! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

*Mrs. Sul.* Oh, what a charm is flattery! if you wou'd see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet—How d'ye like it?

*Arch.* I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you—But methinks, madam,—[*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four*

*four times, by turns.] Pray, Madam, who drew it?*

*Mrs. Sul.* A famous hand, sir.

*[Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.]*

*Arch.* A famous hand, madam:—Your eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? the picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing *Cupids* that shou'd ambush there? The lips too are figur'd out: but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

*Mrs. Sul.* Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man! *[Aside.]*

*Arch.* Your breasts too; presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! *A-propos* madam, in the very next picture is *Salmeoneus*, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, madam.

*Mrs. Sul.* Had my eyes the power of thunder, they shou'd employ their lightning better.

*Arch.* There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber?

*Mrs. Sul.* And what then, sir?

*Arch.* I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw—I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: will you give me leave, madam?

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—*[Going. Returns.]* 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, sister. *[Exit.]*

*Arch.* I'll follow her close—

*For where a French-man durst attempt to storm,*

*A Briton, sure, may well the work perform. [Going.]*

*Enter Scrub.*

*Scrub. Martin, Brother Martin.*

*Arch.* O brother *Scrub*, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: here's a guinea my master order'd you.

*Scrub.* A guinea; hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh—by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect one and twenty shillings in change.

*Arch.* Not at all ; I have another for *Gipsy*.

*Scrub.* A guinea for her ! Fire and faggot for the witch.—Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

*Arch.* A plot ?

*Scrub.* Ay, fir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot because there's a woman in't : secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't : thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's *French* gold in't : and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

*Arch.* Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother *Scrub*.

*Scrub.* Truly I'm afraid so too ; for where's there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle—This, I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has sold herself to the devil ; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

*Arch.* And is all this bustle about *Gipsy* ?

*Scrub.* That's not all ; I cou'd hear but a word here and there ; but I remember they mention'd a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

*Arch.* The count ! did you hear nothing of *Mrs. Sullen* ?

*Scrub.* I did hear some word that sounded that way ; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

*Arch.* You have told this matter to no body, brother ?

*Scrub.* Told ! no, fir, I thank you for that ; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word, *pro* nor *con*. till we have a peace.

*Arch.* You're i'th' right, brother *Scrub* ; here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chamber-maid are plenipotentiaries—It shall go hard, but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor, now ?

*Scrub.* He and *Gipsy* are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

*Aim.* [From without] *Martin, Martin !*

*Arch.* I come, fir ; I come.

*Scrub.* But you forget the other guinea, brother *Martin*.

*Arch.*



*Arch.* Here I give it with all my heart. [*Exit Archer.*]

*Scrub.* And I take it with all my soul. I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. *Gipsy*; and if you shou'd set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off.

*Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Well, sister.

*Dor.* And well, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* What's become of my lord?

*Dor.* What's become of his servant?

*Mrs. Sul.* Servant! he's a prettier fellow and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

*Dor.* O' my conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that fellow at the gallows foot,

*Mrs. Sul.* O' my conscience I could, provided, I cou'd put a friend of yours in his room.

*Dor.* You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

*Mrs. Sul.* Thou dear censorious country girl——What dost mean? Yon can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

*Dor.* I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

*Mrs. Sul.* How a little love and conversation improve a woman? Why, child, you begin to live——you never spoke before.

*Dor.* Because I was never spoke to before: my lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

*Mrs. Sul.* You're in the right, *Dorinda*; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread, 'and she's a fool that won't believe a man there, as much as she believes him in any thing else'—But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

*Dor.* Done——What did your fellow say to ye?

*Mrs. Sul.* My fellow took the picture of *Venus* for mine.

*Dor.* But my lover took me for *Venus* herself.

*Mrs. Sul.* Common cant! had my spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a footman in good earnest.

*Dor.* But my lover was upon his knees to me.

*Mrs. Sul.* And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

*Dor.* Mine vow'd to die for me.

*Mrs. Sul.* Mine swore to die with me.

*Dor.* Mine kifs'd my hand ten thousand times.

*Mrs. Sul.* Mine has all that pleasure to come.

*Dor.* Mine spoke the softest moving things.

*Mrs. Sul.* Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

*Dor.* Mine offer'd marriage.

*Mrs. Sul.* O lard! d'ye call that a moving thing?

*Dor.* The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister;—Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be title, place and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendor, equipage, noise and flambeaux.—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* servants there—Lights, lights to the stairs—My Lady *Aimwell's* coach, put forward—Stand by; make room for her ladyship—Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

*Mrs. Sul.* Happy, happy sister! your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge—Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me! [Weeps.]

*Dor.* Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

*Mrs. Sul.* O *Dorinda*, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul,—‘easy and yielding to soft desires, a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge:’ and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

*Dor.* Meaning your husband, I suppose?

*Mrs. Sul.* Husband! No,—Even husband is too soft a name for him.—But come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

*Dor.* Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

*Mrs. Sul.* You mistake me, sister—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards:

cowards: and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course——Tho', to confess the truth, I do love that fellow;——and if I met him drest as he should be, and I undrest as I shou'd be——Look'e, sister, I have no supernatural gifts;——I can't swear I cou'd resist the temptation,——though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [Exeunt.

*Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.*

*Arch.* And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman.——

*Aim.* And the coming easiness of the young one——'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

*Arch.* Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

*Aim.* I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

*Aim.* Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, 'and be flinted to bare looking at our old acquaintance, the cards, because our impotent pockets can't afford us a guinea for the mercenary drabs.

*Arch.* Or be obliged to some purse-proud coxbomb for a scandalous bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the discourse, because we can't pay our club o'th' reckoning:——Damn it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a dish of bohea scor'd behind the door.

*Aim.* And there expose our want of sense by talking criticisms, as we should our want of money by railing at the government.

*Arch.* Or be oblig'd to sneak into the side-box, and between both houses steal two acts of a play; and because we han't money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

*Aim.* And ten thousand such rascally tricks——Had we out-liv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance.'——But now——

*Arch.*

*Arch.* Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the iron is hot — The priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

*Aim.* But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

*Arch.* Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress; perhaps she has a confounded husband, and her revenge may carry her farther than her love —Egad, I have so good an opinion of her, and of myself, that I begin to fancy strange things! and we must say this for the honour of our women, and indeed of ourselves, that they do stick to their men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*,—If the plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the gentleman—But here comes the doctor: I shall be ready. [Exit.]

*Enter Foigard.*

*Foig.* Saave you, noble friend,

*Aim.* O sir, your servant: Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

*Foig.* Fat naam is upon me? My naam is *Foigard*, joy.

*Aim.* *Foigard*! a very good name for a clergyman: Pray, doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

*Foig.* *Ireland*! No, joy;—Fat sort of plaace it dat faam *Ireland*? Dey say de people are catch'd dere when dey are young.

*Aim.* And some of 'em here when they are old;—as for example—[*Takes Foignard by the Shoulder*] Sir, I arrest you as a traytor against the government; your'e a subject of *England*, and this morning shew'd me a commission by which you serv'd as chaplain in the *French* army: This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for't.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a subject of *England*! de son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels*, a subject of *England*! Ubooboo——

*Aim.* The son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

*Foig.* And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

*Aim.*

*Aim.* That's enough.

*Foig.* No, no, joy, for I will never spaakd *Englisch* no more.

*Aim.* Sir, I have other evidence—Here *Martin*, you know this fellow.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* [*In a brogue*] Saave you my dear cussen, how does your health?

*Foig.* Ah! upon my shoul dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, ick wet neat watt hey zacht, ick uni-versien ewe neat, sacrament.*

*Aim.* Altering your language won't do, fir, this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

*Foig.* Faash! fey, his dere brogue upon my faash too!

*Arch.* Upon my soulvation dere ish joy——But, Cussen *Mackshane*, vil you not put a remembrance upon me.

*Foig.* *Mackshane!* by *St. Patrick*, [dat is my naam shure enough. [*Aside.*]

*Aim.* I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

*Foig.* The devil hang you, joy.——By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

*Arch.* O, de devil hang your shelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's chifter, joy, and so we are *Irish* cussens.

*Foig.* De devil taake de relation! Ve! joy, and fat school was it?

*Arch.* I think it vas—aay.—'Twas *Tipperary*.

*Foig.* Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

*Aim.* That's enough for us—self-confession——come, fir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

*Arch.* He sends you to goal, you're try'd next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

*Foig.* And is it sho wid you, cussen?

*Arch.* It wil be sho wid you, cussen, if you don't  
imme-

immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. *Gipsy*—Look'e, fir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

*Foig.* The gallows! upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseash dat is fatal to our family.—Vel, den, there is nothing, shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* wou'd spaak wid the Count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the plaash my self.

*Arch.* As I gues's'd.—Have you communicated the matter to the Count?

*Foig.* I have not sheen him since.

*Arch.* Right again; why then, doctor;—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the Count.

*Foig.* Fat my cussen to the lady! upon my shout, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

*Arch.* Come, come, doctor; consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

*Aim.* Here's company coming this way, let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs further.

*Arch.* Come, my dear cussen, come along.

*Foig.* Arra the devil taake our relashion. [*Exeunt.*  
*Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one door,*  
*Gibbet at the opposite.*

*Gib.* Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprize.

*Hounsf.* Dark as hell.

*Bag.* And blows like the devil; our landlord here has shewn us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the waincoat cupboard in the parlour.

*Bon.* Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups, and cans, tumblers and tankards.—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a present to the 'squire from his god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast, like an *East-India* ship.

*Hounsf.* Then you say we must divide at the stair-head.

*Bon.*



*Bon.* Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying is—at one end of the gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her daughter, and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*—as for the 'squire——

*Gib.* He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already——But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that egad I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

*Bon.* 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—gentlemen, you must set out at one.

*Gib.* *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

*Hounsf.* and *Bag.* We will. [Exeunt.]

*Gib.* Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a coward.

*Bon.* A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

*Gib.* And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady; I am the most gentleman that way that ever travelled the road—but, my dear *Bonny*, this prize will be a galleon, a *Vigo* business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pound.

*Bon.* In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

*Gib.* Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee: I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy my self some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e're a long gown of 'em all.

*Bon.* And what think you then of my daughter *Cherry* for a wife?

*Gib.* Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the Goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they shou'd, the Lord have mercy upon 'em both. [Exeunt.]

A C T.

## A C T V.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

*Enter Boniface.*

*Bon.* COMING, coming—a coach and six foaming horses at this time o’night! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

*Enter Sir Charles Freeman.*

*Sir Ch.* What, fellow! a public house, and a-bed when other people sleep?

*Bon.* Sir, I an’t a-bed, as the saying is.

*Sir Ch.* I see that, as the saying is! is Mr. Sullen’s family a-bed, think ye?

*Bon.* All but the ’squire himself, fir, as the saying is, he’s in the house.

*Sir Ch.* What company has he?

*Bon.* Why, fir, there’s the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunch-back’d barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

*Sir Ch.* I find my sifter’s letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

*Enter Sullen drunk.*

*Bon.* Sir, here’s the ’squire.

*Sul.* The puppies left me asleep——fir.

*Sir Ch.* Well, fir.

*Sul.* Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a year, and I can’t get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

*Sir Ch.* That’s very hard.

*Sul.* Ay, fir,—and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e’en go home to my wife, and I had rather go the devil by half.

*Sir Ch.* But I presume, fir, you won’t see your wife to-night, she’ll be gone to-bed—you don’t use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

*Sul.* What! not lie with my wife! Why, fir, do you take me for an atheist, or a rake?

*Sir Ch.* If you hate her, fir, I think you had better lie from her.

*Sul.* I think so too, friend—but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

*Sir Ch.* Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

*Sul.* But if the law orders me to send you to goal, you must lie there my friend.

*Sir Ch.* Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

*Sul.* A crime! oons, an't I marry'd?

*Sir Ch.* Nay, fir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

*Sul.* Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, fir,—but, fir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

*Sir Ch.* Truth, fir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, fir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

*Sul.* Look'e, fir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

*Bon.* I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

*Sul.* Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before.

*Bon.* Pray, fir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

*Sir Ch.* You and your wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else—but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

*Sul.* Minds!

*Sir Ch.* Ay, minds, fir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

*Sul.* In some people.

*Sir Ch.* Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

*Sul.*

*Sul.* Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—  
oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

*Sir Ch.* Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, 'kiss one another,' help one another in all the actions of life; but I cou'd not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

*Sul.* Then 'tis plain that we are two.

*Sir Ch.* Why don't you part with her, fir?

*Sul.* Will you take her, fir?

*Sir Ch.* With all my heart.

*Sul.* You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison-pasty into the bargain.

*Sir Ch.* You'll let me have her fortune too?

*Sul.* Fortune! why, fir, I have no quarrel to her fortune—I only hate the woman, fir, and none but the woman shall go.

*Sir Ch.* But her fortune, fir—

*Sul.* Can you play at whist, fir?

*Sir Ch.* No, truly, fir.

*Sul.* Nor at all-fours?

*Sir Ch.* Neither.

*Sul.* Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, fir, I can't go home, 'tis but two a-clock.

*Sir Ch.* For half an hour, fir, if you please—but you must consider 'tis late.

*Sul.* Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—  
Come, fir—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cherry, runs across the stage, and knocks at Aimwell's chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his night-cap and gown.*

*Aim.* What's the matter? you tremble, child, you're frightened!

*Cher.* No wonder, fir—but in short, fir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

*Aim.* How!

*Cher.* I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

*Aim.* Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

*Cher.*

*Cher.* No, no, fir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him; where is he?

*Aim.* No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

*Cher.* With all my heart, fir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well—

*Aim.* *Dorinda!* The name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own—Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, undress'd; a Table and Lights.

*Dor.* 'Tis very late, sister, no news of your spouse yet?

*Mrs. Sul.* No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his company.

*Dor.* Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose.

*Mrs. Sul.* I don't no what to do; hey-ho!

*Dor.* That's a desiring sigh, sister.

*Mrs. Sul.* This is a languishing hour, sister.

*Dor.* And might prove a critical minute if the pretty fellow were here.

*Mrs. Sul.* Here? what in my bed-chamber, at two o'clock i'th' morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O gad, sister.

*Dor.* Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you—So, my dear, good night. [Exit.

*Mrs. Sul.* A good rest to my dear *Dorinda*—Thoughts free! are they so? why then suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [Here Archer steals out of the closet] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. [Turns a little on one side and sees Archer in the posture she describes.

Ah!

Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the stage.*]  
Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit? What are you, sir,  
a man or a devil?

*Arch.* A man, a man, madam.

[*Rising.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* How shall I be sure of it?

*Arch.* Madam, I'll give you demonstration this  
minute. [*Takes her hand.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

*Arch.* Yes, madam, if you please.

*Mrs. Sul.* In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

*Arch.* From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in  
love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

*Mrs. Sul.* How came you in?

*Arch.* I flew in at the window, madam; your cou-  
sin *Cupid* lent me his wings, and your sister *Venus*  
open'd the casement.

*Mrs. Sul.* I'm struck dumb with admiration.

*Arch.* And I with wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* What will become of me?

*Arch.* How beautiful she looks!—the teeming  
jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when  
she was conceiv'd, her mother smelt to roses, look'd  
on lilies——

*Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,  
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.*

[*Runs to her.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

*Arch.* Oons, madam, what do you mean? you'll  
raise the house.

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this.  
What! approach me with the freedoms of a keeper!  
I'm glad on't, your impudence has cur'd me.

*Arch.* If this be impudence, [*Kneels*] I leave to your  
partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, pain-  
ful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more de-  
votion.

*Mrs. Sul.* Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels.  
[*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate engineer, not all thy un-  
dermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and know  
I am a woman without my sex; I can love to all the  
tender~



tendernefs of wifhes, fighs and tears—But go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can fpeak my frailty, confefs my weaknefs even for—— But——

*Arch.* For me!

[*Going to lay hold on her.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Hold, fir, build not upon that—for my moft mortal hatred follows, if you difobey what I command you now—leave me this minute——If he denies, I'm loft.

[*Aside.*

*Arch.* Then you'll promife——

*Mrs. Sul.* Any thing another time.

*Arch.* When fhall I come?

*Mr. Sul.* To-morrow, when you will.

*Arch.* Your lips muft feal the promife.

*Mrs. Sul.* Pshaw?

*Arch.* They muft, they muft, [*Kiffes her.*] Raptures and paradise! and why not now, my angel? The time, the place, filence and fecrecy, all confpire—And the now confcious ftars have pre-ordain'd this moment for my happinefs.

[*Takes her in his arms.*

*Mrs. Sul.* You will not, cannot, fure.

*Arch.* If the fun rides faft, and difappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night fhall crown my joys.

*Mrs. Sul.* My fex's pride affift me.

*Arch.* My fex's ftrength help me.

*Mrs. Sul.* You fhall kill me firft.

*Arch.* I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

*Mrs. Sul.* Thieves, thieves, murder——

*Enter Scrub in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

*Scrub.* Thieves, thieves, murther, popery!

*Arch.* Ha! the very timorous ftag will kill in rutting-time.

[*Draws and offers to ftab Scrub.*

*Scrub.* [*Kneeling.*] O pray, fir, fpare all I have, and take my life.

*Mrs. Sul.* [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What does the fellow mean?

*Scrub.* O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones——he's one of them.

*Arch.* Of whom?

*Scrub.*

*Scrub.* One of the rogues—I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

*Arch.* How!

*Mrs. Sul.* I hope you did not come to rob me?

*Arch.* Indeed I did, madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might very well ha'spar'd; but your crying thieves, has wak'd this dreaming fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

*Scrub.* Granted! 'tis granted, sir; take all we have.

*Mrs. Sul.* The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

*Scrub.* Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

*Arch.* What, thieves!

*Scrub.* Under favour, sir, I think so.

*Mrs. Sul.* What shall we do, sir?

*Arch.* Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

*Mrs. Sul.* Will you leave me?

*Arch.* Leave you! lord, madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred.

*Mrs. Sul.* Nay, but pray, sir——

[Takes hold of him.]

*Arch.* Ha, ha, ha! now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good, madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they arm'd, friend?

*Scrub.* With sword and pistol, sir.

*Arch.* Hush!—I see a dark lanthorn coming thro' the gallery—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my life.

*Mrs. Sul.* Your life! no sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

*Arch.* No, madam, I'll consult my own safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: have you courage

courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have 'scap'd your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee.

[Kisses Archer.

Arch. This way——Here——

[Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.

Enter Gibbet, with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: but don't be afraid, madam, [Laying his lanthorn and pistol upon the table.] These rings, madam; don't be concern'd, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam, your keys, madam; don't be frighted, madam, I'm the most of a gentleman: [Searching her pockets.] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady! I have a veneration—for this necklace—[Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.]

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, Scrub?

Scrub. Five and forty, sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch.

*Arch.* Run to *Gipsy's* chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub, running.*]

Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

*Gib.* Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sir, don't kill him:—You fright me as much as him.

*Arch.* The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment——Sirrah, this moment is your last.

*Gib.* Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

*Arch.* Have you no more, rascal?

*Gib.* Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

*Enter Scrub and Foigard.*

*Arch.* Here, doctor: I suppose *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him:——Lay hold of him.  
[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*]

*Gib.* What! turn'd over to the priest already——Look'e, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

*Foig.* Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I will make you a good catholick, and give you an absolution.

*Gib.* Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

*Foig.* No, joy.——

*Gib.* Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

*Arch.* Convey him into the cellar, there bind him:——Take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head,—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

*Scrub.* Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

*Mrs. Sul.* But how came the doctor?

*Arch.*

*Arch.* In short, madam ——— [*Shrieking without.*]  
'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies: — I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

*Mrs. Sul.* O, with you, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm, and exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another apartment in the same house.

*Enter Hounslow dragging in lady Bountiful, and Bag-shot hauling in Dorinda; the rogues with swords drawn.*

*Hounsf.* Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

*Bag.* Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

*Enter Aimwell 'and Cherry.'*

*Aim.* Turn this way, villains; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages 'em bc. b.*]

*'Dor.* O, madam, had I but a sword to help the brave man!

*'L. Boun.* There's three or four hanging up in the hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one how-ever. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.*

*Arch.* Hold, hold, my lord; every man his bird, pray. [*They engage man to man; the rogues are thrown down and disarm'd.*]

*'Cher.* What! the rogues taken! then they'll impeach my father! I must give him timely notice.

*'[Runs out.]'*

*Arch.* Shall we kill the rogues?

*Aim.* No, no; we'll bind them.

*Arch.* Ay, ay; here madam, lend me your garter. [*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters all in a breath: here's a cord that the rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

*Arch.* Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself — Come, my lord, — this is but  
D a scan-

a scandalous sort of an office, [*Binding the rogues together*] if our adventures should end in this sort of hang-man-work ; but I hope there is something in prospect that—[*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secured your *Tartar* ?

*Scrub.* Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

*Aim.* And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy. [*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*]

*Mrs. Sul.* Pray, sister, how came my lord here ?

*Dor.* And pray, how came the gentleman here ?

*Mrs. Sul.* I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany—  
[*They talk in dumb show.*]

*Aim.* I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your adventure than the house-breakers.

*Arch.* No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal——Press her this minute to marry you,——now while she's hurry'd between the palpitation of her fear, and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high-flood ;——throw yourself at her feet, speak some *romantick* nonsense or other ;——' address her, like *Alexander*, in the ' height of his victory,' confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her :——The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

*Aim.* But how shall I get off without being observ'd ?

*Arch.* You a lover ! and not find a way to get off——Let me see.

*Aim.* You bleed, *Archer*.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't ; this wound will do the business—I'll amuse the old lady and *Mrs. Sullen* about dressing my wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

' *Enter Lady Bountiful.* '

*L. Boun.* Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the services——

*Arch.* Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments ; I'm wounded, madam.

*L. Boun.*



*L. Boun.* And *Mrs. Sul.* How! wounded!

*Dor.* I hope, fir, you have received no hurt?

*Aim.* None but what you may cure——

*[Makes love in dumb show.*

*L. Boun.* Let me see your arm, fir—I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood——O me! an ugly gash, upon my word, fir, you must go into bed.

*Arch.* Ay, my lady, a bed wou'd do very well——  
*Madam, [To Mrs. Sullen]* will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

*L. Boun.* Do, do, daughter,——while I get the lint, and the probe, and plaister ready.

*[Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*

*Arch.* Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

*Mrs. Sul.* How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

*Arch.* And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me?——Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life expos'd for your protection?—Look'e, madam, I'm none of your romantick fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright *Swiss*; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

*Mrs. Sul.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, fir, to upbraid me with your services.

*Arch.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward 'em.

*Mrs. Sul.* How! at the expence of my honour.

*Arch.* Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour: d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a case?

*Enter Gipsy.*

*Gip.* Madam, my lady order'd me to tell you, that your brother is below at the gate.

*Mrs. Sul.* My brother! Heavens be prais'd:—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

*Arch.* Who is your brother, madam?

*Mrs. Sul.* Sir *Charles Freeman*:—You'll excuse me, sir; I must go and receive him. [Exit.

*Arch.* Sir *Charles Freeman*! 'Sdeath and hell!—  
—My old acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes soufe into the sea, like an *Edystone*. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the gallery in the same house.

Enter *Aimwell* and *Dorinda*.

*Dor.* Well, well, my lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; tho' I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

*Aim.* The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her tongue—  
—Here, doctor—

Enter *Foigard* with a book.

*Foig.* Are you prepar'd bote.

*Dor.* I'm ready: but first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little—

*Aim.* Consider! Do you doubt my honour, or my love?

*Dor.* Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave—And were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were absent—But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me—therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my love.

*Aim.* Such goodness who cou'd injure! I find myself unequal to the task of villain; she has gain'd my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard.*] madam, behold your lover and your profelyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion—  
—I'm all  
a lie,

a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all a counterfeit, except my passion.

*Dor.* Forbid it, heaven? A counterfeit!

*Aim.* I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come with a mean, a scandalous design to prey upon your fortune:—But the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

*Dor.* 'Sure, I have had the dream of some poor mariner, a sleeping image of a welcome port, and 'wake involv'd in storms.'—Pray, sir, who are you?

*Aim.* Brother to the man whose title I usurp'd, but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

*Dor.* Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: now I can shew, my love was justly levell'd, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

*Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsy at another, who whippers Dorinda.*

Your pardon, sir; we shan't want you now, sir. You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with Gipsy.*]

*Foig.* Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish [*Exit.*]

*Aim.* Gone! and bid the priest depart—It has an ominous look.

*Enter Archer.*

*Arch.* Courage, Tom—Shall I wish you joy?

*Aim.* No.

*Arch.* Oons! Man, what ha' you been doing?

*Aim.* O Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

*Arch.* How!

*Aim.* I have discover'd meself.

*Arch.* Discover'd! and without my consent? What! have I embark'd my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

*Aim.* O Archer, I own my fault.

*Arch.* After conviction—'tis then too late for pardon—You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single—so farewell.

*Aim.* Stay my dear *Archer*, but a minute.

*Arch.* Stay, ! What to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!—No, I wou'd sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

*Aim.* What Knight?

*Arch.* Sir *Charles Freeman*, brother to the lady that I had almost—But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

*Aim.* *Freeman!*—One word, *Archer*. Still I have hopes? methought she receiv'd my confession with pleasure.

*Arch.* 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

*Aim.* She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

*Arch.* To herself, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

*Aim.* By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

*Enter Dorinda mighty gay.*

*Dor.* Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms—The minutes of my absence was a tedious year. Where's this priest?

*Enter Foigard.*

*Arch.* Oons, a brave girl!

*Dor.* I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

*Arch.* Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

*Dor.* Come, priest, do your office.

*Arch.* Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way. [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, madam, I'm to give you—

*Dor.* My mind's alter'd; I won't.

*Arch.* Eh—

*Aim.*

*Aim.* I'm confounded.

*Feig.* Upon my shoul, and so is my shelf.

*Arch.* What's the matter now, madam?

*Dor.* Look'e, fir, one generous action deserves another.—This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: in short, fir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

*Aim.* *Archer*, what does she mean?

*Dor.* Here's a witness for my truth.

*Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.*

*Sir Ch.* My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you joy.

*Aim.* Of what?

*Sir Ch.* Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left *London*; and all your friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did myself the honour.

*Arch.* Hearn'e, fir knight, don't you banter now?

*Sir Ch.* 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

*Aim.* Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

*Arch.* Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth; away with it.

*Aim.* Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize — [Taking *Dorinda's* Hand.

*Arch.* And double thanks to the noble *Sir Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wish you joy. My Lady, I wish you joy.—Egad, *Sir Freeman*, you're the honestest fellow living.—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter—My lord, how d'ye?—A word, my lord: don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to ten thousand pounds?

*Aim.* Not a penny, *Archer*: you wou'd ha' cut my throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this lady.

*Arch.* Ay, and I'll cut your throat till, if you shou'd deceive her now.

*Aim.* That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds, we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

*Dor.* How! is your lordship so indifferent?

*Arch.* No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well, that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

*Enter Foigard.*

*Foig.* Arra fait, de people do say you be all robb'd, joy.

*Aim.* The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

*Foig.* Upon my shoul our inn be rob too.

*Aim.* Our inn! by whom?

*Foig.* Upon my shalwation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid da money.

*Arch.* Robb'd himself!

*Foig.* Ay fait! and me too of a hundred pounds.

*Arch.* Robb'd you of a hundred pound!

*Foig.* Yes fait honey, that I did owe to him.

*Aim.* Our money's gone, *Frank.*

*Arch.* Rot the money. my wench is gone——

*Sçavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cl'erry?*

*Enter a fellow with a strong box and a letter.*

*Fell.* Is there one *Martin* here?

*Arch.* Ay, ay,——who wants him?

*Fell.* I have a box here and a letter for him.

*Arch.* [*Taking the box.*] Ha, ha, ha! what's here?  
*Legerdemain!* By this light, my lord, our money again?  
But this unfolds the riddle. [*Opening the letter, reads.*]  
Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the public good, and must be communicated to the company.

*Mr, Martin,*

*MY* father being afraid of an impeachment by the rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries



ries that may be useful to the country: Cou'd I have met you instead of your master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd myself into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful friend till death, Cherry Boniface.

There's a billet-doux for you—As for the father, I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the daughter—Pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of *Gipsy*.

*Aim.* I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was owing to her discovery.

*Dor.* Your command, my lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

*Sir Ch.* This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister: I intend to part her from her husband—gentlemen, will you assist me?

*Arch.* Assist you! 'sdeath, who wou'd not?

*Foig.* Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all assist.

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sul.* What's all this?—They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

*Mrs. Sul.* Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—Had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

*Sul.* How came these gentlemen here?

*Mrs. Sul.* That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

*Foig.* Ay, but upon my consience de question be à-propos for all dat.

*Sir Ch.* You promis'd last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

*Sul.* Humph.

*Arch.* Humph! what do you mean by humph?—Sir you shall deliver her——In short, sir, we have sav'd you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house——What does the man mean? Not part with his w fe!

*Foig.* Arra, not part wid your wife! upon my shoul de man dōsh not understand common shivility.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent; compulsion would spoil us: let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

*Sul.* Let me know first who are to be our judges: —Pray, fir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away your wife.

*Sul.* And you, good fir?

*Aim.* *Thomas Viscount Aimwell*, come to take away your sister.

*Sul.* And you, pray fir?

*Arch.* *Francis Archer, Esq;* come——

*Sul.* To take away my mother, I hope—Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging people since I was born——And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

*Arch.* And the last, for five pounds. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Spouse.

*Sul.* Rib.

Mrs. *Sul.* How long have you been marry'd?

*Sul.* By the almanack, fourteen months;—but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

*Foig.* Upon my conscience dere accounts vil agree.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

*Sul.* To get an heir to my estate.

Sir *Ch.* And have you succeeded?

*Sul.* No.

*Arch.* The condition fails of his side.——Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. *Sul.* To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir *Ch.* Are your expectations answer'd?

Mrs. *Sul.* No.

*Foig.* Arra honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir *Ch.* What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. *Sul.* In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

*Sul.* Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* I can't hunt with you.

*Sul.* Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. *Sul.* I hate cocking and racing.

*Sul.* And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your silence is intolerable.

*Sul.* Your prating is worse.

'Mrs. *Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other——A gnawing vulture at the heart?

'*Sul.* A frightful goblin to the sight.

'Mrs. *Sul.* A porcupine to the feeling.

'*Sul.* Perpetual wormwood to the taste.'

Mrs. *Sul.* Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

*Sul.* Yes——to part.

Mrs. *Sul.* With all my heart.

*Sul.* Your hand.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here.

*Sul.* 'These hands join'd us, these shall part us——

Away——

Mrs. *Sul.* East.

*Sul.* West.

Mrs. *Sul.* North.

*Sul.* South; far as the poles asunder.

*Feig.* Upon my shoul, a very pretty shereemony.

Sir *Ch.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

*Sul.* Sir *Charles*, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

*Arch.* Then you won't refund?

*Sul.* Not a stiver.

*Arch.* What is her portion?

Sir *Ch.* Twenty thousand pounds, sir.

*Arch.* I'll pay it: my lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your study and scrutoire, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and will deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

*Sul.* How, my writings! my head akes confumedly.

—Well

## 84 THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

—Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding and my divorce, you may command my house! but my head akes consumedly:—*Scrub*, bring me a dram.

*Arch.* [*To Mrs. Sull.*] There's a country-dance to the trifle that I sung to-day; your hand, and we'll lead it up.

[*'Here a dance.'*]

*Arch.* 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleas'd, the couple join'd, or the couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienc'd misery.

*Both happy in their several states, we find:  
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.  
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;  
Consent is law enough to set you free.*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*End of the Fifth Act.*

## E P I L O G U E.

*I*F to our play your judgment can't be kind,  
Let its expiring author pity find:  
Survey his mournful case with melting eyes,  
Nor let the bard be damn'd before he dies.  
Forbear you fair, on his last scene to frown,  
But his true exit with a plaudit crown;  
Then shall the dying poet cease to fear  
The dreadful knell, while your applause he hears.  
At *Leucira* so the conqu'ring *Theban* dy'd,  
Claim'd his friends praises, but their tears deny'd:  
Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought  
Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.  
The difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,  
As brave, tho' not so gay, as *Serjeant Kite*:  
Ye sons of *Will's*, what's that to those who write!  
To *Thebes* alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,  
You may the bard above the hero raise,  
Since yours is greater than Athenian praise.

F I N I S.





Engraved by W. Wood

Published by J. G. Smith

*Mr. Wilson & Mr. Mattocks, in the Characters of Ben & Miss Prudence.  
But pray Miss, why are you so scornful?*



# LOVE FOR LOVE.

A

## COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

MR. CONGREVE.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,  
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES; T. LOWNDES; T. CASLON;  
W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as from Line 31, in Page 7, to 3, in Page 8.

# P R O L O G U E.

*THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,  
 To cultivate each year a hungry soil;  
 And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,  
 When what should feed the tree, devours the root;  
 Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,  
 Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.  
 So, the poor husbands of the stage, who found  
 Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,  
 This last and only remedy have prov'd;  
 And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.  
 Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,  
 Well plant a soil which you so rich have made.  
 As nature gave the world to man's first age,  
 So from your bounty we receive this stage;  
 The freedom man was born to, you've restor'd  
 And to our world such plenty you afford,  
 It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.  
 But since in paradise frail flesh gave way.  
 And when but two were made both went astray;  
 Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive  
 If in our larger family we grieve  
 One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.  
 We who remain, would gratefully repay  
 What our endeavours can, and bring, this day,  
 The first-fruit offering, of a virgin play.  
 We hope there's something that may please each taste,  
 And tho' of homely fare we make the feast,  
 Yet you will find variety at least.  
 There's humour, which for chearful friends we got,  
 And for the thinking party there's a plot.  
 We've something too, to gratify ill-nature  
 (If there be any here)—and that is satire.  
 Tho' satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,  
 Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.  
 As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,  
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.  
 They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,  
 And are afraid to use their own edge tools.  
 Since the Plain-Dealer's scenes of manly rage,  
 Not one has dar'd to lash this crying age:  
 This time, the poet owns the bold essay,  
 Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his play:  
 And he declares by me, he has design'd  
 Affront to none; but frankly speaks his mind.  
 And, should th' ensuing scenes not chance to hit,  
 He offers but this one excuse—'twas writ  
 Before your late encouragement of wit.*

D R A.

# Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

## M E N.

Sir Sampson Legend, *father to Valentine and Ben,*  
 Valentine, *in love with Angelica,*  
 Scandal, *his friend, a free speaker,*  
 Tatle, *a half-witted beau,*  
 Ben, *Sir Sampson's youngest son,*  
 Foresight, *an illiterate old fellow,*  
 Jeremy, *servant to Valentine,*  
 Trapland, *a scrivener,*  
 Buckram, *a lawyer,*

## W O M E N.

Angelica, *niece to Foresight,*  
 Mrs. Foresight, *second wife to Foresight,*  
 Mrs. Frail, *sister to Mrs. Foresight,*  
 Miss Prue, *daughter to Foresight, by a former wife.*  
 Nurse to Miss,  
 Jenny,

## AT DRURY-LANE.

Mr. BURTON.  
 Mr. REDDISH.  
 Mr. PALMER.  
 Mr. DODD.  
 Mr. MOODY.  
 Mr. PARSONS.  
 Mr. BADDELEY.  
 Mr. HARTRY.  
 Mr. KEEN.

Miss YOUNGE.  
 Mrs. REDDISH.  
 Mrs. JEFFERIES.  
 Mrs. ABINGTON.  
 Mrs. BRADSHAW.  
 Mrs. SIMPSON.

## AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. DUNSTALL.  
 Mr. LEWIS.  
 Mr. HULL.  
 Mr. WOODWARD.  
 Mr. WILSON.  
 Mr. QUICK.  
 Mr. LEE LEWES.  
 Mr. CUSHING.

Miss MACKLIN.  
 Miss AMBROSSE.  
 Mrs. BULKLEY.  
 Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
 Mrs. PITT.

*A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.*

*The SCENE in LONDON.*

# LOVE FOR LOVE.

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## A C T I.

Valentine, in his Chamber, reading; Jeremy waiting.

*Several Books upon the Table.*

Val. JEREMY!

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read—

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper-diet!

*[Aside, and taking away the books.]*

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was *Epictetus* a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So *Epictetus* advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at *Cambridge*. Pray what was that *Epictetus*?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! and so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will *Plato* be bail for you? or *Diogenes*, because he understands confinement, and

lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, fir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

*Val.* Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

*Jer.* Ay, fir, I am a fool, I know it: and yet, heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.—But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now, when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

*Val.* Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all; I'll pursue *Angelica* with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduced me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them.

*Jer.* Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

*Val.* I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

*Jer.* Now Heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper!—You don't mean to write?

*Val.* Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

*Jer.* Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, That the bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by name, has for the space of seven years truly and faithfully served *Valentine Legend*, Esquire; and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanour; but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him—

*Val.* No, sirrah; you shall live with me still.

*Jer.*



## LOVE FOR LOVE.

*Jer.* Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works: but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse after my decease.

*Val.* You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts. D'ye hear? get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming; you may arrive at the height of a song sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate house lampoon.

*Jer.* But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour? Why Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir; you're ruined; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet.—Ah, pox confound that *Will's* coffee-house. it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak lottery!—Nothing thrives that belongs to it. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city.—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon *Banstead-Dowry* is nothing to it for a whetter; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me—Sometimes like a decayed porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying billet-doux and songs; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake.—Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

*Val.* Very well, sir; can you proceed?

*Jer.* Sometimes like a bilk'd bookseller, with a meagre terrified countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolved to turn author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the same condition. And lastly, in the form of a worn-out punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had preferred to settlements, without a whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the muses; or as if she were carrying her linen to the paper-mill, to be converted

‘into folio books of warning to all young maids, not to  
 ‘prefer poetry to good sense; or lying in the arms of a  
 ‘needy wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.’]

*Enter Scandal.*

*Scand.* What! *Jeremy* holding forth?

*Val.* The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

*Scand.* Ay? why then I’m afraid *Jeremy* has wit: for wherever it is, it’s always contriving its own ruin.

*Jer.* Why so I have been telling my master, sir. Mr. *Scandal*, for Heaven’s sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

*Scand.* Poet! he shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the out-side of his head, than the lining! Why what the devil! has not your poverty made you enemies enough? must you need shew your wit, to get more?

*Jer.* Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?

*Scand.* *Jeremy* speaks like an oracle. Don’t you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates; and seems commissioned by Heaven to seize the better half.

*Val.* Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be revenged.

*Scand.* Rail? at whom? the whole world? impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where the religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but, when the full cry is against you, you shan’t have fair play for your life. If you can’t be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen.—No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, ‘parson, be chaplain to an atheist, or stallion to an old woman,’ any thing but poet. A modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named: without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recall the stage of *Athens*, and be allowed the force of open honest satire.

*Val.* You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately exposed upon the stage.—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade.—[*One knocks.*]

*Jeremy,*

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

9

*Jeremy*, see who's there. [*Jer. goes to the door.*]—But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

*Scand.* The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions. Some pity you, and condemn your father: others excuse him, and blame you. Only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well: since love and pleasureable expence have been your greatest faults.

*Jeremy returns.*

*Val.* How now?

*Jer.* Nothing new, sir. I have dispatched some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity as an hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

*Val.* What answer have you given them?

*Scand.* Patience, I suppose—the old receipt!

*Jer.* No, faith, sir: I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forced to tell them in plain downright *English*—

*Val.* What?

*Jer.* That they should be paid.

*Val.* When!

*Jer.* To-morrow.

*Val.* And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

*Jer.* Keep it? not at all: it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and nobody be surprized at the matter!—  
[*Knocking.*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleased to answer these you self?

*Val.* See who they are. [*Exit Jeremy.*] By this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great. Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

*Scand.* And you, like a truly great man, having engaged their attendance, and promised more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplexed to find evasions, than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

A 5

*Val.*

*Val.* *Scandal*, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies. This liberty of your tongue will one day bring a confinement on your body, my friend. *A*

*Enter Jeremy.*

*Jer.* O, sir, there's *Trapland* the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that would knock a man down with pocket-tipstaves!—and there's your father's steward; and the nurse, with one of your children, from *Twit'nam*.

*Val.* Pox on her! could she find no other time to fling my sins in my face? here! give her this, [*gives money*,] and bid her trouble me no more; 'a thoughtless, two-handed whore! she knows my condition well enough, and might have over-laid the child a fortnight ago, if she had had any forecast in her.'

*Scand.* What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my god-son?

*Jer.* Yes, sir.

*Scand.* My blessing to the boy, with this token [*gives money*] of my love. 'And (d'ye hear?) bid *Margery* put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.—' I shall take the air shortly.'

*Val.* 'Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk.'—Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

[*Jeremy goes out and brings in Trapland.*]

*Val.* O Mr. *Trapland*! my old friend! welcome.—*Jeremy*, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—*fly*—a chair first.

*Trap.* A good morning to you, Mr. *Valentine*; and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

*Scand.* The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

*Val.* Come, sit you down; you know his way.

*Trap.* [*sits*.] There is a debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

*Val.* I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate. firrah! the sack!

*Trap.* And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

*Val.*

*Val.* Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you  
—my service to you!—fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trap-*  
*land*—fuller.

*Trap.* Hold! sweetheart—this is not to our busi-  
ness—my service to you, Mr. *Scandal*?—[*Drinks.*  
—I have forborn as long—

*Val.* T'other glass, and then we'll talk—fill; *Jeremy.*

*Trap.* No more, in truth—I have forborn, I say—

*Val.* Sirrah! fill! when I bid you.—And how does  
your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to  
her! [Drinks.

*Trap.* Thank you—I have been out of this money—

*Val.* Drink first, *Scandal*, why do you not drink?

[*They drink.*

*Trap.* And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

*Val.* I was much obliged to you for your supply: it  
did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight  
in doing good.—*Scandal*, drink to me, my friend *Trap-*  
*land's* health. An honest man lives not, nor one more  
ready to serve his friend in distress; though I say it to  
his face. Come, fill each man his glass.]

*Scand.* What? I know *Trapland* has been a whore-  
master, and loves a wench still. You never knew a  
whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

*Trap.* Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew!—

*Scand.* What don't I know?—I know the buxom black  
widow in the *Poultry*—eight hundred pounds a year joint-  
ure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. Ahah!  
old *Trap*.

*Val.* Say you so, i'faith? come, we'll remember the  
widow: I know whereabouts you are; come to the widow.

*Trap.* No more indeed.

*Val.* What! the widow's health? give it him—off  
with it. [*They drink.*]—A lovely girl, i'faith, black  
sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! better sealing  
there, than a bond for a million, ha!

*Trap.* No, no, there's no such thing; we'd better  
mind our business—you're a wag!

*Val.* No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business: fill  
again.—Pretty round heaving breasts,—a *Barbary*  
shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an *Anchorite*,  
and

and the prettiest foot! oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out and play at bo-peep under her petticoats——ha! Mr. *Trapland*?

*Trap.* Verily, give me a glass——you're a wag——and here's to the widow. [Drinks.]

*Scand.* He begins to chuckle——ply him close, or he'll elapse into a dun.

*Snap*

*Enter Officer.*

*Officer.* By your leave, gentlemen.—Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our office, tell us——We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses; and then our labour's lost.

*Trap.* Odso, that's true. Mr. *Valentine*, I love mirth; but business must be done; are you ready to——

*Jer.* Sir, your father's steward says, he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

*Val.* Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, fend away your officer; you shall have an answer presently.

*Trap.* Mr. *Snap*, stay within call. [Exit Officer.]

*Enter Steward, who whispers Valentine.*

*Scand.* There's a dog now, a traitor in his wine! firrah, refund the sack: *Jeremy*, fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

*Trap.* Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil. I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

*Scand.* And how do you expect to have you money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

*Val.* You need say no more. I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the writing.—Mr. *Trapland*, you know this man; he shall satisfy you.

*Trap.* Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing; but my necessity——

*Val.* No apology, good Mr. *Scrivener*; you shall be paid.

*Trap.*



*Trap.* I hope you forgive me ; my business requires—  
[*Exeunt Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy.*]

*Scand.* He begs pardon, like a hangman, at an execution.

*Val.* But I have got a reprieve.

*Scand.* I am surprized ; what, does your father relent ?

*Val.* No ! he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago ? This brother, my father hears, is landed ; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word, “ If I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds, to pay my debts, and make my fortune.” This was once proposed before, and I refused it ; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

*Scand.* A very desperate demonstration of your love to *Angelica* ! and I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

*Val.* You know her temper ; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

*Scand.* Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean : but you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune. Besides, *Angelica* has a great fortune of her own ; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool. *And back. p. 32*

*Enter Jeremy.*

*Jer.* More misfortunes, sir.

*Val.* What, another dun ?

*Jer.* No, sir ; but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

*Val.* Well, I cannot help it—you must bring him up ; he knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

*Scand.* Pox on him, I'll be gone.

*Val.* No, pr'ythee stay : *Tattle* and you should never be asunder ; you are light and shadow, and shew one another. He is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and

and understanding; and as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

*Scand.* A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person. 'He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription: and yet perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too, and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believed; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says no to a bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.'—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He is here.

*Enter Tattle.*

*Tatt.* *Valentine*, good morrow: *Scandal*, I am yours—that is, when you speak well of me.

*Scand.* That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

*Tatt.* How inhuman!

*Val.* Why, *Tattle*, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says: for to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *losing loadum*; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

*Tatt.* But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumnation!—I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

*Scand.* Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with are to be handled tenderly indeed.

*Tatt.* Nay, why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is!

*Scand.* Not know them? why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the town.

*Tatt.* Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that  
nobody

nobody knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be saved, *Valentine*, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

*Val.* And yet you have conversed with several?

*Tatt.* To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—nay more (I'm going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a woman, that had to do with any body else.

*Scand.* How!

*Val.* Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him—except her husband, *Tattle*.

*Tatt.* Oh that—

*Scand.* What think you of that noble commoner Mrs. *Drab*?

*Tatt.* Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—well, well, that was malice—but I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know—a man too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality—

*Scand.* Whom we all know.

*Tatt.* No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets!—but I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and the other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace—

*Scand.* Grace!

*Tatt.* O lord, what have I said?—my unlucky tongue!

*Val.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Scand.* Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee—well, and ha, ha, ha! well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

*Val.* I confess, this is something extraordinary.

*Tatt.* Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an arrant *lapsus linguæ*!—Come, let us talk of something else.

*Val.* Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

*Tatt.* Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only raillied with you. — A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other — faith, I know not what. — Come, let's talk of something else. [Hums a song.]

*Scand.* Hang him, let him alone; he has a mind we should inquire.

*Tatt.* *Valentine*, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle old *Forefight*: I think your father lies at *Forefight's*.

*Val.* Yes.

*Tatt.* Upon my soul, *Angelica's* a fine woman. — And so is Mrs. *Forefight*, and her sister Mrs. *Frail*.

*Scand.* Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine woman; we all know her.

*Tatt.* Oh, that is not fair.

*Scand.* What?

*Tatt.* To tell.

*Scand.* To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

*Tatt.* Who I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be man or woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

*Scand.* No!

*Tatt.* No.

*Scand.* She says otherwise.

*Tatt.* Impossible!

*Scand.* Yes, faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

*Tatt.* Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

*Scand.* No doubt on it. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? ha?

*Tatt.* Though I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

*Scand.* Well, you own it?

*Tatt.* I am strangely surprized! Yes, yes, I cannot deny it, if she taxes me with it.

*Scand.* She'll be here by and by; she sees *Valentine* every morning.

*Tatt.*

*Tatt.* How!

*Val.* She does me the favour---I mean, of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

*Scand.* Nor I, faith.—But *Tattle* does not use to belie a lady; it is contrary to his character---How one may be deceived in a woman, *Valentine*!

*Tatt.* Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

*Scand.* I'm resolved I'll ask her.

*Tatt.* O barbarous! Why did you not tell me——

*Scand.* No, you told us.

*Tatt.* And bid me ask *Valentine*?

*Val.* What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never asked me the question!

*Tatt.* But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding.—

*Val.* Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

*Enter Jeremy.*

*Jer.* Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has sent, to know if you are stirring.

*Val.* Shew her up when she comes. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

*Tatt.* I'll be gone.

*Val.* You'll meet her.

*Tatt.* Is there not a back way?

*Val.* If there were, you have more discretion than to give *Scandal*, such an advantage: why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

*Tatt.* *Scandal*. you will not be so ungenerous.—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever.—I shall never be received but upon public days; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never to be distinguished among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. *Tattle* more.—You will not be so cruel?

*Val.* *Scandal*, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

*Tatt.* Any, any Terms.

*Scand.*

*Scand.* Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently.---Come, where are you familiar?---And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality.

*Tatt.* 'Tis very hard.---Won't a baronet's lady pass?

*Scand.* No, nothing under a right honourable.

*Tatt.* O inhuman! you don't expect their names?

*Scand.* No, their titles shall serve.

*Tatt.* Alas, that is the same thing. Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

*Scand.* Well, begin then. But take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

*Tatt.* Well, first then—[*Enter Mrs. Frail.*] O unfortunate! she's come already. Will you have patience till another time?—I'll double the number.

*Scand.* Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

*Mrs. F.* I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning! *Scandal*, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is safe with you, we know.

*Scand. Tattle!*

*Tatt.* Mum—O, madam, you do me too much honour.

*Val.* Well, Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica*?

*Mrs. F.* *Angelica*?—Manners!

*Val.* What, you will allow an absent lover—

*Mrs. F.* No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular—but otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

*Val.* But what if he has more passion than manners?

*Mrs. F.* Then let him marry, and reform.

*Val.* Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion; but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

*Mrs. F.* You are the most mistaken in the world; there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband: for in a little time he grows only rude to his wife; and that is the highest good-breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but, I suppose, you hear your brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my brother

*Forefight's*



*Forefight's* daughter is come out of the country—I assure you, there's a match talked of by the old people.—Well, if he but as great a sea-beast, as she is a land monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—the progeny will be all otters: he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

*Val.* Pox take them! their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

*Mrs. F.* Now you talk of conjunction, my brother *Forefight* has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad: but I invented a dream, and sent him to *Artemidorus* for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

*Val.* Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

*Scand.* Ay, we'll all give you something.

*Mrs. F.* Well, what will you all give me?

*Val.* Mine's a secret.

*Mrs. F.* I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

*Val.* And *Scandal* shall give you a good name.

*Mrs. F.* That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

*Tatt.* I? My soul, madam.

*Mrs. F.* Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear, you have a great many pictures.

*Tatt.* I have a pretty good collection, at your service; some originals.

*Scand.* Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paltry copies; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself: and he himself is the only original you will see there.

*Mrs. F.* Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

*Scand.*

*Scand.* Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

*Mrs. F.* Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

*Tatt.* Oh, madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

*Mrs. F.* Well, but a woman—

*Tatt.* No woman, till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

*Scand.* No, no; come to me if you'd see pictures.

*Mrs. F.* You?

*Scand.* Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at *Kneller's*.

*Mrs. F.* O lying creature!—*Valentine*, does not he lie?—I can't believe a word he says.

*Val.* No, indeed, he speaks truth now: for, as *Tattle* has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him— if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons, are pictures.

*Scand.* Yes, mine are most in black and white—and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, 'lechery, impotence,' and ugliness, in another piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and 'tother a professed beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

*Mrs. F.* Come, let's hear them.

*Scand.* Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

*Mrs. F.* So!

*Scand.* Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney-coachman.

*Mrs. F.* O devil! well, but that story is not true.

*Scand.* I have some hieroglyphicks too. I have a lawyer, with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine with two faces, and one head; and I have  
a fol-

a foldier, with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mrs. F. And no head?

Scand. No head.

Mrs. F. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you never a poet?

Scand. Yes, I have a poet, weighing words and felling praise for praise; and a critick, picking his pocket. 'I have another large piece too, representing a school; where there are huge proportioned criticks, with long wigs, laced coats, *Steinkerk* cravats and terrible faces; with catcalls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks.' I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. F. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

*Enter Jeremy.*

Jer, Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him.—Will you give me leave? I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. F. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to *The Exchange*? I must call on my sister *Forefight* there.

Scand. I will: I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. F. Civil!

Tatt. I will; because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs. F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scand. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard conditions, to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scand. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of any body that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress.—In my mind, he is a thoughtless adventurer,

*Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;*

*Or win a mistress with a losing hand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

## A C T II.

*A room in Foresight's house.**Enter Foresight and Servant.*

*For.* **H**EY-DAY! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? nor my sister? nor my daughter?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*For.* Mercy on us! what can be the meaning of it? sure the moon is in all her fortitudes! Is my niece *Angelica* at home?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*For.* I believe you lie, sir.

*Serv.* Sir.

*For.* I say, you lie, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending; and all my affairs go backward.

*Serv.* I can't tell indeed, sir.

*For.* No, I know you can't, sir. But I can tell, and foretell, sir. [*Enter Nurse.*] *Nurse*, where's your young mistress?

*Nurse.* Wee'ft heart! I know not, they're none of them come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond of seeing the town!—Marry, pray heaven they have given her any dinner!—Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha! O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! marry, and did you ever see the like?

*For.* Why, how now? what's the matter?

*Nurse.* Pray Heaven send your worship good luck! marry, and amen, with all my heart! for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

*For.* Ha, how? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it: and so I have; that may be good luck in troth; in troth it may, very good luck: nay I have had some omens. I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too. But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those! Some bad, some good; our lives are chequered: mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day,  
make

make up our time.—But, in troth, I am pleased at my stocking—very well pleased at my stocking!—Oh, here's my niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampson Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leisure.—'Tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business; *Mercury* governs this hour.

[Exit Servant.

*Enter Angelica.*

*Ang.* Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? pray lend me your coach; mine's out of order.

*For.* What, would you be gadding too? Sure all females are mad to-day.—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family.—I remember an old prophecy, written by *Messabalah the Arabian*, and thus translated by a reverend *Buckinghamshire* bard:

*When housewives all the house forsake,  
And leave good men to brew and bake,  
Withouten guile, then be it said,  
That house doth stand upon its head;  
And when the head is set in ground,  
No mar'l, if it be fruitful found.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful: that bodes horns; the fruit of the head is horns!—Dear niece, stay at home—for by the head of the house is meant the husband; the prophecy needs no explanation.

*Ang.* Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

*For.* Yes, yes; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

*Ang.* But my inclinations are in force. I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair; and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Ascendant! ha, ha, ha!

*For.* Well, jill-firt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Nay, uncle, don't be angry.—If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear, you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood.—What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision as it were for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinderboxes, did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground; or at least making a voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark season.

*For.* Why, you malapert slut!

*Ang.* Will you lend me your coach? or I'll go on.—Nay, I'll declare how you prophesied Popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoon-meat together!—Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

*For.* How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

*Nurse.* O merciful father, how she talks!

*Ang.* Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old nurse there.

*Nurse.* Marry, heaven defend!—I at midnight practices!—O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship!—Why, did you ever hear the like now?—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet?—O Lord, I!—

*Ang.* Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet, one night, like *Saul* and the witch of *Endor*, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-cup.—Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it!

*For.* I defy you, hussy; but I'll remember this. I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your fortune in your own hands—but I'll find a way



way to make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift galand, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

*Ang.* Will you? I care not; but all shall out then.—  
‘Look to it, nurse; I can bring witness that you have  
‘a great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he  
‘another; and that you suckle a young devil, in the  
‘shape of a tabby-cat, by turns; I can

‘*Nurse.* A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O the  
‘false slanderous thing! feel, feel here, if I have any  
‘thing but like another Christian! [Crying.

*For.* I will have patience, since it is the will of the  
stars I should be thus tormented---this is the effect of  
the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third  
house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was  
foretold.—But I will have my doors locked up—I’ll  
punish you; not a man shall enter my house.

*Ang.* Do, uncle, lock them up quickly, before my  
aunt comes home—you’ll have a letter for Alimony  
to-morrow morning!—But let me be gone first; and  
then let no mankind come near the house: but converse  
with spirits and the celestial signs, the *Bull*, and the *Ram*,  
and the *Goat*. Bless me! there are a great many horned  
beasts among the twelve signs, uncle! but cuckolds go  
to Heaven!

*For.* But there’s but one virgin among the twelve  
signs, spit fire!—but one virgin!

*Ang.* Nor there had not been that one, if she had  
had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle! that  
makes my aunt go abroad.

*For.* How? how! is that the reason? Come, you  
know something; tell me, and I’ll forgive you; do,  
good niece.—Come, you shall have my coach and  
horses—faith and troth, you shall.—Does my wife  
complain? Come, I know women tell one another.—  
She is young and sanguine, has a wanton hazel eye,  
and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to  
society; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm,  
and an open liberality on the mount of *Venus*.

*Ang.* Ha, ha, ha!

*For.* Do you laugh?—Well, gentlewoman, I’ll

---But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle! Tell me---won't you speak? Odd, I'll---

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Sampson is coming down, to wait upon you, sir. [Exit.

*Ang.* Good b'ye, uncle.---Call me a chair.---I'll find out my aunt, and tell her, she must not come home. [Exit.

*For.* I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, nurse; tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

*Nurse.* Yes, sir. [Exit.

*For.* Well---why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said!---He is here already.

*Enter Sir Sampson with a paper.*

Sir S. Nor no more to be done, old boy; that is plain---here it is, I have it in my hand, old *Ptolemy*; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Nestrodamus*. What, I warrant, my son thought nothing belonged to a father, but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power---nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon! I warrant you, if he danced till Doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum, and deliberatum*---that, as soon as my son *Benjamin* is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be---ha! old *Merlin*? Bedy o' me, I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue!

*For.* Oddo, let me see; let me see the paper.---Ay, faith and troth, here it is, if it will but hold---I wish things were done, and the conveyance made.---When was this signed? What hour? Oddo, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste.

Sir S. Haste; ay, ay, haste enough; my son *Ben* will be in town to-night---I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure---all shall be done to-night.---No matter for the time; pr'ythee, brother *Forefight*, leave superstition.---Pox o'th' time; there's

there's no time but the time present; there's no more to be said of what's past; and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night---why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle; and that's all the stars are good for.

*For.* How, how, Sir *Sampson*? that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir S. I tell you, I am wise: and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's *Latin* for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your *Ephemeris*.---Ignorant!---I tell you, I have travelled, old *Fercu*, and know the globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

*For.* But I tell you, I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial *spheres*; know the *signs* and the *planets*, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of *sextiles*, *quadrates*, *trines* and *oppositions*, fiery *trigons*, and *aquatical trigons*; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are curable or incurable; if journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings successful; or goods stolen recovered: I know---

Sir S. I know the length of the emperor of *China's* foot; have kissed the *Great Mogul's* slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*.---Body o'me, I have made a cuckold of a king; and the present majesty of *Bantam* is the issue of these loins.

*For.* I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir S. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; and seen a conjuror, that could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

*For.* What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better informed of this. [*Aside.*]---Do you mean my wife, Sir *Sampson*? Though you made a cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the body of the sun---

Sir S. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother *Capricorn*.

*For.* *Capricorn* in your teeth, thou modern *Mandeville*, *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper

of inheritance; send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an *Egyptian* mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir S. Body o'me, I have gone too far---I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*.---An *Egyptian* mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphick; and may have significations of futurity about him. Odsbud, I would my son were an *Egyptian* mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good *Haly*? ---I reverence the Sun, Moon, and Stars, with all my heart.---What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy. Now I think on't, body o'me, I have a shoulder of an *Egyptian* king, that I purloined from one of the pyramids, powdered with hieroglyphicks; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house; and make an entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and students in physick and astrology, in and about *London*.

For. But what do you know of my wife, Sir *Sampson*?

Sir S. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she is the Moon, and thou art the man in the Moon: nay, she is more illustrious than the Moon; for she has her chastity, without her inconstancy: 'sbud, I was but in jest. [*Enter Jeremy.*] How now? who sent for you, ha? what would you have?

For. Nay, if you were but in jest!--Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir S. [*to Jeremy.*] My son, sir? what son sir? my son *Benjamin*, ha?

Jer. No, sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my master;---it is the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir S. Well, sir.

*Enter Valentine.*

Jer. He is here, sir.

Val. Your blessing, sir!

Sir S. You've had it already, sir; I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pounds.---A great deal of money, brother *Forefight*!

For. Ay, indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir

Sir S. Body o'me, so do I.—Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear, boy?

*Val.* Superfluity, fir! it will scarce pay my debts.--- I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity signed to.

Sir S. Sir! how? I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate, concerning indulgence?

*Val.* Why, fir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part.

Sir S. O, fir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

*Val.* Yes, fir, all that I presume to ask.---But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir S. No doubt of it, sweet fir, but your filial piety and my fatherly fondness would fit like two tallies.—Here's a rogue, brother *Forefight*, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon; here's a rogue, dog; here's conscience and honesty! this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits! you are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a——Why firrah, is it not here under hand and seal?---Can you deny it?

*Val.* Sir, I don't deny it.

Sir S. Sirrah, you'll be hanged? I shall live to see you go up *Holbern-Hill*.---Has he not a rogue's face?---Speak, brother; you understand physiognomy, a hanging look, to me---of all my boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn* face, without the benefit of the clergy.

*For.* Hum!--truly, I don't care to discourage a young man---he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of hanging.

*Val.* Sir, is this usage for your son?---For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, fir---

Sir S. You, fir; and you, fir.---Why, who are you, fir--

*Val.* Your son, fir.

Sir S. That's more than I know, fir: and I believe not.

*Val.* Faith, I hope not.

Sir S. What, would you have your mother a whore? did you ever hear the like? did you ever hear the like? body o'me---

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir S. Excuse?---Impudence! Why, firrah, mayn't I do what I please? are not you my slave? did not I beget you? and might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons, who are you! whence came you? what brought you into the world? how came you here, sir? here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Answer me that. Did you come a voluntier into the world? or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, prefs you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am; and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into it.

Val. My cloaths are soon put off---but you must also divest me of my reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir S. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am, of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature; and to be kept at small expence: but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir S. Oons, what had I to do to get children?—can't a private man be born without all these followers?—Why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites—why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jer. Nay that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any justice in *Middlesex*.

Sir S. Here's a cormorant too!—S'heart this fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?

Jer.



*Jer.* By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too.—Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did; for I find I was born with those same whoreson appetites too that my master speaks of.

*Sir S.* Why look you there now!—I'll maintain it, that, by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate.—'S'heart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste?—I warrant now, he'd rather eat a pheasant, than a piece of poor *John*—and smell, now; why, I warrant, he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink—why there's it; and musick—don't you love musick, scoundrel?

*Jer.* Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jiggs and country dances, and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonata's*; they give me the spleen.

*Sir S.* The spleen? ha, ha, ha! a pox confound you!—*Solo's* or *Sonata's*? Oons, whose son are you? how were you engendered, muckworm?

*Jer.* I am, by my father, the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer; and I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

*For.* By your looks, you should go up stairs out of the world too, friend.

*Sir S.* And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal; this son of a cucumber!—these things are unaccountable and unreasonable.---Body o'me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws? nature has been provident only to bears and spiders: the one has its nutriment in his own hands; and the other spins his habitation out of his own entrails.

*Val.* Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right of inheritance.

*Sir S.* Again! Oons, han't you four-thousand pounds?---If I had it again, I would not give thee a groat.---What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals---Odsheart, live by your wits--you were always fond of the wits.---Now let's see if you

have wit enough to keep yourself.---Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning; and then look you perform covenants; and so your friend and servant.---Come, brother *Forefight*.

[*Exeunt Sir Sampson and Forefight.*]

*Jer.* I told you what your visit would come to.

*Val.* 'Tis as much as I expected---I did not come to see him: I came to *Angelica*; but, since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way, and at least looked well on my side. What's here? *Mrs. Forefight* and *Mrs. Frail*! They are earnest---I'll avoid them.---Come this way, and go and inquire when *Angelica* will return.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mrs. Forefight and Mrs. Frail.*

*Mrs. F.* What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife, I'll do what I please.

*Mrs. For.* You will?

*Mrs. F.* Yes, marry, will I.---A great piece of business, to go to *Covent Garden*, to take a turn in a hackney coach with one's friend.

*Mrs. For.* Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

*Mrs. F.* Well, what if I took twenty!---I warrant, if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation!---Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

*Mrs. For.* But can't you converse at home?---I own it; I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent. But the place is public; and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous. What if any body else should have seen you alight, as I did?---How can any body be happy, while they are in perpetual fear of being seen and censured?---Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me!

*Mrs. F.* Pooh, here's a clutter!---why should it reflect upon you?---I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney coach before now!---If I had gone to *Knights-Bridge*, or to *Chelfea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms*, with a man alone---something might have been said.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. *For.* Why, was I ever in any of those places? What do you mean, sister?

Mrs. *F.* Was I? what do you mean?

Mrs. *For.* You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. *F.* I at a worse place, and with a man?

Mrs. *For.* I suppose you would not go alone to the *World's-End*.

Mrs. *F.* The *World's End*! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. *For.* Poor innocent! you don't know that there is a place called the *World's-End*? I'll swear, you can keep your countenance purely; you'd make an admirable player!

Mrs. *F.* I'll swear, you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. *For.* Very well, that will appear who has most; you never were at the *World's-End*?

Mrs. *F.* No.

Mrs. *For.* You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. *F.* Your face! what's your face?

\* Mrs. *For.* No matter for that, it's as good a face as yours.

\* Mrs. *F.* Not by a dozen years wearing.' But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. *For.* I'll allow you now to find fault with my face; for, I'll swear, your impudence has put me out of countenance.---But look you here now,---where did you lose this gold bodkin? Oh, sister, sister!

Mrs. *F.* My bodkin!

Mrs. *For.* Nay, 'tis yours; look at it.

Mrs. *F.* Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?---Oh, sister, sister!---sister every way!

Mrs. *For.* O, devil on't! that I could not discover her, without betraying myself! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. *F.* I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. *For.* It is very true, sister. Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

*Mrs. F.* With all my heart. 'Ours are but slight flesh wounds; and, if we keep them from air, not at all dangerous.' Well, give me your hand, in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

*Mrs. For.* Here it is, with all my heart.

*Mrs. F.* Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. 'To tell truth, and speak openly one to another,' I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for: I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Samson* has a son, that is expected to-night; and, by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjurer. The estate, you know, is to be made over to him.---Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

*Mrs. For.* I do; and will help you, to the utmost of my power.---And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

*Enter Tattle and Miss Prue.*

*Miss P.* Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

*Mrs. For.* Fie, fie, miss, how you bawl!---Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

*Miss P.* What must I call you then? are you not my father's wife?

*Mrs. For.* Madam; you must say madam.---By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother.---Well but, miss, what are you so over-joyed at?

*Miss P.* Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. *Tattle* has given me.---Look you here, cousin; here's a snuff-box; nay, there's snuff in't---here, will you have any? ---Oh good! how sweet it is!---Mr. *Tattle* is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet---and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses,

roses,---smell him, mother---madam, I mean.---He gave me this ring, for a kifs.

*Tatt.* O fie, miss, you must not kifs, and tell.

*Miss P.* Yes; I may tell my mother---and he says he'll give me something to make me smell so.---Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief.---Smell, cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way.---Is not it pure?---It's better than lavender, mnn.---I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks---ha, cousin?

*Mrs. F.* Fie, miss; amongst your linen, you must say---you must never say smock.

*Miss P.* Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

*Tatt.* Oh, madam! you are too severe upon miss: you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity; it becomes her strangely.---Pretty miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency!

*Mrs. For.* Oh, demm you, toad!---I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocency.

*Tatt.* Who I, madam?---O lord, how can your ladyship have such a thought?---sure you don't know me!

*Mrs. F.* Ah, devil, ily devil ---He's as close, sister, as a confessor.---He thinks we don't observe him.

*Mrs. For.* A cunning cur! how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature---and left us, sister, presently.

*Tatt.* Upon reputation---

*Mrs. F.* They're all so, sister, these men---they love to have the spoiling of a young creature; they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day.---I warrant, it would break Mr. *Tattle's* heart, to think that any body else should beforehand with him!

*Tatt.* Oh lord, I swear I would not for the world---

*Mrs. F.* O, hang you; who'll believe you?---You'd be hang'd before you'd confess---we know you---she's very pretty!---Lord, what pure red and white!---she looks so wholesome;---ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy if I were a man---

*Miss P.* How you love to jeer one, cousin.

*Mrs. For.* Hark'ee, sister---by my soul, the girl is spoiled already---d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly

lubberly tarpawlin?—Gad, I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle*.

Mrs. *F*. On my soul, I'm afraid not—eh! filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar!—Devil take you you confounded toad—why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. *For*. Nay, why did we let him?—My husband will hang us—he'll think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. *F*. Come faith, let us be gone---If my brother *Forefight* should find us with them, he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. *For*. So he would—but then leaving them together is as bad—and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. *F*. I don't care; I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. *For*. Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to answer for: remember, I wash my hands of it; I'm thoroughly innocent.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Forefight.*]

Miss *P*. What makes them go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

*Tatt*. Yes, my dear---I think I can guess—but hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss *P*. Come, must not we go too?

*Tatt*. No, no; they don't mean that.

Miss *P*. No! what then? what shall you and I do together?

*Tatt*. I must make love to you, pretty miss; will you let me make love to you?

Miss *P*. Yes, if you please.

*Tatt*. Frank, egad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. *Forefight* mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by?—Egad, I'll understand it so. [Aside]

Miss *P*. Well; and how will you make love to me?—Come, I long to have you begin.—Must I make love too? You must tell me how.

*Tatt*. You must let me speak, miss; you must not speak first. I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss *P*.



Miss P. What, is it like the catechism?—Come then, ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already. I shan't care a farthing for you then, in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why, you must say no; or, you believe not; or, you can't tell.

Miss P. Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie.---Besides, you are a woman; you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no; but you must love me too.---If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say, I flatter you---But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you---and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself.---If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry; but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry---but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss P. O lord, I swear, this is pure!---I like it better than our old-fashioned country way of speaking one's mind,---And must not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum!--Yes--but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies--but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty creature; will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'm angry at you. p-49

[Runs, and kisses him.]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well--but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart.---Now, then, my little angel.

[Kisses her.]

Miss P. Pish!

Tatt.

*Tatt.* That's right.---Again, my charmer!

[*Kisses again.*]

*Miss P.* O fie! nay, now I can't abide you.

*Tatt.* Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent Garden*.---And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is?

*Miss P.* No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

*Tatt.* I'll follow you.

*Miss P.* Ah, but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry; and you shall push me down before you come in.

*Tatt.* No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

*Miss P.* Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

*Tatt.* Then I'll make you cry out.

*Miss P.* O but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.

*Tatt.* Oh, my dear apt scholar!

*Miss P.* Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you.

*Tatt.* You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue. [*Exeunt.*]

### A C T III.

*Nurse alone.*

**M**ISS, miss, miss *Prue*!---Mercy on me, marry, and amen!---Why, what's become of the child?---Why, miss, miss *Forefight*!---Sure she has lockt herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers!---Miss, miss!---I hear her.---Come to your father, child. Open the door.---Open the door, miss.---I hear you cry *busht*.---O lord, who's there? [*peeps.*]---What's here to do?---O the father! a man with her!---Why, miss, I say; God's my life, here's fine doings towards!---O lord, we're all undone!---O you young harlotry!---[*knocks.*]---Ods my life! won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Tattle and Miss Prue.*

*Miss P.* O Lord, she's coming---and she'll tell my father. What shall I do now? *Tatt.*

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

*Tatt.* Pox take her ! if she had staid two minutes longer, I should have wished for her coming.

*Miss. P.* O dear, what shall I say ? tell me, *Mr. Tattle*, tell me a lie.

*Tatt.* There's no occasion for a lie ; I could never tell a lie to no purpose.---But, since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her--I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

*Enter Valentine, Scandal, and Angelica.*

*Ang.* You can't accuse me of inconstancy ; I never told you that I loved you.

*Val.* But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did not.

*Ang.* You mistake indifference for uncertainty ; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

*Scand.* Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you : I'll say that for you, madam.

*Ang.* What are you setting up for good nature ?

*Scand.* Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

*Ang.* Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

*Scand.* I shall receive no benefit from the opinion : for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

*Tatt.* [*coming up*] *Scandal*, are you in private discourse ? any thing of secrecy. [*Aside to Scandal.*]

*Scand.* Yes, but I dare trust you. We were talking of *Angelica's* love to *Valentine* ; you won't speak of it.

*Tatt.* No, no, not a syllable---I know that's a secret, for it is whispered every where.

*Scand.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ang.* What is, *Mr. Tattle* ? I heard you say something was whispered every where.

*Scand.* Your love of *Valentine*.

*Ang.* How !

*Tatt.* No, madam ; his love for your ladyship--Gad take me, I beg your pardon---for I never heard a word of your ladyship's passion, till this instant.

*Ang.* My passion !---And who told you of my passion ; pray, sir.

' *Scand.* Why, is the devil in you? did not I tell it  
' you for a secret?

' *Tatt.* Gadso; but I thought she might have been trust-  
' ed with her own affairs.

' *Scand.* Is that your discretion? trust a woman with  
' herself?

' *Tatt.* You say true; I beg your pardon—I'll bring  
' all off.—It was impossible, madam, for me to imagine,  
' that a person of your ladyship's wit and gallantry could  
' have so long received the passionate addresses of the ac-  
' complished *Valentine*, and yet remain insensible: there-  
' fore you will pardon me, if, from a just weight of his  
' merit, with your ladyship's good judgment, I formed  
' the balance of a reciprocal affection.

' *Val.* O the devil! what damn'd costive poet has  
' given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

' *Ang.* I dare swear, you wrong him; it is his own—  
' and Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the success of others, from  
' the effects of his own merit; for, certainly, Mr. *Tattle*  
' was never denied any thing in his life.

' *Tatt.* O Lord! yes indeed, madam, several times.

' *Ang.* I swear, I don't think it is possible.

' *Tatt.* Yes, I vow and swear, I have. Lord, madam,  
' I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the  
' most cruelly used by the ladies.

' *Ang.* Nay, now you're ungrateful.

' *Tatt.* No, I hope not.—It is as much ingratitude to  
' own some favours, as to conceal others.

' *Val.* There, now it is out.

' *Ang.* I don't understand you now. I thought you  
' had never asked any thing, but what a lady might mo-  
' destly grant, and you confess.

' *Scand.* So, faith, your business is done here; now  
' you may go brag somewhere else.

' *Tatt.* Brag! O Heavens! Why, did I name any body?

' *Ang.* No; I suppose that is not in your power; but  
' you would if you could, no doubt on't.

' *Tatt.* Not in my power, madam?—What! does your  
' ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in  
' my power?

' *Scand.* Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aside.*

' *Tatt.*

' *Tatt.* Faith, madam, you are in the right; no more  
' I have as I hope to be saved; I never had it in my power  
' to say any thing to a lady's prejudice in my life.—For  
' as I was telling you, madam, I have been the most un-  
' successful creature living in things of that nature; and  
' never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a  
' lady's secret; not once.

' *Ang.* No?

' *Val.* Not once, I dare answer for him.

' *Scand.* And I'll answer for him; for, I'm sure if he  
' had, he would have told me. I find, madam, you  
' don't know Mr. *Tattle*.

' *Tatt.* No indeed, madam, you don't know me at all,  
' I find; for sure, my intimate friends would have known.

' *Ang.* Then it seems you would have told, if you had  
' been trusted.

' *Tatt.* O pox, *Scandal*, that was too far put!—Never  
' have told particulars, madam. Perhaps I might have  
' talked as of a third person—or have introduced an  
' amour of my own, in conversation, by way of novel:  
' but never have explained particulars.

' *Ang.* But whence comes the reputation of Mr. *Tat-  
tle's* secrecy, if he was never trusted?

' *Scand.* Why thence it arises.—The thing is prover-  
' bially spoken; but may be applied to him.—As if we  
' should say in general terms, he only is secret, who ne-  
' ver was trusted; a satirical proverb upon our sex.—  
' There is another upon yours—as, She is chaste, who  
' was never asked the question. That's all.

' *Val.* A couple of very civil proverbs, truly. It is  
' hard to tell whether the lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more  
' obliged to you. For you found her virtue upon the  
' backwardness of the men; and his secrecy upon the  
' mistrust of the women.

' *Tatt.* Gad, it's very true, madam; I think we are  
' obliged to acquit ourselves.—And for my part—but  
' your ladyship is to speak first.

' *Ang.* Am I? well, I freely confess, I have resisted  
' a great deal of temptation.

' *Tatt.* And, egad, I have given some temptation that  
' has not been resisted.

' *Val.*

' *Val.* Good.

' *Ang.* I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his solicitations and my denials.

' *Val.* I am ready to plead, not guilty, for you; and guilty for myself.

' *Scand.* So, why this is fair! here's demonstration, with a witness.

' *Tatt.* Well, my witnesses are not present.—Yet, I confess, I have had favours from persons; but, as the favours are numberless, so the persons are nameless.

' *Scand.* Pooh, this proves nothing.

' *Tatt.* No? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings; and, if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids at the chocolate-houses, all the porters at *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the door-keepers at the play-house, the drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack*, the *Rummer*, *Spring-garden*, my own landlady and valet de chambre; all who shall make oath, that I receive more letters than the secretary's office; and that I have more vizor-masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the hermaphrodite, or the naked prince. And it is notorious, that, in a country church, once, an inquiry being made who I was, it was answered, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruined so many women.

' *Val.* It was there, I suppose, you got the nick-name of the *Great Turk*.

' *Tatt.* True; I was called *Turk Tattle* all over the parish.—The next Sunday, all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the parson had not half his congregation. He would have brought me into the spiritual court: but I was revenged upon him, for he had a handsome daughter whom I initiated into the science. But I repented it afterwards; for it was talked of in town.—And a lady of quality, that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six horses, and exposed herself upon my account; gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart.—You know whom I mean—you know where we raffled——

' *Scand.* Mum, *Tattle*!

' *Val.* 'Sdeath, are not you ashamed?

' *Ang.*



*Ang.* O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a piece of vanity!—Fie, Mr. *Tattle*!—I'll swear I could not have believed it.—Is this your secrecy!

*Tatt.* Gad so, the heat of my story carried me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the lady's passion hurried her beyond her reputation.—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many ladies ruffled.—Pox on't, now could I bite off my tongue.

*Scand.* No, don't; for then you'll tell us no more. Come, I'll recommend a song to you, upon the hint of my two proverbs; and I see one in the next room that will sing it. [Goes to the door.]

*Tatt.* For Heaven's sake, if you do guess, say nothing. Gad, I'm very unfortunate!

*Scand.* Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

S O N G.

I.

*A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,  
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd:  
Their intent was, to try if his oracle knew  
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.*

II.

*Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,  
But sagely at length he this secret disclos'd:  
He alone won't betray, in whom none will confide;  
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been try'd'.*

*Enter Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and Servant.*

Sir S. Is *Ben* come? Oddso, my son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't.—Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you shall see my son *Ben*.—Body o'me, he's the hopes of my family—I han't seen him these three years—I warrant he's grown!—Call him in; bid him make haste —[*Exit Servant.*] I'm ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. F. Now, miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss. P. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

[*Aside to Frail.*  
Mrs. F.

Mrs. F. Hush! Well, he shan't; leave that to me—I'll beckon Mr. Fattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere; when he rises, I must set.—Besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good-nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate; and I'll defer it as long as I can.—Well, you'll come to a resolution.

Ang. I cannot. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scand. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I have something in my head to communicate to you.

[*Exeunt Scandal and Valentine.*]

Sir S. What! is my son *Valentine* gone? What? is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother? There's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natured dog! What! were you here too, madam, and could not keep him? Could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection, oblige him? Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him—all interest, all interest! he's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate. Body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I am pretty even with him, Sir *Sampson*; for, if ever I could have liked any thing in him, it should have been his estate too. But, since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir S. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were: for most young women nowadays are to be tempted with a naked hook,

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampson*, I am for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate: therefore, if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir S. Faith and troth, you are a wise woman; and I'm glad to hear you say so. I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate. Odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mongrel; cast him off. You shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I  
love

Love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak—faith I do. I love to see them hug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

*Enter Ben and Servant.*

*Ben.* Where's father?

*Serv.* There sir; his back's toward you. [Exit.

*Sir S.* My son *Ben*! blest thee, my dear boy! body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

*Ben.* Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

*Sir S.* Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear *Ben*. [Kisses him.

*Ben.* So, so, enough, father.—Mefs, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

*Sir S.* And so thou shalt.—*Mrs. Angelica*, my son *Ben*.

*Ben.* Forsooth, if you please! [Salutes her.]—Nay, mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship, i'faith. [Kisses Frail.]—Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat! so. [Kisses Miss.

*Tatt.* Sir, your're welcome ashore.

*Ben.* Thank you, thank you, friend.

*Sir S.* Thou hast been many a weary leaguc, *Ben*, since I saw thee.

*Ben.* Ey, ey, been! been far enough, and that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother *Dick*, and brother *Val*?

*Sir S.* *Dick*! body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two years. I writ you word, when you were at *Legborn*.

*Ben.* Mefs, that's true: marry, I had forgot. *Dick* is dead, as you say.—Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you; well, you ben't married again, father, be you?

*Sir S.* No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry, for thy sake.

*Ben.* Nay, what does that signify?—An you marry again—why then, I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all.—Pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry, a God's name, an the wind fit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

*Mrs. F.* That would be pity such a handsome young gentleman!

*Ben*

*Ben.* Handsome! he, he, he! nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we said at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

*Sir S.* *Ben* is a wag.

*Ben.* A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors: he is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

*Sir S.* A very wag! *Ben* is a very wag; only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

*Mrs. F.* Not at all; I like his humour mightily: it is plain and honest, I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

*Ben.* Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bed-fellow hugely. How say you, mistress? would you like going to sea? mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged, an you were but as well manned.

*Mrs. F.* I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

*Ben.* But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so much sail o'your head—top and top gallant, by the mess!

*Mrs. F.* No? why so?

*Ben.* Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be over-set: and then you'll carry your keels above water—he, he, he!

*Ang.* I swear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea wit.

*Sir S.* Nay, *Ben* has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

*Ben.* No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended.—  
But methinks, *Sir Sampson*, you should leave him alone  
with his mistress. *Mr. Tattle*, we must not hinder lovers.

[*Tatt.* Well, miss, I have your promise. *[Aside to miss.*  
*Sir S.* Body o'me, madam, you say true.—Look you,  
*Ben.* this is your mistress.—Come, miss, you must not  
be sham'd faced; we'll leave you together.

*Miss P.* I can't abide to be left alone. Mayn't my  
cousin stay with me?

*Sir S.* No, no. Come, let's away.

*Ben.* Look you, father, mayhap the young woman  
mayn't take a liking to me!

*Sir S.* I warrant thee, boy. Come, come, we'll be  
gone. I'll venture that.

[*Exeunt Sir Sampson, Tattle, and Mrs. Frail.*

*Ben.* Come, mistress, will you please to sit down?  
For, an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple  
together.—Come, I'll hawl a chair; there, an you please  
to sit, I'll sit by you.

*Miss P.* You need not sit so near one; if you have any  
thing to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

*Ben.* Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb; I  
can be heard as far as another.—I'll heave off, to please  
you. [*Sits farther off.*—An we were a league asunder,  
I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not  
a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look  
you, forsooth; I am, as it were, bound for the land of  
matrimony: 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my  
seeking; I was commanded by father, and if you like of  
it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you,  
mistress? the short of the thing is, that, if you like me,  
and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock  
together.

*Miss P.* I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't  
care to speak with you at all.

*Ben.* No? I'm sorry for that.—But pray why are you  
so scornful?

*Miss P.* As long as one must not speak one's mind,  
one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I  
won't tell a lie for the matter.

*Ben.* Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie;  
for

for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board; I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches---so that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so, a God's name; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

*Miss P.* But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all; nor never will, that's more. So, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

*Ben.* Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.---As for your love, or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end---and mayhap I like you as little as you do me.---What I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing---if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, Gad, I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

*Miss P.* Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you; he will, you great sea-calf.

*Ben.* What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket?---Let'n---let'n.---But, an he comes near to me, mayhap I may giv'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy?---Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd, you?---Marry thee!



thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wrecked vessels.

Miss P. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abused thus, no I won't.---If I were a man---[cries]---you durst not talk at this rate---no, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.] *to G. J.*

*Enter Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.*

Mrs. For. They have quarrelled, just as we could wish.

Ben. Tar-barrel? let your sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him---Gad, I'll lace his musk-doublet for him. I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civet cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. For. Bless me! what's the matter, miss? What, does she cry?---Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: the more she cries, the less she'll---she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. For. Come, miss, come along with me; and tell me, poor child.

Mrs. F. Lord, what shall we do? there's my brother *Foresight* and Sir *Sampson* coming. Sister, do you take miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber; for they must not know that they are fallen out.---Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me?

Ben. Venture? meffs, and that I will, though it were to sea in a storm.

*Enter Sir Sampson and Foresight.*

[*Exeunt.* *127*]

Sir S. I left them together here. What, are they gone? Ben is a brisk boy: he has got her into a corner---Father's own son, faith! he'll touzle her, and mouzle her. The rogue's sharp set, coming from sea. If he should not stay for saying grace, old *Foresight*, but fall too without the help of a parson, ha? Odd, if he should, I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, a chip of the old block. Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication; as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or paired thy nails on a Sunday.---Come, chear up, look about thee: look up, old star-gazer---now is he poring upon

upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

*For.* Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir S. With all my heart.

*For.* At ten o'clock; punctually at ten.

Sir S. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; they shall be married to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and, when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and *consummatum est* shall ring all over the parish!

*Enter* Servant.

"Serv. Sir, Mr. Scandal *desires to speak with you upon* *earnest business.*

*For.* I go to him. Sir Sampson your servant. [*Exit.*

"Sir S. *What's the matter, friend?*

"Serv. Sir 'Tis about your son, Valentine, something *has appeared to him in a dream that makes him pro-* *phesy.*"

*Enter* Scandal.

"Scand. Sir Sampson, sad news.

*For.* Bless us!

"Sir S. Why, what's the matter?

"Scand. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

"Sir S. Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, or the loss of the *Canary* fleet—unless Popery should be landed in the west, or the *French* fleet were at anchor at *Blackwall*.

"Scand. No? Undoubtedly, Mr. *Forefight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

*For.* 'Tis no earthquake?

"Scand. No, not yet; nor whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to—but it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

"Sir S. Why, body o'me, out with it.

"Scand. Something has appeared to your son *Valentine*—he's gone to bed upon't, and very ill.---He speaks  
"little

\* The above lines in Italics are now perform'd at the theatre instead of the succeeding ones between single commas-

' little, yet he says he has a world to say. Asks for his father and the wife *Forefight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the ghost of *Lilly*. He has secrets to impart, I suppose, to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning; but would not be disturbed to-night, because he has some business to do in a dream.'

Sir S. Hoity toity! what have I to do with his dreams, or his divination?---Body o'me, this is a trick, to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant, the devil will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with his estate. But I'll bring him a parson, to tell him that the devil's a liar,---or, if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer, that shall out-lie the devil; and so I'll try whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day. [Exit.

*Enter Foresight.*

' *Scand.* Alas, Mr. *Foresight*, I am afraid all is not right.---You are a wise man, and a conscientious man; a searcher into obscurity and futurity; and, if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution.

' *For.* Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*!

' *Scand.* Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you. ---But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty.---I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*.---He has been wicked; and Heaven grant he may mean well in his affair with you!---but my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and should not be over-reached; methinks you should not.

' *For.* Alas, Mr. *Scandal*---*Humanum est errare*!

' *Scand.* You say true, man will err; meer man will err ---but you are something more.---There have been wise men; but they were such as you---men who consulted the stars, and were observers of omens.---*Solomon* was wise: but how? by his judgment in astrology.---So says *Pineda*, in his third book and eighth chapter.

' *For.* You are learned, Mr. *Scandal*.

' *Scand.* A trifler---but a lover of art.---And the wise men of the east owed their instruction to a star; which is rightly observed by *Gregory the Great*, in favour of astrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valu-

'able science---because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

'*For.* I protest, I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*.---I did not think you had been read in these matters.---Few young men are inclined---

'*Scand.* I thank my stars that have inclined me.---But I fear this marriage and making over this estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophesy it; and I would not have the fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believed. *Valentine* is disturbed, what can be the cause of that? and Sir *Sampson* is hurried on by an unusual violence---I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

'*For.* He was always of an impetuous nature.---But as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous.

'*Scand.* Come, come, Mr. *Forefight*; let not the prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your conscience.---You are not satisfied that you act justly.

'*For.* How!

'*Scand.* You are not satisfied, I say.---I am loth to discourage you---but it is palpable that you are not satisfied.

'*For.* How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal*? I think I am very well satisfied.

'*Scand.* Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself; or you do not know yourself.

'*For.* Pray explain yourself.

'*Scand.* Do you sleep well o' nights?

'*For.* Very well.

'*Scand.* Are you certain? you do not look so.

'*For.* I am in health, I think.

'*Scand.* So was *Valentine* this morning; and looked just so.

'*For.* How! am I altered any way? I don't perceive it.

'*Scand.* That may be; but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

'*For.* Indeed? bless me!'

*Exeunt*

*Enter*

*Enter Mrs. Foresight.*

'Mrs. For. Husband, will you go to bed? its ten o'clock. Mr. Scandal, your servant.

'Scand. Pox on her, she has interrupted my design—but I must work her into the project.—You keep early hours, madam.

'Mrs. For. Mr. Foresight is punctual; we sit up after him.

'For. My dear, pray lend me your glass, your little looking-glass.

'Scand. Pray lend it him, madam—I'll tell you the reason—[*She gives him the glass.*: Scandal and she whisper.]—My passion for you is grown so violent---that I am no longer master of myself---I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention; and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining myself to you---but was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable hour.

'Mrs. For. Was there ever such impudence, to make love to me before my husband's face? I'll swear, I'll tell him.

'Scand. Do. I'll die a martyr, rather than disclaim my passion. But come a little farther this way; and I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the way, that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whisper.* Foresight looking in the glass.]

'For. I do not see any revolution here.—Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect—pale, a little pale—but the roses of these cheeks have been gathered many years.—Ha! I do not like that sudden flushing—gone already!—Hem, hem, hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good; yet it beats: and my pulses, ha!—I have none—mercy on me!—hum?—Yes, here they are.—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop! hey! whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—and now I'm faint again; and pale again, and, hem! and my, hem!—breath, and, hem!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

‘ *Scand.* It takes: pursue it, in the name of love and pleasure,

‘ *Mrs. For.* How do you do, Mr. *Fore-sight* ?

‘ *For.* Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

‘ *Scand.* Look you there now.—Your lady says, your sleep has been unquiet of late.

‘ *For.* Very likely !

‘ *Mrs. For.* O, mighty restless ! but I was afraid to tell him so.—He has been subject to talking and starting.

‘ *Scand.* And did not use to be so ?

‘ *Mrs. For.* Never, never ; till within these three nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my rest since we have been married.

‘ *For.* I will go to bed.

‘ *Scand.* Do so, Mr. *Fore-sight* ; and say your prayers. —He looks better than he did.

‘ *Mrs. For.* Nurse, nurse !

‘ *For.* Do you think so, Mr. *Scandal* ?

‘ *Scand.* Yes, yes ; I hope this will be gone by morning : take it in time.

‘ *For.* I hope so.

‘ *Enter Nurse.*

‘ *Mrs. For.* Nurse, your master is not well ; put him to bed.

‘ *Scand.* I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the morning.—You had best take a little diacodian and cowslip-water, and lye upon your back ; may be you may dream.

‘ *For.* I thank you, Mr. *Scandal* ; I will.—Nurse, let me have a watch-light, and lay the *Crumbs of Comfort* by me.

‘ *Nurse.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

‘ *For.* And—hem, hem ! I am very faint.

‘ *Scand.* No, no, you look much better.

‘ *For.* Do I ? And, d’ye hear—bring me, let me see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem !—just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal.—And I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant nor the moon will be combust ; and then I may do well.

‘ *Scand.* I hope so.—Leave that to me ; I will erect a  
‘ scheme ?



\* scheme? and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in  
 \* the sixth house.

\* *For.* I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*; indeed that would  
 \* be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good night.

\* [*Exit.*

*Scand.* Good night, good Mr. *Forefight*. And I hope  
 \* *Mars* and *Venus* will be in conjunction---while your  
 \* wife and I are together.

*Mrs. For.* Well; and what use do you hope to make  
 of this project? You don't think that you are ever  
 like to succeed in your design upon me?

*Scand.* Yes, faith, I do; I have a better opinion  
 both of you and myself, than to despair.

*Mrs. For.* Did you ever hear such a toad?---Hark'ye;  
 devil: do you think any woman honest?

*Scand.* Yes, several, very honest---they'll cheat a  
 little at cards, sometimes; but that's nothing.

*Mrs. For.* Pshaw! but virtuous, I mean?

*Scand.* Yes, faith, I believe some women are vir-  
 tuous too; but 'tis, as I believe some men are valiant,  
 through fear---For why should a man court danger, or,  
 a woman shun pleasure?

\* *Mrs. For.* O monstrous! What are conscience and  
 \* honour?

\* *Scand.* Why, honour is a public enemy; and con-  
 \* science a domestic thief: and he that would secure his  
 \* pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves  
 \* with t'other. As for honour, that you have secured;  
 \* for you have purchased a perpetual opportunity for  
 \* pleasure.

\* *Mrs. For.* An opportunity for pleasure?

\* *Scand.* Ay, your husband; a husband is an oppor-  
 \* tunity for pleasure. So you have taken care of honour,  
 \* and 'tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

*Mrs. For.* And so you think we are free for one ano-  
 ther?

*Scand.* Yes, faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

\* *Mrs. For.* Why then I'll speak my mind. Now, as  
 \* to this affair between you and me. Here you make  
 \* love to me; why, I'll confess it does not displease me.

C. 4---ol. aged I am? Your

'Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

'*Scand.* I have no great opinion of myself; but, I think, I'm neither deformed, nor a fool.

'*Mrs. For.* But you have a villainous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

'*Scand.* Come; I know what you would say---you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour. You mistake; the liberty I take in talking is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has stolen the treasure. I am a juggler, that acts by confederacy; and, if you please, we'll put a trick upon the world.

'*Mrs. For.* Ay; but you are such an universal juggler that I'm afraid you have a great many confederates.

'*Scand.* Faith, I'm found.

'*Mrs. For.* 'O, fie!--I'll swear, you're impudent.

'*Scand.* I'll swear, you're handsome.

'*Mrs. For.* Pish, you'd tell me so, though you did not think so.

'*Scand.* And you'd think so, though I should not tell you so: and now I think we know one another pretty well.

'*Mrs. For.* O lord: who's here?

*Enter Mrs. Frail and Ben.*

'*Ben.* Mefls, I love to speak my mind---Father has nothing to do with me.---Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me: but what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steered by him; 'tis as thof he should strive against wind and tide.

'*Mrs. F.* Ay but, my dear, we must keep it secret, till the estate be settled; for, you know, marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

'*Ben.* He, he, he! why that's true; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable ropes.'

'*Mrs. F.* And though I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

'*Ben.* Why that's true again; for mayhap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed; Mefls, you've nicked the channel.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. F. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart? I'd rather the *Mary-gold* should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land-man. A sailor will be honest, tho' mayhap he has never a penny of money in his pocket.—Mayhap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier; but, for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Mrs. F. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. F. Hold, there's my sister; I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. For. Well; I won't go to bed to my husband to-night; because I'll retire to my own chamber, and think of what you have said.

Scand. Well; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your chamber-door; and leave you my last instructions?

Mrs. For. Hold, here's my sister coming towards us.

Mrs. F. If it won't interrupt you, Mr. Ben, I will entertain you with a song.

Ben. The song was made upon one of our ship's-crew's wife; our boatswain made the song; mayhap you may know her, sir. Before she married, she was called Buxom Joan of Deptford.

Scand. I have heard of her. [Ben sings.]

B A L L A D.

*A soldier and a sailor,  
A tinker and a tailor,  
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,  
To make a maid a wife, sir,  
Whose name was buxom Joan.  
For now the time was ended,  
When she no more intended  
To lick her lips at men, sir,  
And gnaw the sheets in vain, sir,  
And lye o' nights alone.*

## II.

*The soldier swore like thunder,  
 He loved her more than plunder;  
 And shew'd her many a scar, sir,  
 That he had brought from far, sir,  
 With fighting for her sake.  
 The taylor thought to please her,  
 With offering her his measure.  
 The tinker too with mettle  
 Said he could mend her kettle.*

## III.

*But while these three were prating,  
 The sailor sily waiting,  
 Thought if it came about, sir,  
 That they should all fall out, sir,  
 He then might play his part:  
 And just e'en as he meant, sir,  
 To loggerheads they went, sir,  
 And then he let fly at her,  
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,  
 That won this fair maid's heart.*

\* *Ben.* If some of our crew that came to see me are not gone; you shall see, that we sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other folks.—[*Whistles.*] I warrant that brings them, an they be within hearing.

\* *Enter Seamen.*

\* *Oh*, here they be!—and fiddles along with them.  
 \* *Come*, my lads, let's have a round; and I'll make one.

\* [*Dance.*]

\* *We're merry folks*, we sailors; we han't much to care for.' Thus we live at sea; eat biscuit, and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter—come home, and lye with our lanladies once a year, get rid of a little money; and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?

*Mrs. F.* Oh, you are the happiest, merriest men alive!

*Mrs. For.* We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this entertainment.—I believe it is late.

*Ben.* Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to bed. For my part, I mean to tofs a can, and remember

member my sweet-heart, afore I turn in ; mayhap I may dream of her !

*Mrs. For.* Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed, and dream too.

*Scand.* Why, faith, I have a good lively imagination ; and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it. But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover ; 'tis the 'last glimpse of love to worn-out sinners, and the faint 'dawning of a bliss to wishing girls and growing boys.

' *There's nought but willing waking love that can*

' *Make blest the ripen'd maid and finish'd man.*

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. Valentine's Lodgings.

*Enter Scandal and Jeremy.*

*Scand.* **W**ELL, is your master ready ? does he look madly, and talk madly ?

*Jer.* Yes, sir ; you need not make no great doubt of that ? He that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

*Scand.* Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the reason of his design ?

*Jer.* No, sir, not yet.—He has a mind to try whether his playing the madman won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him ; or at least own that she has loved him all this while, and concealed it.

*Scand.* I saw her take coach just now with her maid ; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

*Jer.* Like enough, sir ; for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad, only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop : if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

*Scand.* Well, I'll try her—'tis she ; here she comes.

*Enter Angelica.*

*Ang.* Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty

velty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

*Scand.* Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But, when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruined lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprizes me.

*Ang.* I don't like raillery from a serious face---Pray tell me what is the matter?

*Jer.* No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all. I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

*Ang.* How d'ye mean, mad?

*Jer.* Why, faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money. His head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

*Ang.* If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable---

*Scand.* She's concerned, and loves him! [*Aside.*

*Ang.* Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to---Pray tell me the truth!

*Scand.* Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] I know not what to think! Yet I should be vex't to have a trick put upon me!--May I not see him?

*Scand.* I'm afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet!--*Jeremy*, go in, and inquire. [*Exit Jeremy.*

*Ang.* Ha! I saw him wink and smile! I fancy a trick.---I'll try. [*Aside.*]---I would disguise to all the world, sir, a failing which I must own to you---I fear, my happiness depends upon the recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for---I cannot speak---But you may tell me for you know what I would ask.

*Scand.* So, this is pretty plain?---Be not too much concerned, madam: I hope, his condition is not desperate.



An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

*Ang.* Say you so? nay then I'm convinced: and if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge! [*Afide.*]---Acknowledgement of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger too. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good-nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love, is neither in my power nor inclination; and if he can't be cured without I suck the poison from his wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his senses till I lose mine.

*Scand.* Hey, brave woman, i'faith!---Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

*Ang.* What signify a madman's desires? besides 'twou'd make me uneasy---If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen---If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprize is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was.

*Scand.* So, faith, good-nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

*Ang.* But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman, or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here.--- [*Exit.*]

*Scand.* Humph!---An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind!

*Enter Jeremy*

*Jer.* What is she gone, sir?

*Scand.* Gone? why she was never here nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her, nor you neither.

*Jer.* Good-lack! what's the matter now? are any more of us, to be mad? Why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

*Scand.* We are all under a mistake.---Ask no questions, for

For I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir *Samson*. You know your cue? I'll to your master. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Sampson and Buckram:*

Sir S. D'ye see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

*Buck.* Good, fir. And the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir S. Ready! body o'me, he must be ready: his sham-sickness shan't excuse him,—O, here's his scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your master.

*Jer.* Ah, fir, he's quite gone!

Sir S. Gone! what, he is not dead.

*Jer.* No, fir, not dead.

Sir S. What, is he gone out of town? run away? ha! has he tricked me! Speak, varlet.

*Jer.* No, no, fir, he's safe enough, fir, an he were but as sound, poor gentleman! he is indeed here, fir, and not here fir.

Sir S. Hey-day, rascal, do you banter me? sirrah, d'ye banter me?—Speak, sirrah; where is he? for I will find him.

*Jer.* Would you could, fir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, fir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, fir: I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, fir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir S. A pox confound your similitudes, fir!—Speak, to be understood; and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull.

*Jer.* Ah, you've hit it, fir; that's the matter with him, fir; his skull's cracked, poor gentleman! he's stark mad, fir!

Sir S. Mad!

*Buck.* What, is he *Non compos*?

*Jer.* Quite *Non compos*, fir!

*Buck.* Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampson*. If he  
be

# LOVE FOR LOVE.

5

*He Non Compos Mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect; it is not good in law.

Sir S. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir.—Mad! I'll make him find his senses.

*Jer.* Mr. *Scandal* is with him, sir; I'll knock at the door. [*Goes to the scene, which opens, and discovers Valentine and Scandal. Valentine upon a couch, disorderly dressed.*]

Sir S. How now? what's here to do?

*Val.* Ha! who's that?

[*Starting.*]

*Scand.* For Heaven's sake, softly, sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

*Val.* Answer me, who is that? and that?

Sir S. Gads bobs, does he not know me? is he mischievous? I'll speak gently.—*Val, Val*, dost thou not know me, boy? not know thy own father, *Val*? I am thy own father; and this, honest *Brief Buckram* the lawyer.

*Val.* It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full.—There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike—There are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange! But I am *Honesty*, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir S. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him,

*Val.* Why does that lawyer wear black?—does he carry his conscience without-side? Lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

*Buck.* O Lord, what must I say?—Yes, sir.

*Val.* Thou liest; for I am *Honesty*. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of *Westminster-Hall* the first day of every term.—Let me see—no matter how long—But I'll tell you one thing; it is a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if should ask him, whether the Bible saves more souls in *Westminster-Abbey*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall*. For my part, I am *Honesty*, and can't tell; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir S. Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his madness—Has he no intervals?

*Jer.* Very short, sir,

*Buck.* Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this con-

condition. Here's your paper, fir. — He may do me a mischief if I stay. — The conveyance is ready, fir, if he recover his senses. [Exit.

Sir S. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scand. You'd better let him go, fir; and send for him if there be occasion: for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well; then we may drink about without going together by the ears. — Heigh ho! what a clock is it? My father here! your blessing fir?

Sir S. He recovers! — Bless thee, Val? — How dost thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, fir, pretty well. — I have been a little out of order. Won't you please to sit, fir?

Sir S. Ay, boy. — Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir S. No, no: come, come, sit thee down, honest

Val. How do'st thou do? let me feel thy pulse — Oh, pretty well now, Val. Body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: but I'm glad thou art better, honest Val.

Val. I thank you, fir.

Scand. Miracle! The monster grows loving. [Aside.

Sir S. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake — I believe thou canst write, Val. Ha, boy? thou canst write thy name, Val? — Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram; bid him make haste back with the conveyance — quick! [Exit Jeremy.

Scand. That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse! [Aside.

Sir S. Do'st thou know this paper, Val? I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform articles.

[Shows him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.

Val. Pray let me see it, fir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir S. See it, boy? Ay, ay, why thou do'st see it — 'tis thy own hand, Vally. Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: look you here [Reads.] *The condition of this obligation* — Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins — And then at the bottom — *As witness my hand*.

VALENTINE LEGEND, in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose in one's face. What, are my eyes better  
better

better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see. [*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*]

*Val.* Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

*Sir S.* Let thee hold it, say'st thou?—Ay, with all my heart.—What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it in my pocket, *Val*, and then nobody need hold it. [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There, *Val*: it's safe enough, boy,—But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little *Val*.

*Enter Jeremy and Buckram.*

*Val.* What, is my bad genius here again? Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratched.—My nails are not long enough.—Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs quickly, quickly; and you shall see me act *St. Dunstan*, and lead the devil by the nose.

*Buck.* O Lord, let me be gone! I'll not venture myself with a madman. [*Runs out.*]

*Val.* Ha, ha, ha! you need not run so fast: Honesty will not overtake you.—Ha, ha, ha! the rogue found me out to be *in forma pauperis* presently.

*Sir S.* Oons! what a vexation is here! I know not what to do or say, nor which way to go.

*Val.* Who's that, that's out of his way? I am Honesty, and can set him right.—Harkee, friend, the straight road is the worst way you can go.—He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink. *Probatum est.*—But what are you for? religion or politicks? There's a couple of topicks for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar; and yet those two, beaten together by a state-cook, make sauce for the whole nation!

*Sir S.* What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? why did I ever marry?

*Val.* Because thou wert a monster, old boy! The two greatest monsters in the world, are a man and a woman. What's thy opinion?

*Sir S.* Why, my opinion is, that those two monsters joined together make yet a greater; that's a man and his wife.

*Val.* Aha, old True-penny! say'st thou so? Thou hast



hast nicked it.—But it is wonderful strange, *Jeremy*,

*Jer.* What is, sir?

*Val.* That grey hairs should cover a green head—— and I make a fool of my father. What's here? *Erra Pater*, or a bearded Sibyl? If prophecy comes, Honesty must give place. [*Exeunt Valentine and Jeremy.*]

*Enter Foresight, Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.*

*For.* What says he? What, did he prophesy? Ha, Sir *Sampson*! Bless us! how are we?

Sir S. Are we? A pox o'your prognostication!—— Why, we are fools as we used to be.——Oons, that you could not foresee that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad!——Where's your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates?——What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolemy* tell you? Your *Messahalab* and your *Longomontanus*, your harmony of chiromancy with astrology.' Ah! pox on't, that I who know the world, and men and manners, who don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour! when, body o'me! there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity. [*Exit.*]

*For.* Ah, Sir *Sampson*, Heaven help your head!—— This is none of your lucky hour——*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*!——What, is he gone, and in contempt of science? Ill stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him!

*Scand.* You must excuse his passion, Mr. *Foresight*; for he has been heartily vexed.——His son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

*For.* Ha! say you so?

*Mrs. F.* What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope then? [*Aside to Mrs. Foresight.*]

*Mrs. For.* O sister, what will you do with him?

*Mrs. F.* Do with him? Send him to sea again in the next foul weather.——He's used to an inconstant element, and won't be surprized to see the tide turned.

*For.* Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[*Considers.*]

*Scand.* Madam, you and I can tell him something else.



else that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune! [*Aside to Mrs. Foresight.*]

*Mrs. For.* What do you mean? I don't understand you.

*Scand.* Hush, softly—the pleasures of last night, my dear; too considerable to be forgot so soon.

*Mrs. For.* Last night? and what would your impudence infer from last night? Last night was like the night before, I think.

*Scand.* 'Sdeath, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

*Mrs. For.* Not much—he's superstitious; and you are mad, in my opinion.

*Scand.* You make me mad.—You are not serious?—pray recollect yourself.

*Mrs. For.* O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent—and would have come to bed to me.

*Scand.* And did not?

*Mrs. For.* Did not! with what face can you ask the question?

*Scand.* This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told, she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night; and denying that she had done favours, with more impudence than she could grant them.—Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you.'—You look pretty well, Mr. *Foresight*. How did you rest last night?

*For.* Truly, Mr. *Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

*Scand.* "'Twas a very forgetting night.'—But would you not talk with *Valentine*? Perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspired than mad.

*For.* You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly.—I am inclining to your *Turkish* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

*Mrs. F.*

Mrs. F. Sister, do you go with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. [*Exeunt Scandal. Mr. and Mrs. Foresight.*] On my conscience, here he comes.

*Enter Ben.*

Ben. All mad, I think.—Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. F. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleased well enough, now I have found you.—Meffs, I have had such a hurricane upon your account yonder.

Mrs. F. My account?—Pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why, father came, and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry---so he asked what was the matter.---He asked in a surly sort of a way.---It seems brother *Val* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion; but what did I know that? what's that to me?---so he asked in a surly sort of manner---and, Gad, I answered 'en as furlily. What thof he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'en:---so, faith, I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him: and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pies, than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man---I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. F. So then, you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you---but I would not tell him so much.---So he said, he'd make my heart ache; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart!—He was woundy angry when I giv'n that wife—he had'nt a word to say; and so I left'n, and the green girl together; may-hap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself—with all my heart!

Mrs. F. And where you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?—If I am undutiful:

dutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get myself.

Mrs. F. O impiety! how have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon! O, I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face!

Ben. Hey-toss? what's the matter now? why you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. F. O see me no more—for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O lord, O lord, she's mad, poor young woman! Jove has turned her senses, her brain is quite overset. Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights?

Mrs. F. No, no, I am not mad, monster; I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper?—You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobbed!

Ben. Harkee, forsooth; if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see, for aught as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobbed—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already!—What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what would you sheer off so? would you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. F. No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. F. Only the wind's changed.

Ben. More shame for you!—The wind's changed? It is an ill wind blows nobody good.—Mayhap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks.—What did you mean all this while to make a fool of me?

Mrs. F. Any fool, but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad, I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind; that's  
you

you had your weight in gold and jewels, and thof I loved you never fo well.

Mrs. F. Why, canft thou love, *Porpuſs*?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names—I don't love you fo well as to bear that, whatever I did.—I'm glad you ſhew yourſelf, miſtreſs:—let them marry you as don't know you.—Gad, I know you too well, by ſad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to ſea in a hen-pecked frigate.—I believe that, young woman!—and mayhap may come to an anchor at *Cuckolds Point*; ſo there's a daſh for you, take it as you will; mayhap you may hollow after me when I won't come to.

[Exit.]

Mrs. F. Ha, ha, ha! no doubt on't! [*Sings.*] 'My true love is gone to ſea!' [*Enter Mrs. Forelight.*] O ſiſter, had you come a minute ſooner, you would have ſeen the reſolution of a lover.—Honeſt *Tar* and I are parted;—and with the ſame indifference that we met.—'On my life, I am half vexed at the inſenſibility of a brute that I deſpiſed.'

Mrs. For. What then, he bore it moſt heroically?

Mrs. F. Moſt tyrannically—'for you ſee he has got the ſtart of me; and I the poor forſaken maid am left complaining on the ſhore.' But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me. Sir *Sampſon* is enraged, and talks deſperately of committing matrimony himſelf.—If he has a mind to throw himſelf away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. For. O hang him, old Fox! he's too cunning; beſides, he hates both you and me.—But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almoſt made a bargain with *Jeremy, Valentine's* man, to ſell his maſter to us.

Mrs. F. Sell him? how?

Mrs. For. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her; and *Jeremy* ſays, will take any body for her that he impoſes on him.—Now I have promiſed him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her ſtead, and get you married together, and put to bed together—and after conſummation, girl, there's no revoking. And if he ſhould recover his ſenſes, he'll be glad

glad at least to make you a good settlement.—Here they come; stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

*Enter Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.*

*Scand.* And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? [To Jeremy.]

*Jer.* Yes, sir; he says, he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

*Scand.* It may make us sport.

*For.* Mercy on us!

*Val.* Hush't—Interrupt me not—I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy;—I am *Honesty*, <sup>truth</sup> and can teach thy tongue a new trick.—I have told thee what's past—Now I'll tell what's to come?—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow?—Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

*Scand.* Ask him, Mr. *Foresight*.

*For.* Pray what will be done at court? <sup>truth</sup>

*Val.* *Scandal* will tell you.—I am *Honesty*; I never come there.

*For.* In the city?

*Val.* Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh! things will go methodically in the city. The clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades; and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may ten to one dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks.—But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband.

*For.* I am married.

*Val.*

*Val.* Poor creature! is your wife of *Corvent-Garden* parish?

*For.* No; *St. Martin's in the fields*.

*Val.* Alas; poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray, for a metamorphosis.—Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boiled anew; come forth with labouring, callous hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas' shoulders*. Let *Taliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon; and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid at his feet! ha, ha, ha!

*For.* His frenzy is very high, now, *Mr. Scandal*.

*Scand.* I believe it is a spring-tide.

*For.* Very likely truly; you understand these matters. *Mr. Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has uttered.—His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

*Val.* Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long?

*Jer.* She's here, Sir.

*Mrs. For.* Now, sister.

*Mrs. F.* O lord, what must I say?

*Scand.* Humour him, madam, by all means.

*Val.* Where is she? Oh, I see her!—She comes, like riches, health, and liberty, at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch.—Oh welcome, welcome?

*Mrs. F.* How d'ye, sir? can I serve you?

*Val.* Harkee—I have a secret to tell you—*Endymion* and the moon shall meet us upon *Mount Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of night.—But say not a word. *Hymen* shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and *Juno* shall give her *Peacock* poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, *Argus's* hundred eyes be shut, ha? Nobody shall know but *Jeremy*.

*Mrs. F.* No, no, we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

*Val.*



*Val.* The sooner the better—*Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may over hear us;—*Jeremy*, I can tell you news. *Angelica* is turned nun; and I am turning fryar: and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope.—Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part—for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces, till we have done something to be ashamed of—and then we'll blush once for all.

*Enter Tattle and Angelica.*

*Jer.* I'll take care, and——

*Val.* Whisper.

*Ang.* Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make love to me, you spoil my design; for I intend to make you my confident.

*Scand.* How's this! *Tattle*, making love to *Angelica*!

*Tatt.* But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune, on a madman!

*Ang.* I never loved him till he was mad; but don't tell any body so.

*Tatt.* Tell, madam? alas, you don't know me.—I have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you—but, encouraged by the impossibility of *Valentine's* making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There, you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature!—Here, a compleat lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam; and to all this, the most passionate lover——

*Ang.* O, fie for shame, hold your tongue. A passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me; and the maddest shall take me.

*Val.* It is enough. Ha! who's here?

Mrs. F. O lord, her coming will spoil all. [*To Jeremy.*]

*Jer.* No, no, madam; he won't know her: if he should, I can persuade him.

*Val.* *Scandal*, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think.—Get away all the company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my design to her.

[*Whisper.*]

*Scand.*

*Scand.* I will—I have discovered something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with *Mrs. Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we could contrive to couple them together—Hark'ee—  
[*Whisper.*

*Mrs. For.* He won't know you, cousin; he knows nobody.

*For.* But he knows more than any body.—Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

*Tatt.* Look you, *Mr. Foresight*; it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much. --But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds now, that I know more secrets than he.

*For.* How? I cannot read that knowledge in your face, *Mr. Tattle*.—Pray, what do you know?

*Tatt.* Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir?—Read it in my face? No, sir, it is written in my heart; and safer there, sir, than letters writ in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, sir.

*Val.* Acquaint *Jeremy* with it; he may easily bring it about.—They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am honest, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*

*Tatt.* Do you know me, *Valentine*?

*Val.* You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

*Tatt.* I am *Jack Tattle*, your friend.

*Val.* My friend! what to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife. I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend?

*Tatt.* Ha! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

*Ang.* Do you know me, *Valentine*?

*Val.* Oh, very well.

*Ang.* Who am I?

*Val.* You're a woman—one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of Heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you

is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

*Tatt.* Ay, pr'ythee, what's that?

*Val.* Why, to keep a secret.

*Tatt.* O Lord!

*Val.* O, exceeding good to keep a secret: for though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

*Tatt.* Ha! good again, faith.

*Val.* I would have musick——Sing me the song that I like——

‘ S O N G.

I.

‘ *I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,*  
 ‘ *And could again begin to love and live,*  
 ‘ *To you I should my earliest offering give;*  
 ‘ *I know, my eyes would lead my heart to you,*  
 ‘ *And I should all my vows and oaths renew;*  
 ‘ *But, to be plain, I never would be true.*

II.

‘ *For by our weak and weary truth, I find,*  
 ‘ *Love bates to center in a point assign'd;*  
 ‘ *But runs with joy the circle of the mind,*  
 ‘ *Then never let us chain what should be free,*  
 ‘ *But for relief of either sex agree:*  
 ‘ *Since women love to change, and so do we.*

‘ No more; for I am melancholy.’ [*Walks musing.*

*Jer.* (*Jeremy and Scandal whisper.*) I'll do't, sir.

*Scand.* Mr. Forefight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

*For.* I will be directed by you.

*Jer.* [*to Mrs. Frail.*] You'll meet, madam.—I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

*Mrs. F.* Thou shalt do what thou wilt; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

*Tatt.* Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

*Ang.* No, I'll stay with him.—Mr. Scandal will pro-

test me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

*Tatt.* Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

*Mrs. For.* Mr. *Tattle* might have used less ceremony!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail Mr. and Mrs. Foresight and Tattle.*]

*Scand.* *Jeremy*, follow *Tattle*. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

*Ang.* Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

*Scand.* Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for *Valentine*, which you denied to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

*Ang.* Oh Heavens! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

*Scand.* No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy. [*Exit.*]

*Val.* Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come myself.

*Ang.* Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hanged! [*Aside.*]

*Val.* You see what disguises love makes us put on, Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motley livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

*Ang.* Mercy on me, how he talks!—poor *Valentine*!

*Val.* Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart.—The comedy draws towards an end; and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and, since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

*Ang.* [*sighs.*] I would I had loved you!—for, heaven knows, I pity you; and, could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven; but that's too late!

*Val.* What sad effects? what's too late?—My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which other-  
wise,

wife, by articles, I must this morning have resigned. And this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone before I knew you had been here.

*Ang.* How ! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul ; which, it seems, you only counterfeited for mercenary ends and sordid interest.

*Val.* Nay, now you do me wrong ; for, if any interest was considered, it was yours ; since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

*Ang.* Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded, by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman ?

*Val.* Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

*Enter Jeremy,*

*Ang.* Oh here's a reasonable creature—sure he will not have the impudence to persevere !—Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

*Jer.* Counterfeit, madam ! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in *Bedlam*. Nay he's as mad as any projector, fanatick, chemist, lover, or poet, in *Europe*.

*Val.* Sirrah, you lie ; I am not mad.

*Ang.* Ha, ha, ha ! you see he denies it.

*Jer.* O Lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it ?

*Val.* Sot, can't you apprehend ?

*Ang.* Why, he talked very sensibly just now.

*Jer.* Yes, madam ; he has intervals : but you see he begins to look wild again now.

*Val.* Why you thick-skulled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*]

*Ang.* Ha, ha, ha ! is he mad or no, *Jeremy* ?

*Jer.* Partly, I think—for he does not know his own mind two hours.—I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad : and I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. [*One knocks.*] Who's there ?

*Val.* Go see, you sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, though not your compassion.

*Ang.* I did not think you had apprehension enough to

be exceptionous: but madmen shew themselves most, by over pretending to a sound understanding, as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touched upon your tender part. But now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

*Jer.* Sir, your father has sent, to know if you are any better yet.---Will you please to be mad, sir, or how?

*Val.* Stupidity! you know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I'm mad, and will be mad, to every body but this lady.

*Jer.* So;---just the very back-side of truth.---But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation.--- Madam, your ladyship's woman.

*Enter Jenny.*

*Ang.* Well, have you been there?---Come hither.

*Jenny.* Yes, madam; Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently.

*[Aside to Angelica.]*

*Val.* You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

*Ang.* Would any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

*[Exeunt Angelica and Jenny.]*

*Val.* From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. There's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

*Jer.* What, is the lady gone again, sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

*Val.* Understood! she is harder to be understood than a piece of *Ægyptian* antiquity, or an *Irish* manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

*Jer.* I have heard them say, sir, they read hard *Hebrew* books backwards. May be you begin to read at the wrong end!

*Val.* They say so of a witch's prayer; and dreams and *Dutch* almanacks are to be understood by contraries.

But



‘But there is regularity and method in that; she is a medal without a reverse or inscription, for indifference has both sides alike.’ Yet, while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, who says,

*That women are like tricks by slight of hand;  
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

TO  
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ACT V. *A Room in Foresight's House.*

*Enter Angelica and Jenny.*

*Ang.* **W**HERE is Sir Sampson, did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

*Jenny.* He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

*Ang.* How! I'm glad on't.—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

*Jenny.* I hear him, madam.

*Ang.* Leave me; and, d'ye hear, if *Va'lentine* should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

*Enter Sir Sampson.*

*Sir S.* I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while.—Odd, madam, you have revived me—not since I was five and thirty.

*Ang.* Why, you have no great reason to complain, *Sir Sampson*; that is not long ago.

*Sir S.* Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while; to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

*Ang.* You're an absolute courtier, *Sir Sampson*.

*Sir S.* Not at all, madam. Ods-bud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. Odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way.—Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth you do. Come, don't despise fifty; odd,

fifty. in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age!

*Ang.* Fifty a contemptible age! not at all: a very fashionable age, I think—I assure you, I know very considerable beaux, that set a good face upon fifty.—Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out-blossom five-and twenty.

Sir S. Outsides, outsides; a pize take them, meer outsides. Hang your side-box beaux; no, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall; and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-lived race, and inherit vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty; yet they begot sons and daughters 'till fourscore. I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your *Antediluvian* families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or—

*Ang.* No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no quarrel upon my hands ---I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir S. Odsbud, and it is pity you should!---Odd, would she would like me! then I should hamper my young rogues: odd, would she would; faith and troth, she's devilish handsome! [*Aside.*]---Madam, you deserve a good husband! and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging---that is, a *very* young fellow---Pize on them, they never think beforehand of any thing---and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder; out of a frolick; and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law, the next morning---Odso, have a care, madam.

*Ang.* Therefore I ask your advice, Sir *Sampson*, I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense—for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir S. Odd, you are hard to please, madam: to find  
a young

a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly; 'for I hate both a wit and a fool.

'*Ang.* She that marries a fool, *Sir Sampson*, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding; and she that marries a very witty man, is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such an one in my power: but I would no more be his wife, than his enemy; for his malace is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his jealousy is of his love.

'*Sir S.* None of old *Forefight's Sibyls* ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart.' I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoilt among them; a good hopeful lad, till he learnt to be a wit—and might have risen in the state.---But, a pox on't, his wit ran him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

*Ang.* *Sir Sampson*, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter---he's no more mad than you are.

*Sir S.* Now, madam! would I could prove it!

*Ang.* I can tell you how that may be done---but it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

*Sir S.* Odsbud, I believe she likes me! [*Aside.*]---Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit.---If I had *Peru* in one hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern empire* under my feet; it would make me only a more glorious victim, to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

*Ang.* Bless me, *Sir Sampson*, what's the matter?

*Sir S.* Odd, madam, I love you---and if you would take my advice in a husband---

*Ang.* Hold, hold, *Sir Sampson*, I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent.---I was

indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about *Valentine*: for, if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me; for, you know, he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir S. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance---if we were to go through with it! but why must the match only be *seemingly* carried on?---Odd, let it be a real contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir *Sampson*, what would the world say?

Sir S. Say? They would say, you were a wise woman, and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir *Sampson*, for, when *Valentine* confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir S. Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage. Faith and troth, I like you the better.---But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of myself.---Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate!

Ang. Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me!

Sir S. O rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond ---You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man; Odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear---Odd, you're devilish handsome. Faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I'm very young, and very lusty.---Odsbud, hussy, you know how to chuse! and so do I.---Odd, I think we are very well met.---Give me your hand; odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft---as what?---odd, as t'other hand!---Give me

the t'other hand; and I'll mumble them, and kiss them, till, they melt in my mouth.

*Ang.* Hold, Sir *Sampson*—You're profuse of your vigour before your time. You'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir S. No, no, only give you a rent roll of my possessions—Ah! baggage!—I warrant you for little *Sampson*. Odd, *Sampson* is a very good name for an able fellow. Your *Sampsons* were strong dogs from the beginning.

*Ang.* Have a care, and don't over-act your part.--- If you remember, *Sampson*, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last.

Sir S. Say you so, hussey?---Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too. Come away—Odso, here's somebody coming. [Exeunt.

*Enter Tattle and Jeremy.*

*Tatt.* Is not that she, gone out just now?

*Jer.* Ay, sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah, sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

*Tatt.* Ay, who's that?

*Jer.* Even my unworthy self, sir.—Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while—And now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty.—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

*Tatt.* I'll make thy fortune; say no more.—Thou art a pretty fellow, and canst carry a message to a lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

*Jer.* Sir, I have the seeds of rhetorick and oratory in my head—I have been at *Cambridge*.

*Tatt.* Ay; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university; but the education is a little too pedantic for

for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

*Jer.* O sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of *Nilus*.

*Tatt.* Ay? who's he, though? A privy-counsellor?

*Jer.* O ignorance! [*Aside.*]—A cunning *Aegyptian*, sir, that with his arms would over-run the country, yet nobody could ever find out his head quarters.

*Tatt.* Close dog! a good whoremaster, I warrant him!—The time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veiled like a nun; and I must be hooded like a friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

*Jer.* Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady! I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

*Tatt.* Ay, faith, so she will, *Jeremy*: You're a good friend to her, poor creature!—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself, as compassion to her.

*Jer.* 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pounds from throwing herself away.

*Tatt.* So 'tis, faith!—I might have saved several others in my time; but egad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

*Jer.* Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly; she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

*Tatt.* No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit.—I'll be ready for you.

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

*Enter Miss Prue,*

*Miss P.* O, Mr. *Tattle*, are you here? I'm glad I have found you. I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

*Tatt.* O pox! how shall I get rid of this foolish girl?

[*Aside.*  
*Miss*



Miss P. O, I have pure news, I can tell you pure news---I must not marry the seaman now---My father says so. Why won't you be my husband? You say you love me! and you won't be my husband. And I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

Tatt. O fie, miss! who told you so, child?

Miss P. Why, my father—I told him that you loved me.

Tatt. O fie, miss! why did you do so? And who told you so, child?

Miss P. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O pox, that was yesterday, miss; that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. Pshaw! O but I dreamt that it was so though.

Tatt. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child.—O fie! what, we must not love one another now.—Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed.—Fie, fie, you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night.—No, no, to marry is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing!

Miss P. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then?

Tatt. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss P. No? Yes but I would though.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not.---You forget you are a woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

*Enter Foresight.*

For. O, Mr. Tattle, your servant, you are a close man; but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with!---or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art?---Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you would infer, that you and I are alike---What does the old prig mean? I'll banter him,  
and

and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*]—I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

*For.* How? what? a wrong notion! how so?

*Tatt.* In the way of art, I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes, that are indication of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives; and promise a great beauty and great fortune reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity, from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

*For.* How? I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

*Tatt.* Sir, I beg your pardon, I am in haste—

*For.* For what?

*Tatt.* To be married, sir—married.

*For.* Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

*Tatt.* No, sir; it is to be done privately—I never make confidants.

*For.* Well; but my consent, I mean.---You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

*Tatt.* Who, I sir? I am an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

*For.* Hey-day! What time of the moon is this?

*Tatt.* Very true, sir; and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you: and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago; and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet.—There's a mystery for you.---I know you love to untie difficulties.---Or if you can't solve this; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

[*Exit.*]

*Miss P.* O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

*For.* Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, child, stark wild.

*Miss*

Miss P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? Indeed, but I won't. For, now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other. 'Oh! methinks I'm sick when I think of a man; and if I can't have one, I would go to sleep all my life: for when I'm awake, it makes me wish and long, and I don't know for what---and I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with thinking.'

For. O fearful! I think the girl's influenced too.---Hussy, you shall have a rod.

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod! I'll have a husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself. I'll marry our *Robin* the butler: he says, he loves me; and he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband: I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me too; for he told me so.

*Enter Scandal, Mrs. Foresight, and Nurse.*

For. Did he so?---I'll dispatch him for it presently! rogue!---Oh, Nurse, come hither,

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure?

For. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, till farther orders from me.---Not a word, hussy---Do what I bid you. No reply: away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an account of his plate and linnen, d'ye hear? Be gone, when I bid you.

*[Exeunt Nurse and Miss Prue.]*

Mrs. For. What's the matter, husband!

For. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now---Mr. Scandal, heaven keep us all in our senses!---I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

Scand. O, I hope he will do well again.---I have a message from him to your niece *Angelica*.

For. I think she has not returned, since she went abroad with Sir *Sampson*. Nurse, why are you not gone?  
[Enter Ben.] Here's Mr. *Benjamin*; he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. Who? Father? Ay, he's come, home with a vengeance.

Mrs. For. Why, what's the matter?

*Ben.*

*Ben.* Matter! Why, he's mad.

*For.* Mercy on us? I was afraid of this.

*Ben.* And there's the handsome young woman, she, as they say, brother *Val.* went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

*For.* O my poor niece! my poor niece! is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

*Mrs. For.* Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

*Ben.* Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to *Antigua*——no, I mayn't say so neither——but I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else. Mef, you may take in all the points of the compafs, and not hit right.

*Mrs. For.* Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

*Ben.* Why then I'll tell you: there's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

*Scand.* Who?

*Ben.* Why father, and —the young woman. I can't hit of her name.

*Scand.* *Angelica*!

*Ben.* Ay, the same.

*Mrs. For.* Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*? impossible!

*Ben.* That may be—but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

*Scand.* 'Sdeath, it is a jest. I can't believe it.

*Ben.* Look you, friend; it is nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

*For.* Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatic?

*Ben.* I don't know what you may call madness—but she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd never make a match together.—Here they come.

*Enter Sir Sampson, Angelica, and Buckram.*

Sir S. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect?—Aha! old *Forefight*! uncle *Forefight*! with me joy, uncle *Forefight*, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*!—the brightest star in the blue firmament—is shot from above, in a jelly of love, and so forth;  
and

and I'm lord of the ascendant. Odd, you're an old fellow, *Forefight*, uncle I mean; a very old fellow, uncle *Forefight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the musick of the spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will; and thou shalt lead up a dance in *via lactea*.

*For.* I'm thunder-struck! you are not married to my niece?

*Sir S.* Not absolutely married, 'uncle; but very near it; within a kifs of the matter, as you see.

[*Kisses Angelica.*]

*Ang.* 'Tis very true indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

*Sir S.* That he shall, or I'll burn his globes.—Body o'me, he shall be thy father: I'll make him thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, and I'll make thee a mother; and we'll beget sons and daughters enough to put the weekly bills out of countenance.

*Scand.* Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*? [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. For.* This is so surprizing—

*Sir S.* How! What does my aunt say? surprizing, aunt? not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter! not at all—It's a plot to undermine cold weather, and destroy that usurper of a bed called a warming-pan.

*Mrs. For.* I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, *Sir Sampson*.

*Ben.* Meis, I fear his fire's little better than tinder; mayhap it will only serve to light up a match for somebody else. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it: but, father, if I might be your pilot in this case, you should not marry her. It is just the same thing as if so be you should sail so far as *The Straits* without provision.

*Sir S.* Who gave you authority to speak, firrah? to your element, fish; be mute, fish, and to sea. Rule your helm, firrah; don't direct me.

*Ben.* Well, well, take you care of your own helm; or you mayn't keep your new vessel steady.

*Sir S.* Why, you impudent tarpaulin! firrah, do you bring your forecastle jelts upon your father? but I shall

be even with you ; I won't give you a groat. Mr. *Buckram*, is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel ? I would not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate, though there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-East Passage*.

*Buck.* Sir, it is drawn according to your directions ; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

*Ben.* Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience !—If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we should discover a foul hold. They say, a witch will sail in a sieve—but I believe the devil would not venture aboard your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir S. Hold your tongue, sirrah.—How now ? who's here ?

*Enter Tattle, and Mrs. Frail.*

*Mrs. F.* O sister, the most unlucky accident !

*Mrs. For.* What's the matter ?

*Tatt.* O the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are !

*For.* Bless us ! how so ?

*Mrs. F.* Ah, Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are—I can't speak it out.

*Tatt.* Nor I——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

*Mrs. F.* Married.

*For.* Married ! How ?

*Tatt.* Suddenly——before we know where we were——that villain *Jeremy*, by the help of disguises, trickt us into one another.

*For.* Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married !

*Ang.* But, I believe, Mr. *Tattle* meant the favour to me, I thank him.

*Tatt.* I did, as I hope to be saved, madam ; my intentions were good.—But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore.—The devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at any thing in my life.

*Ang.* 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

*Tatt.* The least in the world——that is, for my part,  
I speak



I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness—I never liked any body less in my life. Poor woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damned sort of a life.

Mrs. For. He's better than no husband at all—though he's a coxcomb. [To Fraif.

Mrs. F. [to her] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse—Nay, for my part, I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much!—Pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret; why I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Ben. If you suspect me friend, I'll go out of the room.

Mrs. F. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; custom will make it easy for you.

Tatt. Easy! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir S. Sleep, quotha! No, why you would not sleep on your wedding-night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another match now, as tho' a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going—for that you must expect, I have experience of her—when she's going, let her go. For no matrimony is tough enough to hold her; and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that.—Who's here? the madman?

Enter Valentine, Scandal, and Jeremy.

Val. No; here's the fool; and, if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir S. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir S.

Sir S. What, have you found your senses at last then? In good time, sir.

*Val.* You were abused, sir; I never was distracted.

*For.* How! not mad! Mr. *Scandal*?

*Scand.* No, really, Sir; I'm his witness, it was all counterfeit.

*Val.* I thought I had reasons—but it was a poor contrivance: the effect has shewn it such.

Sir S. Contrivance! what, to cheat me? to cheat your father! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

*Val.* Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature

Sir S. Very good, sir.—Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?—Come, sir, will you sign and seal?

*Val.* If you please, sir; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir S. Sir, you must ask me leave first.—That lady? No, sir; you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have asked her blessing, sir, that lady is to be my wife.

*Val.* I have heard as much, sir; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir S. That's as much as to say, I lie, sir; and you don't believe what I say.

*Val.* Pardon me, sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness: I don't know but the frolick may go round.

Sir S. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him.—Come, Mr. *Buckram*, the pen and ink.

*Buck.* Here it is, sir, with the deed; all is ready.

[*Val.* goes to *Ang.*

*Ang.* 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours.

Sir S. Are you answered now, sir?

*Val.* Yes, sir.

Sir S. Where's your plot, sir? and your contrivance now, sir? Will you sign, sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

*Val.*

*Val.* With all my heart, sir.

*Scand.* 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed? to ruin yourself?

*Val.* I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was, to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts: and find at last that nothing but my ruin can effect it; which, for that reason, I will sign to. — Give me the paper.

*Ang.* Generous *Valentine*!

[*Aside.*

*Buck.* Here is the deed, sir.

*Val.* But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign this?

*Buck.* Sir *Sampson*, you have it.

*Ang.* No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to *Valentine*.

[*Tears the paper.*

*Sir S.* How now?

*Val.* Ha!

*Ang.* Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion. Here's my hand; my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[*To Val.*

*Val.* Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost—— but on my knees I take the blessing.

*Sir S.* Oons, what is the meaning of this?

*Bcn.* Mefs, here's the wind changed again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now!

*Ang.* Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have played you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolved to try him to the utmost; I have tried you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues; and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

*Val.* If my happiness could receive addition, this 'kind surprize would make it double.'

*Sir S.*

Sir S. Oons, you're a crocodile!

*For.* Really, Sir *Sampson*, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir S. You're an illiterate old fool; and I'm another.

*Tatt.* If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine.—Oh, are you there, sir? I am indebted to you for my happiness. [*To Jeremy.*]

*Jer.* Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons: it was an errant mistake.—You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it.—Then how could it be otherwise?

*Val.* *Tattle*, I thank you; you would have interposed between me and Heaven; but Providence laid purgatory in your way. You have but justice.

*Scand.* I hear the fiddles that Sir *Sampson* provided for his own wedding; methinks it is pity they should not be employed when the match is so much mended. *Valentine*, though it be morning, we may have a dance.

*Val.* Any thing, my friend; every thing that looks like joy and transport.

*Scand.* Call them, *Jeremy*.

*Ang.* I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that coldness which I have always worn before you should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

*Val.* I'll prevent that suspicion—for I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

*Ang.* Have a care of promises: you know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

*Val.* Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

*Scand.* 'The musick stays for you.' [*A Dance.*]

[*To Ang.*] Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for: I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me—for now I am convinced that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want them.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* It is an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our sex. You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith. How few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! in admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

*The miracle to-day is, that we find  
A lover true: not that a woman's kind.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# EPILOGUE.

SURE Providence at first design'd this place  
 To be the player's refuge in distress;  
 For still, in every storm, they all run hither,  
 As to a shed, that shields them from the weather.  
 But thinking of this change which last befel us,  
 It's like what I have heard our poets tell us:  
 For when behind our scenes their suits are pleading,  
 To help their love, sometimes they shew their reading;  
 And, wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,  
 They top their learning on us, and their parts.  
 Once of philosophers they told us stories,  
 Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,  
 I'm sure 'tis some such Latin name they give them,  
 And we, who know no better, must believe them.  
 Now to these men (say they) such souls were given,  
 That after, death, ne'er went to hell nor heaven,  
 But liv'd, I know not how, in beasts; and then  
 When many years were past, in men again.  
 Methinks, we players resemble such a soul,  
 That, does from bodies; we, from houses stroll,  
 Thus Aristotle's soul, of old that was,  
 May now be damn'd to animate an ass;  
 Or in this very house, for aught we know,  
 Is doing painful penance in some beau:  
 And thus, our audience, which did once resort  
 To shining theatres, to see our sport,  
 Now find us toss'd into a tennis court.  
 These walls but t'other day were fill'd with noise  
 Of roaring gamesters, and your damme boys;  
 Then bounding ball's and rackets they encompass,  
 And now they're fill'd with jests and flights, and bombast!  
 I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,  
 Strolling from place to place, by circulation,  
 Grant heav'n, we don't return to our first station.  
 I know not what these think, but for my part,  
 I can't reflect without an aking heart,  
 How we shou'd end in our original, a cart.  
 But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,  
 That you have only set us up, to leave us,  
 Thus from the past, we hope for future grace,  
 I beg it——  
 And some here know I have a begging face.  
 Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,  
 For a clear stage won't do, without your favour.

F I N I S.









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